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## IDONE; OR, INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A DREAMER.

O sleep—it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole,
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven,
That slid into my soul.

COLERIDGE.

"Es ist dahin Geschwunden wie ein Traumgesicht in einer langen Winternacht davon sich die Phantasie nicht loswinden kann und dass beim erwachen mehr Körperlichen Ermattung als erquickung hinterlässzt."

MUSAUS VOLK'S MAHRCHEN.

### PART II.

"Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie."
*All's Well that Ends Well.*

How uncertain—how deceitful are the promises of Hope—how bitter, often, the retrospections of a sanguine mind! Zoe was lost to me. I was free to act, but liberty itself was now a restraint; my regrets were of that pensive character which flatter us with the idea that our sorrows are above those of the vulgar. I had begun to congratulate myself that my troubles were all at an end, and that a peaceful and virtuous future was before me, when I was again plunged into the deepest distress, by the arrival of intelligence, that during my absence, my property had been sold, and my other means squandered away by my relatives; that my retreat had been discovered, and that my former intimate friend B——, (now commanding my regiment) had preferred charges of desertion, &c. against me, and that on my apprehension I should be brought to trial.

Unable to comprehend this sudden change in B——'s disposition towards me, there was, at first, a feeling of disdain mingled with the resentment which was aroused by his severe and unexpected measures; yet so much did I dread public exposure,

even though innocent of any dishonorable actions, that I addressed him in a humble tone, and entreated him to show more consideration for his former friend. He replied that a few years had made a great change in our relative positions in the service, and that as my misfortunes were solely attributable to my own folly, his sense of duty would not permit him to allow personal considerations to interfere with the course of justice.

My pride was deeply wounded by this cold repulse, and I was particularly shocked at the demi-official insincerity of my former friend, subscribing himself "Your's faithfully"—but a man taken in the toils and struggling against adversity, has no leisure either to indulge his bitter emotions, or give vent to his just indignation. I had still however one friend left, and he assisted me, privately, as far as lay in his power. He supplied me with money, of which I once more began to feel the want, and further busied himself, indirectly, in pacifying my enemies. Yet it was to no purpose that he exerted himself. The Furies will not be appeased even by the apples of the Hesperides! In a few days more, the crisis of my affairs being at hand, and seeing that my evil star had begun to culminate, I determined to yield to the force of circumstances, and avoid any public exposure, by resigning my commission.

I signed the requisite documents, but with the vague hopeful feelings of the drowning man who catches at a straw, I delayed forwarding them to my superiors.

It is a great blessing that to the last we readily believe that the tide of Fortune will soon again begin to flow!

I strengthened my resolution of "holding out" a little longer by studying History, where I sought examples of successful patience and fortitude, and as I drew my own parallel with men distinguished by those virtues, I fancied, that by mistaking them, according to my abilities, I might reasonably expect to arrive, eventually, at corresponding results.

At length, seeing no prospect of extricating myself from impending ruin, I was on the point of forwarding my resignation, when, unexpectedly, I received information, that through the interest of a powerful friend, I had been removed to a Civil appointment.

At first I trembled with vague apprehensions, but such feelings soon gave place to those of joy and gratitude, and retiring to my chamber, I knelt in prayer. I arose calm and refreshed in spirit, and spent the remainder of the day in my garden amongst those flowers which, in the hour of trial, had been my only solace; nor did I leave them till my pale 'anotheras'* had unfurled their mysterious petals to the night breeze.

The world, ignorant of the secret springs of action, had endeavoured to cast a slur on me, yet I felt assured that he who is capable of deriving the purest of pleasures from the contemplation of the Deity, in the wonderful productions of Nature, cannot be radically depraved.

* Evening primrose.

Amiddle the lond a castle he seighe
Rich and real and wonder heighe.
*Romance of "Orfeo and Heurodis."*

As soon as it was known that I had surmounted the difficulties and dangers by which I had been beset, my friends again flocked around me.

One day they prevailed on me to join a shooting party, but before we had been long out, a dense fog coming on, I was separated from my companions, and lost my way on the borders of a morass. I had expended all my ammunition on some strange aquatic birds, which were gyrating above me, with wild screams, and turned to retrace, if possible, my steps, when a flight of barbed arrows, falling around, drew my attention to a party of savages, who had, it seemed, been watching my movements. I fled towards a neighbouring wood, and on emerging from it I found myself on an open plain, in the centre of which stood a large ruined tower. I had not rested here many minutes when my pursuers again appeared, and as my only chance of escape now lay in my gaining a foaming torrent which bounded the plain in front, I rushed towards it, plunged into the flood, and with difficulty reached the opposite bank.

The savages, however, were again close upon me; but I was unable from exhaustion to continue my flight, and therefore lay down on an old tomb which stood there, and resigned myself to my fate.

A splendid castle, half concealed by large umbrageous trees, which I now for the first time observed, might have afforded me a safer retreat, but my strength was not sufficient to carry me so far unassisted. I had, however, attracted the notice of the inmates of the castle, and they soon hastened to my rescue, headed by a venerable-looking old man, who offered me his protection and hospitality.

On entering the castle I was immediately struck with the splendour of its decorations, and the beauty of its marble halls and tesselated pavements, its airy galleries adorned with exquisite arabesques, its spiral staircases, its fountains, and that air of fitness and repose which appeared in everything. To relieve the monotony of art, a profusion of exotic plants spangled the pure white columns with their bright blossoms, and suspended in festoons their golden, azure, or crimson treasures from pillar to pillar.

Having partaken of some refreshment, and being now alone, I thought that I could not better employ my time than by examining the elegancies of my new place of abode. I accordingly commenced my researches. I remarked that the apartments appeared to be all unoccupied. At length, however, on passing through a a magnificent chamber, I perceived a fair young woman, reclining on a couch. Her golden tresses hung dishevelled over her shoulders and bosom, and half concealed her glowing cheek and timid downcast eyes. I fancied that I had seen that form before, but could not recollect *where.* I approached the lady respectfully, and saluted her, on which an old nurse, who was sitting at the foot of the couch, arose, and requested me in an offended tone to withdraw. "Perhaps," said she haughtily, "you are not aware that it is the Lady Megueline Thalna's privacy which you have disturbed." "It is Zoe!" I exclaimed. "No," replied the old nurse; "some call my mis-

tress 'Idone.' "But that ring which she wears was Zoe's, and if she herself is not that lady, then that ring is mine." "Ingrate," said the Duenna, "does it become one who owes his life to us to pry into our secrets? Begone!"

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TALK not of fate, ah! change the theme,
And talk of odours; talk of wine;
Talk of the flowers that round us blow.
SIR W. JONES' *Hafiz.*

I THUS found myself once more the sport of a capricious destiny. There was something inexplicable about the Lady Megueline or 'Idone;' yet I felt convinced that if not actually Zoe herself, she must be connected with her. 'Zoe' was perhaps lost to me for ever; yet my bereavement did not affect me so deeply as might have been expected, for latterly a veil of mystery had divided our hearts, and we had lost that confidence in each other which, in the first instance, had been the chief cement of our union: it was only the remembrance of our early loves that still clung to my heart: all else was changed: I thought of the last truly happy moments that I had spent with her. We were sitting in our garden in the pale moonlight. Her cheek rested on my shoulder. She was narrating little anecdotes of her childhood. I listened with intense interest to those confidences which others would have considered so trivial, although, in reality, it is in these moments of tender idling that the heart most earnestly unfolds itself. "Ah! Zoe," said I, with a sigh, "perhaps in after-years, when far away from each other, and from this pleasant spot, we shall remember as the sweetest of our lives these peaceful and happy hours. Can we ever forget this solemn and beautiful night, and the deep shade of these jasmin trees with their star-like blossoms, the reflection, as it were, of the spangled heavens above us."

Yes: even now, when raising my eyes to the starry host, and gazing on illimitable space and countless worlds peopled with beings, perhaps like myself, and when I consider that in all this immensity how much of suffering there must be, and yet, that all is silent, and that the accumulated sighs and lamentations from these distant orbs are lost in space, the comparative insignificance of my own sorrows is forcibly impressed upon me.

* * * *

A few faint streaks of light yet lingered in the west and defined the ocean line of the horizon. The dark and rugged outline of rocks was distinct, but the softer features of the scene lay buried in a brown obscurity. The heavens were intensely dark, and the stars began to twinkle with an unwonted lustre. I was ascending a tower of the castle of the lady Idone, to view a distant conflagration, when I was arrested by a sweet and fitful sound. As I paused to listen, it died away and mingled with the passing night-breeze. Again, as I proceeded on my way, it swelled gently. It was around me, and then it seemed wafted from afar. I had never before understood the full power of harmony. All that was saddest and most tender was expressed in those rich chords, and my excited imagination pictured to itself the bright children of paradise sweeping with airy fingers their golden harps!

I remarked that these sweet strains proceeded from an apartment opposite to where I was standing. I approached and threw open the richly carved sandal-wood door, on which a singular scene was presented. A handsome youth, attired in a rich green and white costume, was addressing a maiden whose hands were crossed on her bosom. The youth held a handsomely bound book in his hand, which on my entrance he dropped, and almost at the same moment, the charming illusion faded away: the book however remained on the floor in proof of the existence of what I had witnessed. I picked it up, and found that it contained a variety of coloured pictures, but although the diversity of subjects was remarkable, yet every one was superscribed with the same word—"NEVER."

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It is a kind of piety to move along without consideration.

WILHELM MEISTER.

How fortunate for us is it that the disagreeable incidents of life are the soonest forgotten, and that memory only vividly retains the happier, as in the lapse of years the stucco fell from the tablet on the Egyptian tower, and revealed the more beautiful and durable marble beneath.

Although a prey to fits of melancholy, my temperament was sanguine, and I was already beginning to forget my past misfortunes and misadventures, when, one afternoon, as I sat beside a fountain in the castle garden, I was accosted by a singular-looking personage, whose features were closely muffled up in the ample folds of his scarlet cloak.

A suspicion immediately occurred to me that I had again fallen into the power of that mysterious being, who seemed to exercise so strange an influence over my destiny. My lonely sojourn in the castle of the lady Idone; my unavailing efforts to obtain some clue to my *whereabouts*; and the strange sights which lately had started up so constantly before me, all contributed to confirm this impression.

"You must follow me," said the stranger, in a deep authoritative tone of voice, which irritated me not a little.

"And who may he be, who thus presumes," I rejoined, "to dictate to me?"

"Who I am," replied the stranger, "does not signify. It is sufficient that I know the guest of 'Idone,' and the lover of Zoe. Yet I did not wish to cause the young Sybarite so much indignation, and it may be—alarm!"

Provoked by the stranger's sarcasm, I jumped up, and desired him to lead the way.

He appeared to be intimately acquainted with the localities of the place, and after about an hour's walk through shady groves of orange, pomegranate and mulberry trees, he brought me to an ancient ruinous mausoleum, whose broken arches rose on a tumulus formed of shattered fragments of masonry.

"This," said my companion, addressing me, "is the tomb of one of Earth's earliest rulers, and here our labours commence!" He pointed to a large slab of marble. By great exertions we succeeded in displacing it. A flight of steps was now exposed. The stranger led the way—I descended after him. We groped about in the darkness for a considerable length of time, and

finally succeeded in discovering a door, on opening which, we entered a vast subterranean hall, throughout the apparently boundless extent of which was diffused a pale amber light. Here were no architectural ornaments, but their absence was not felt in the imposing effect of gigantic proportions. It seemed to be some mystic treasury, for it was filled with gold and silver vessels encrusted with precious stones, on which were engraven strange characters. All that the imagination may have pictured of the wealth of Babylon; of Rome in her palmiest days; of riches perished in the deep; and of those which slumber yet unknown in the womb of earth, was here realised. And not only did this appear the treasury of things tangible and substantial, but in it were likewise accumulated uncouth and shadowy forms, confused and grotesque images, sounds faint and discordant, pale flowers like those which flickered over the plain at the waving of the Norwegian enchantress'* wand: wandering lights and bright motes, which would now expand into beautiful or familiar faces, and then as suddenly collapse and mingle with the sickly light around.

"What may be the meaning of all these strange objects?" said I.

"These," replied the stranger, "are the things that perish only with time. These wandering atoms are hopes, desires, passions, regrets: divorced from both the soul and the body, they linger here."

"Then Zoe!" I exclaimed with emotions—"all these have I given thee—say, art thou also here!"

"Hush!" said my companion; and a low plaintive murmur breathed near me. It seemed the voice of memory—the echo of purer thoughts!

I was anxious to remain longer in this mysterious region of "*Glamourie*," but the stranger warned me that it was time to depart.

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Deep in the navel of the vale below
A solemn, sable, silent forest stood.
THOMSON.

We emerged from the earth at a different place from that at which we had entered it, and I was much surprised at the great change in the aspect of the surrounding scenery. To my numerous questions my gloomy companion scarce deigned to vouchsafe a reply; but as I was in an unknown country, and entirely in his power, remonstrance would have proved useless, therefore I remained as quiet as possible.

Proceeding onwards, we arrived at a river which dashed over its rocky channel with the wildest fury. On a fragment of spar, in the midst of the waters, sat a small grey bird, which instantly arrested the stranger's deepest attention. He desired me to cast a pebble at it. I obeyed, but the bird flew away untouched. On seeing which, with violent gestures he plunged into the stream, and beckoned me to follow, which I did, as I preferred even such suspicious companionship to the risk of being belated in an unknown wilderness.

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* Girda.

The little grey bird flew away towards a dense forest some distance off. We still followed, and soon entered its cloister-like shades, where a perpetual twilight seemed to reign. After struggling through a thick undergrowth of shrubs and thorns, we debouched on a charming grassy glade. On the lofty trees around, like the spirits of the solitude, were perched gigantic sable and white birds, which in shape resembled the bustard, though in size they far exceeded the largest Ostriches. On seeing us these noble creatures spread their vast wings and sailed overhead, with a rushing noise, like the first breeze that ruffles a calm at sea, when the canvass begins to swell to the sound of surging waters.

In vain did I argue with my unaccountably excited companion, on the folly of pursuing birds without the means either of taking or killing them, and through so large a forest at such an hour. He paid no attention to me, and I was therefore in a manner compelled to follow his fortunes.

The sun had now set, and the darkness was becoming every moment more intense, when, by the peculiar dripping sound of filtrating water, and a cold current of damp air, I imagined that we must have entered some cavern. As we continued to advance, the flapping of wings was heard above and around us, and then by degrees the place rung with wild screams as of scorn and derision.

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" Vous êtes une gironette que le mouvement des ailes de la fortune fait tourner."
ANON.

In the contemplation of ruins there is a pleasure not the less delightful, because dashed with a vein of sadness. How charming when the sun breaks forth, after a storm, to mark the mouldering tower, through its tossed tresses of rich green ivy, smiling in all the beauty and freshness of rejuvenescence! and yet, in the moral world, how small is the share of sympathy which mankind bestows on its decayed glories. Ruined fortunes, blighted hopes—hearts in whose solitary chambers "Time's effacing fingers" have swept away all your gorgeous tapestries of youth and pleasure,—where is the kindly cloak that conceals your desolation!

It is only those sorrows which they feel may any day be their own, that enlist the compassion and sympathies of our fellow-men. They only wonder at misfortunes which they believe can never reach themselves; and the wretch, whose perverse destiny has cast him helpless into the power of supernatural influences, must linger out his days in that dreary solitude of heart, which separates us by an insurmountable barrier from the rest of our species!

I know not how long I wandered alone in the cavern already alluded to, but at length I felt the pure night breeze on my cheek, and saw above me once again "the open heavens." I felt relieved by the thought, that the same stars which I had loved to look up to in my youth, were now shedding their soft and holy light again upon me. I heard the rustling of leaves and the waving of branches, I waited impatiently till the day broke, when, by the first streaks of light, I recognized in my present locality a small grove near my friend Mr. G——'s house.

I approached the mansion. Everything appeared unusually gloomy; a hatchment hung over the door: I asked a servant if Mr. G—— was at home,—he replied in the affirmative, but added, that since the sudden and unaccountable disappearance of "their mistress," he rarely left his room, and seemed to have taken farewell of the busy world.

I had my *own* suspicions, and did not doubt that the lady of the house would some day return; but I avoided saying anything on the subject, and hastened to call on my relative, who, as I formerly mentioned, lived not far off.

These changes were so rapid, and events were so crowded on one another, that I had given up all intentions of, in future, attempting to solve the mysteries which surrounded me.

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"Silence and darkness—solemn sister-twins."—Young.

"Come thick night," &c.

Shakspeare.

The city was illuminated: the magnificent collonades, facades and porticos seemed fired by the blaze of a thousand lamps! My cousin, Nemofilia, leant on my arm, but she was not a congenial companion. There was no enthusiasm in her nature. She was painfully inanimate, and the turn of her mind was too practical to render her alive to romantic feelings. While my fancy conjured up the palace of Alladin, she was perhaps calculating the expenditure of oil and wicks: and perhaps she was happier than I at such a moment, for although my excitement was almost that of a child, sad reflections were not absent to throw a damp over my gaiety. Mere sights alone do not really gratify those who have drunk deeply the cup of human passions. The heart is not satisfied with artificial pleasures. The light of the mind is not to be found in the glare of such scenes. Let not those who have *felt* much linger there!

Having fortunately succeeded in transferring my cousin to the protection of her uncle, I was at liberty to indulge my own whims. Accordingly I began to ramble about carelessly. I had not proceeded far in one of the less frequented suburbs, when I observed the figure of a man closely muffled up, moving stealthily along. I concealed myself behind a large elm tree and watched him. Having deposited a bundle on the ground, he began with a trowel to dig a hole at the roots of another tree. On completing his task, he carefully deposited the bundle in the hole which he had made, and covered it up. I had advanced a pace, and remarked red stains on the bundle. The stranger however had observed me. He sprang forward, and placing a pistol to my ear, muttered, "Silence, or you die!" I made no reply, and before I had time to recover from my surprise at the suddenness of the attack, he was gone!

In his flight he had dropped a packet of papers which I picked up and carried home, with the intention of perusing them at leisure, as I anticipated that they might contain some information calculated to throw a light on the suspicious proceeding which I had just witnessed; but I felt a reluctance in exhuming the bundle, as I apprehended that if caught in the act of doing so, any felony attached to its concealment would be attributed to me, and without any

positive proofs of my innocence, I might eventually be condemned on circumstantial evidence.

I hastened home, and proceeding at once to my study, I lit the lamp, drew in my arm-chair to the fire, and opened the mysterious packet!

'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night;
We make the grave our bed and then are gone!
BLAIR.

WE are apt in our egotism to fancy that Nature turns a pitying eye on our own misfortunes and those of our friends. We stretch a point to believe that there is a correspondence between the phenomena of nature and the accidents of human life.

The sky was dark, and lowering heavy masses of clouds were piled up around the horizon; an occasional rain drop gave warning of the contents of that ominous canopy.

I was sitting in my room conversing with a friend, when we were startled by the howling of a dog. My superstitious companion was so much impressed with the dismal tones of the poor animal, that he took out his watch and noted the hour. A vague feeling of apprehension stole over me also, for I recognised the dog to be X——'s, and with one accord, on the impulse of the moment, my friend and I hastened across the meadow to X——'s cottage. On passing the threshold I perceived at once that I was in the house of death. There is a certain strange instinct that frequently informs us of our proximity to this mysterious state. We remark it even in animals. The horse snorts and detects at once the difference between sleep and death.

X——'s end was approaching, and the few persons in the room, with a pious or unfeeling horror, were standing aloof.

The dying man's countenance was corrugated with agony. He seemed oppressed with terror at some object which he followed with his eye.

In such awful moments is the spiritual film removed from the sufferer's eye; and does he alone, of all present, hold commune with the invisible world? It may be so. The soul may be passing away ere the heart has ceased to beat.

"They come!" cried the dying man, his glazed eye glaring stonily at us. "They come—help, my friends—Oh God! they seize me—is there no mercy—no respite—must I die—spare me, oh! spare me only a little longer. Those dreadful forms!" He became exhausted—his voice faltered.

He murmured, "Life is sweet," and his head fell back on the pillow. "The silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl was broken!"

No prayers were said by that death-bed; and when it became apparent that the vital spark had fled, with the exception of the poor dog, who continued to whine piteously beside his master, we all left the corpse in that lonely room. And *you* were there calm and beautiful. It was the first time you had ever looked on Death. Years have rolled away since then, but I can never forget your expression at that our first meeting.

---

"Astra castra—numen lumen."
BALCARASS' MOTTO.

YOU know my crimes and sufferings; you have seen my agony

and remorse ; but pity you have shewn me none ; and yet such is the religion of love, that I believed and trusted in defiance of reason and truth. We often adore the image that others abhor or ridicule !

I have re-visited B—— ; I was sick at heart with the memories of the past. That terrible dream returned. A heart of iron could not have viewed those scenes unmoved. Time can never efface the remembrance of those days. They witnessed our innocence, our raptures, our fall, and then my degradation, and all its train of evils and hardships. It was for your sake that I wondered through inhospitable lands, where the open plains by day were my house, and the wide heavens my shelter by night. For you I made my scanty meals of nuts under the insufficient shade of stunted trees, or in my thirst and despair struggled with the startled traveller for water at the solitary well, and fought for a drop of that blessed gift which Nature seems to have declared free to all mankind. Not only did I traverse the desert—I fled to the Ocean. I fancied that the roaring of waves might drown the whispers of a guilty conscience. On land every object reminded me of our crime ; but at sea, apart as it were from all the world, I hoped that my restless mind would find some repose, and then I knew that there was no risk of hearing my guilt and dishonor on the tip of every vulgar tongue.

I have returned, but my reward is again lost to me.

I have braved all earthly ills for nought. My guilt has been like the dead sea fruit. Can peace and happiness never spring from evil, but must the pure soul, unsullied save by one great crime, be for ever outlawed ? While the cautious, passionless wretch, whose sordid breast is the hospital of every subordinate view, struts in the world's high places, with all the pride of conscious virtue !

* * * * *

I plucked a small lilac flower, which grew on the spot, where our vows were first exchanged. No one was near to check my emotion.

The parents of these weeds had been pressed by that beloved form. I cast myself on them, and moistened them with my tears. As I became calmer I mused on their little united families of blossoms. Providence had taught them to make their home in a spot protected from the rude blasts of winter. They grow up together in the sunshine of spring, and when their leaves drop off in autumn, and their flowers wither away, their very decay contributes to the increase of the wide-spreading family.

*They* were the same, but *you*, how changed !

We sacrificed all for each other, and yet, though secretly separated from the rest of our race, we pause in perplexity, as though we feared that the unseen hand of Fate would snatch the chaplet from our brows !

You may deceive me—separate yourself from me—repent, yet still must you be mine. You have made yourself one with me, and that is a union that man cannot dissolve. And your oaths ! Do you remember that night when the full moon rose in unclouded splendour from the mists of the horizon, and shed a

solemn light on the spectre-like obelisks and urns in the cemetery at B——. I placed you on *that* unhallowed grave. I knelt over you, for you had fallen back pale and almost senseless. A fury raged within me: you had urged me on to guilt.

"What," said I in my wrath, "if I sacrifice you to my just revenge, who shall accuse me?" You clasped your guilty hands and murmured: "Have mercy on me. Do as thou wilt—I shall not resist." I gazed with the wild stare of insanity at your upturned and streaming blue eyes, in which the assurance of Heaven's pardon seemed strangely mixed with the iciness of utter despair. We sat apart—my eyes unconsciously wandered over the pure silent expanse of the firmament above. Neither of us spoke. I perceived that you were weeping, for the short stifled sobs burst through those delicate hands in which your face was hidden. You saw me gazing on you. Casting yourself on my knees, you covered my hands with tears and kisses: I pitied your helplessness. A sudden revulsion of feeling came over me, and I gave way to the softness of my emotions. O! that we could have prayed—but *there* it was impossible!

Then when we invoked Heaven to witness our solemn vows, do you remember that deformed 'toadstool' which, springing from *his* sandy grave, seemed to point like a finger upwards? You started, and I tore up the ugly thing, for senseless as it may have been, it touched our conscience.

"SHORT time is now for gratulating speech."
GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

I WAS interrupted in the perusal of the MS. by the sudden entrance of a stranger.

"There is no time for explanations: your friends are in danger: follow me!"

I arose: we hurried along the streets. In the distance were heard shouts mingled with the incessant discharge of fire-arms. We reached a large mansion—I thought it was Mr. G——'s. There were lights and figures moving about within: a mob of ruffians were assaulting the entrance. We gained admittance by a secret door at the back of the house. All was in confusion. Servants were barricading the passages and doorways, while the ladies were trembling and clinging together in utter consternation. Our arrival partially relieved their fears. I fancied I saw my lost 'Zoe!' She was supporting an aged lady. At the same moment a cry was heard, "The doors are forced!" and in the confusion that ensued I lost sight of her. Every one fled except this aged dame, who held me by the arm, and embarrassed all my efforts. Still clinging to me, she conducted me to a distant apartment, where she told me, we should probably find her dear "Idone." I started at the name!

We discovered her "Idone" as anticipated. She was gazing on the miniature of a child. I disengaged myself from my tormentor, and advancing to the younger lady, "Madam," said I, "you must fly. I must trust to the future *for an explanation*."

"To the Altar in the Oratory above!" cried the old lady. We hastened accordingly up a nar-

ror staircase, and having deposited the ladies on the step of the Altar, I hastened to the defence of the house, but I was foiled: the old lady rushed forward with violent screams, and clutched me fiercely, exclaiming, "You must not leave us! In vain did I argue the impropriety of her conduct; with the obstinacy of second childhood, she insisted on detaining me. With one violent effort I flung off this *Incubus*, and rushed to the scene of action.

The leader of the ruffians, who was muffled up in a dark cloak, seemed to be directing rather than heading the attack. I sprang at him with a sword which I had just picked up. He threw open his mantle, and revealed the features of the owner of the manuscript which I had found. Villain!" said I, making a furious lunge at him, but he sprang to one side to avoid it, and waving his hand he declined the encounter, and moved away with a proud and melancholy air. I might have slain him, but I felt a pity for him. How could I pretend to judge him. Might he not be the victim of circumstances? Who can decide in all cases between crimes and misfortunes?

How many persons do we see leading virtuous lives, only because they have neither poverty nor strong passions to combat.

The fate of this suspicious stranger seemed in some manner to be connected with my own. Trivial incidents are often sufficient to suggest such an idea.

After a struggle of about two hours, the ruffians were beaten back into the street, and the opportune arrival of a military force completed our victory.

I was never able to ascertain the object of this strange attack on a peaceful family. The following day the house was deserted, and no one could tell whither its late occupants had gone.

## ON HIGH CASTE HINDUS, AS SAILORS AND SOLDIERS.

THE recent respectful but decided determination of the 38th Regiment not to proceed by sea to the seat of war, is suggestive of serious reflections on the composition and organisation of the Native Army.

That a Regiment, which for more than half a century has invariably served with the highest distinction, in every clime and country, from the Godavery to the Helmund; from the Carnatic to Candahar; that men who have trampled upon every superstitious legend; violated every slavish trammel of the most bigotted of all religions; who have not hesitated to march to foreign and inhospitable regions, far beyond the Ultima Thule of the Hindu imagination; nay, who have not scrupled to pass the dreaded Attuk, (the Forbidden!) surely it is passing strange that *such* a regiment, and *such* men, should hesitate to embark for foreign service. Whatever the causes may be which have led to this most distressing result, they cannot be too minutely examined and discussed. Now, were these men deterred by religion, or debarred by caste? And if so, at what period did this innovation commence, and in what age did this dread of the salt-water paralyze the energies and cupidity of the money-loving Hindu.

Ancient chronicles and old histories inform us that Hindus were not only travellers but mariners. Heeren denies that the Hindus were ever mariners, but adds, "This is not applicable to the great mass of the people;" whereas in the Ramayana, we find that merchants are mentioned "who traffic beyond the sea, and bring presents to the king." Moreover, that no law had ever forbidden this species of commerce; on the contrary, the institutes of Menu contain several regulations, which allow it, in giving the force of law to all commercial contracts relative to dangers incurred by sea, (Menu III. 158; VIII. 157, quoted by Heeren.) The religion of the Hindus never recognized that principle of the Egyptian creed which looked upon the sea as impure. Nay, it is averred that the Bay of Bengal owes its origin to the holy Ganges; Hindu merchants called *banians* are in the habit of traversing the ocean, and of settling in foreign countries. In the Hitopodesa, it is said that "a ship is a necessary requisite for enabling a man to traverse the ocean;" and in another passage we read of a certain merchant who had been twelve years on his voyage. The story in the Sakontala, of the merchant whose immense wealth devolved on the king, on the merchant's perishing at sea, and leaving no heir, proves that the Hindus did cross the seas. The above is quoted, principally in the words of Heeren, vol. 2, Indiaces, chap. 2d, who adds, if in addition to these authorities the reader wishes for more decisive historical proof, he will find it in the Periplus, which, besides the merchants of Arabia and Greece, mentions also the banians of

India, who, for commercial purposes, had established themselves on the north side of the Island of Socotra.

We have seen that religion does not prohibit a Hindu from travelling by sea; and history assures us that in the earliest times Hindus were to be found, as they now are, in all parts of the old world. It is evident that all did not travel by land, and that thousands must have proceeded by sea to distant lands. Colonel Wilford, in the Xth. volume of the *Asiatic Researches*, has with great diligence collected a summary of the early Hindu voyages and travels, and as the *Asiatic Researches* are not generally known or perused, a brief recapitulation of facts may not appear altogether irrelevant or uninteresting in this paper.

In the first century ambassadors from India were sent to the Roman and Greek Emperors: some went to Spain. In the 3rd century some visited Alexandria, where Ptolemy saw them and conversed with them. A Hindu shipwrecked in the Red Sea, and saved, is said to have first pointed out that route to India. Herodotus tells us that Xerxes had a large body of Indians in his army when he marched to subjugate Greece, B. C. 480. The Carthagenians employed Indian elephants as far back as B. C. 300, the mahouts of which were Hindus. The African elephants, according to Pliny, would not face the Indian ones: the Carthagenians adopted the Indian name Guj for an elephant. When Metellus defeated Asdrubal in Sicily, B. C. 251, twenty-six elephants were killed and 104 captured, the drivers of which were all Hindus, and were carried up to Rome. When Hannibal crossed the Rhone (Polybius) 218 B. C., the drivers of his elephants were all Hindus; and an Indian word was introduced to designate an elephant, and a verb to signify the roaring of the animal. Hindus of both sexes were common in Greece, and many emigrations have taken place from India, 59 B. C. Ariovistus, King of the Suevi, made a present to Metellus Celer, the celebrated Pro-consul of Gaul, of certain Hindus, who had been shipwrecked on the German shores: these men were merchants. 21 B. C. the ambassadors of Porus went to Spain, where Augustus then was; other Indian ambassadors subsequently waited on Augustus at Samos: Porus boasted that he ruled over 600 kings. Amongst the ambassadors from Pandion, King of the Southern Peninsula, was a Brahmin by name Chadgha; he entered the service of Augustus as a soothsayer, and subsequently voluntarily perished on a funeral pile, when the Emperor was at Athens.

It is well known that the Indian Calanus perished in the same way at Pasagarda. A large detachment of Hindu troops followed Alexander into Persia; they were commanded by one Keteus, and had their wives and families with them: they were with Eumenes, on the borders of Media eight years afterwards. Keteus was slain fighting heroically; his two widows prepared to perform suttee; the elder being enceinte was prevented; the youngest mounted the pile and perished—(Dio. Sic. Lib. XIX. ch. 32, and not ch. 2, as Wilford quotes.)

Claudian received an embassy from Ceylon; and Trajan, Anto-

ninus Pius, Diocletian, Maximianus, Theodosius, Heraclius, and Justinian from India.

In 274 A. C. when Aurelian captured Palmyra, and took Zenobia prisoner, he carried a vast number of Indians to Rome to swell his triumph. In 473 A. C. many Brahmans visited Alexandria. They lived on dates, rice and water. Juvenal (Sat. VI. 584, 549) mentions astrologers from India, and says that only the wealthy could afford to employ them.

This was in the middle of the first century. A regular trade was carried on between Egypt and India from the accession of the Ptolemies until the conquest of Egypt by the Romans, and it did not cease till the middle of the seventh century, until checked by the rapid growth of Islam. The Greeks had a settlement at Kallian, near Bombay, and the Romans one at Mujris, now Mirjee, where they erected a temple of Augustus, and had 1,200 men to defend their interests.

Arrian, in the 7th book of his Indica, speaks of "Commanders of fleets," and in the Periplus express mention is made of the Indians who lived in the Discorides, (now Socotra,) and traded with India. From Malabar the Hindus pass over to the Mozambique coast, and generally remain 7 or 8 years; they likewise resort to Muscat, (Niebuhr saw many there as bankers and merchants,) Aden, Jedda, Mocha; to the Mauritius, Isle of France, Persian Gulf; they are to be met with in China, at Moscow, at Malacca, at Tobolsk, at Baghdad and at Astrachan, where they are numerous; even in the present day they abound in Balkh, Herat, Cabul, and at Samarkand; and in all parts of Sindh, Persia, Belochisthan, and Turkisthan; and in Mohomedan countries, the Hindus invariably cherish their beards, and forego a number of their unmeaning and absurd customs. At the commencement of this century, a Faqueer was to be seen at Benares, who had been to the Caspian, and had travelled from Astrachan to Moscow in eighteen days. Bamian and the Hindu Kosh are annually visited by crowds of Hindus impelled by religion or gain.

The troops under Sir David Baird, who went to Egypt to oppose the "Army of Egypt" under Napoleon, comprised several thousands of Hindus, and Hindus from Upper India; they were seen by Clarke, the celebrated traveller, and every one must be familiar with the great praise which he has bestowed upon the appearance and discipline of the Indian soldiers. Since then, Hindus have fought beyond seas against the French, Dutch, Arabs, and Chinese, and have triumphed from Aden to Pekin, at Java, the Moluccas, and in the Isle of France.

Millions of our Indian subjects from Cutch to Cuttack have no dread of the sea; to hundreds of thousands it is their sole support and means of maintenance, and the only mode of transit from province to province, from city to city. No wonder then that the Coast armies never hang back, or hesitate to embark and pass the sea, and that Hindus from Upper India, when enlisted in the Bombay and Madras armies, soon forget their prejudices, and follow the example of their less scrupulous brethren.

We have seen that from the remotest antiquity Hindus have shown no repugnance whatever to cross the sea and to serve abroad, and that nothing opposed their religion when gain and cupidity prompted emigration. What then is the cause which prevents the Hindus of Upper India from passing the sea in the present day?

In discussing this important subject, we must never lose sight that the élite of the Bengal Army is recruited from provinces hundreds of miles from the sea; and that with the exception of a very small proportion, who are specially bound by their oath to serve abroad, the rest are never employed near the sea; generally hundreds of miles from the coast, whilst the men themselves come from towns and villages still more remote, they never have an opportunity of seeing and judging for themselves: they never go down "to the deep:" are ignorant of its marvels, and with them the omne ignotum is pro horrifico! There is another element which leavens the mass, an element which is ever at work, and which strikes terror from one end of Upper India to the other, and which, to its inhabitants, is peculiarly terrific, mysterious, and dreaded. It is these two terrible words—*Kala Pani.* In every hamlet, village, and town, the inhabitants have heard from their childhood, that their conquerors punish atrocious and detestable crimes by transportation to that "dread bourne" whence no traveller returns. Thus to them the Kala Pani is the most dreaded of objects, and associated with horror, dismay and destruction. They all know that to reach that dreaded spot—the sea must be passed; and can it be expected that they should easily divest themselves of feelings which have grown up with them from childhood?

However much we may deplore the conduct of the 38th, we must not forget that the bravest of the brave, in every clime and in every age, have occasionally succumbed to prejudice and to traditional fears. The victorious veterans who had triumphed from the Issus to the Indrus, and who had trampled the diadems of Darius in the dust, and whose glittering standards flaunted in the plains of the five waters, sternly refused to march any further eastwards, restrained by fear more imperious than the dread of death; and in later times, the determined refusal of the "Black Watch," (since the celebrated and renowned 42nd Highlanders) to march to London, because they dreaded to cross the salt sea, and to be sent to the plantations in America, are apt illustrations, from numerous others, of prejudice and imaginary phantoms perverting intrepid and disciplined men from the paths of duty.

The greater proportion of the Mádras and Bombay armies consist of what their lordly brethren would characterise as "low-caste men," that is, of men who possess, in an eminent degree, all the essential qualities necessary to form good soldiers: indifferent as to where they may be ordered, to Aden or to China, unscrupulous as to food, capable of enduring great bodily fatigue, and unfettered by the absurdity of caste; they obey orders, and are true to their salt. The Sipahees of Oudh and of Northern India on the other

hand, are second to no race of men in the physical development of their frames: tall, well built, muscular, athletic, active, and vigorous; but with these admirable qualifications, they combine others which impair their efficiency and diminish their value as soldiers: frequent and prolonged ablutions; incessant dread of contaminations; marvellous assiduity in burnishing brazen utensils; inability to cook on board-a-ship, or in accoutrements: horror of the salt water; unceasing solicitude lest any low caste pass between the wind and their nobility; these, and many absurd and trivial traits, become very serious evils on service, when the efficiency of soldiers has to be tested by all the accidents of flood and field, and when stern necessity and dire want laugh at conventional rules and at the puerilities of priestcraft. In all of our earliest victories we were indebted to the "low-caste men," who fought under our standards, and who conquered at Madras, Arcot and at Plassey. Government can have but one object in maintaining an enormous and expensive army, and that is, to ensure instant and implicit obedience to its demands—unhesitating and unenquiring compliance with all the orders which may be issued to it. The army which best complies with the demands of the State, is to all intents and purposes the most efficient, and will be ever honored and respected. The composition is of secondary importance; it matters little in our native army whether a trigger be pulled by a Chohan, or by a Chumar; the object for which the army is maintained is of the first importance.

A "low caste" nation, from an obscure corner of Western India, rapidly spread itself from the Deccan to Delhi; its victorious armies swept away throne and principality from sea to sea; its plundering cohorts pillaged the treasures of the Imperial family, humbled the descendants of Timour, and spreading dismay and terror from north to south, drove the European adventurers on the banks of the Hoogly to dig a trench, which is still extant, a memorial of the prowess of the "Potters," whose name will be ever associated with our Commercial capital, and will survive the palaces of Calcutta.

Ignorance of the sea and the horrors of Kala Pani have been already touched upon; but there remains a third and most important consideration which materially tends to demoralize the Bengal army: the Brahmans and *high* caste men in our ranks.

Every true friend to India must anxiously desire to see some reform introduced in the constitution of our native army, and some change in the present system of enlistment. Every regiment is infested by Brahmans—men who become a nucleus for discontent, inflame every spark of dissatisfaction, and invariably fail in their duty in exact proportion to the crisis of the State, and hang back at the very moment when zeal, energy and devotion are looked for at the hands of its servants by the Government.

Every friend of progression must rejoice at every blow which can be struck at these useless, bigotted, and besotted drones, who swarm in our ranks.

The time has at length arrived when sound policy and the inter-

ests of the State demand that the constitution of the Army should be radically reformed. Under the present régime the State is obliged to ask as a favor, at the hands of its paid soldiery, that which every Government has a right to demand.

No Government can afford to condescend to ask its soldiery to do this or do that ; on the other hand, nothing would be more insane or impolitic than to issue orders which never could be enforced. With the exception of a few general service corps, no regiment of the Bengal Army could be ordered to proceed by sea—on service ; custom and traditional exemption from foreign service has given the greater portion of the army the liberty to decline to proceed beyond seas : hence nothing could be more unfair than to compel men who have been permitted to do as they please; but nothing can be more suicidal or anomalous than this state of things : recent events have shown how imperative it is that some radical change should be immediately adopted to ensure the efficiency of the army, and to secure to the State its just right and authority over those whom it supports.

The time has now come, when every recruit should be solemnly sworn to follow his regimental standards, *by sea or by land*, whensoever and wheresoever the Government might please to require the service of the regiment. Those who refuse to take such an oath must give place to hundreds of thousands ready and eager to find lucrative and honorable employments.

By the adoption of this simple rule the State would for the future be deprived of the services of high caste Hindus and Brahmans, but would be benefited by an accession of real strength, in an able, willing, and obedient soldiery.

Now the high caste Hindus and Brahmans either are, or they are not, the best class of men whence we should select the most efficient soldiers for our Indian army. If they are, then by the peculiar doctrines of their religion, and by the trammels of caste, they are unable to fulfil the normal conditions and obligations of soldiery ; they are (in the present day) precluded from crossing the sea : from cooking on board-a-ship : incapable of partaking of such rations as may be procurable, no matter at what cost or trouble ; deterred by some imaginary pollution from using this well, or that stream ; even at picket and on out-post duty, in presence of the enemy, unable to cook, without-stripping themselves of their accoutrements and arms. Many other peculiarities and foibles might be mentioned inconsistent with a soldier's duty. But if they are not the best class of men to select from then Government should at once dispense with their services ; therefore, whether they are or are not the best men for our ranks, their services are useless to the State, and detrimental to the efficiency of the army.

The administration of Lord Dalhousie has been already characterised by vast and magnificent conquests, and still more so by important administrative reforms, wherein the wisdom, foresight, and statesman-like-qualities of the Noble Marquis have been eminently conspicuous. Let

us fondly cherish a hope, the glory of introducing a most important reform in the constitution of the native army—may be associated with the Government of Lord Dalhousie; and that a measure fraught with momentous consequences to our high position in this country, to the welfare of our army, and the safety of our magnificent eastern empire, may receive prompt and serious consideration commensurate with its importance, and worthy the most anxious attention of the enlightened and distinguished statesman, who, happily for India, presides over her destinies.

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## SHEIKH SULIMAN DARANEE.

*(From the Sindhee.)*

BEING THE TWENTY-FOURTH TALE OF THE "HIKAYUT-I-SALIHEEN."

> "Oh, is it not thus, thou man of sin,
> The precious tears of repentance fall?
> Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
> One heavenly drop hath dispell'd them all."
>
> *Paradise and the Peri*

I write the tale—(my twenty-fourth)—oh, be attentive then—
Of Suliman Darānee—known to truly pious men.
"One night," said he, "absorb'd, I stood within the house of pray'r,
"To read the portion'd section, as had been my constant care:
"When, suddenly, a drowsiness came clouding o'er my eyes,
"Within that holy place to read, I sat (and could not rise);
"Yet e'er intent upon my task, till sleep subdued I fell:*
"I dreamt, and, lo, a Houri came, how fair I cannot tell!
"She smil'd a smile of splendor, like the splendor of the sun,
"Beholding her, so beautiful, I felt perplexed—undone.
"She touch'd me gently with her foot, as wond'ring there I lay,
"And thus, in sweetest accent, did this beauteous Houri say:
"Alas, to thee; alas, thy lot; alas—oh wail and woe!
"Is it for such as thou to rest in pleasant slumber so?
"Ope wide thine eyes, example give, awake, awake, and see,
"For thee created, I am sent from heaven, but for thee.

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* In a note to Sale's Koran, we are told that the Prophet is reported to have enjoined: 'Pray standing, if thou art able; if not, sitting; and if thou canst not sit up, then as thou liest along."

"And thou, at such a time (is't fit?) transgressing thus art found!"
"Then," said the Sheikh, "in humble mood I look'd upon the ground,
"And vow'd I ne'er would yield again to undeserv'd repose:
"That vow, deep-seated in my heart, she heard my lips disclose;
"And, hearing it, again she smil'd—that smile of splendor bright,
"Diffusing every where around a peaceful, joyous light.
"That light, amid those pearly teeth, was marvellous to view,
"Entranc'd I sank, enraptur'd at the brilliancy of hue:"
Again she spoke: "Sheikh Suliman, one question is my due,
"Dost know from whence, and why this light has been on me bestow'd?"
"Alack," I answered—"No—not I—poor pilgrim of the road."
She said—"One night, a winter night—attend, oh Suliman,
"Thou had'st perform'd ablution* ere the pray'r of night* began.
"Upstanding for devotion, then, with reverential head,
"Before thy great Creator bow'd, I saw thee quake with dread:
"And o'er thy cheek, when thus engag'd, there trickled down a tear.
"Commissioned at the moment of thy true religious fear,
"A messenger from heaven, I, came down to earthly place,
"And, saving one small tear-drop, as it glisten'd on thy face,
"I rais'd it—press'd it to my lips—then treasur'd it with care:
"This, then, explains the brilliant hues which you have noted there!"
Now mark these words of pious men, and thence example take,
That heaven may be gracious for your true devotion's sake:
And night and morning pray to Him, nay, ev'ry hour beside,
Gain'd from a busy, sinful world—you should in pray'r abide.

TIPPOO KHAN.

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* In the original "wuzoo" and "tahajjud," which I have rendered into English to be more generally intelligible. The latter is translated by Sale in the 17th chapter of the Koran as "watching by night"—this being applicable to prayer.

## BENGAL THIRTY YEARS AGO.

It was my fortune, a few years ago, shortly after my arrival in India, to sail up the Ganges on board a large Budgerow, in company with a party of Indigo planters returning to their factories after a short visit to the City of Palaces, whither they had gone to make arrangements with their Agents for the ensuing season, and to see to the satisfactory disposal of the produce of the past one. They were without exception the most jovial crew it was ever my lot to encounter; and marvellous were the tales they told of their pranks in Calcutta, and of their exploits in the jungles.

Our invariable custom after dinner was to adjourn to the deck, and there indulge in a quiet cheroot, enlivened by many a jest and repartee, some of which, I fear, would scarce bear repeating. On these occasions the planters would often astonish my brother Griffs and myself, by their wonderful stories of hair-breadth escapes, in pig-sticking and tiger-shooting. Sometimes, I suspect, they took advantage of our verdancy, and laid on their colours rather thick, but at any rate we were much amused, and after the second cheroot, even excited, by the anecdotes they narrated with no little feeling and natural eloquence. Besides, we were pre-disposed to believe any thing they chose to pour into our greedy ears, and no easy matter would it have been to make us take offence at any hoax perpetrated upon us by persons whose hospitality and kindliness of manner were such as are rarely to be found in the nineteenth century. Whenever we arrived near a factory belonging to one of our fellow-passengers, or even to one of their friends, there was such rejoicing and feasting, such riding and shooting, that one would never have supposed these men had a care on their minds, or any occupation but that of pleasure.

But what made the greatest impression upon me at that time was the occasional insight into a planter's life in the jungles thus afforded me, though I can hardly believe that some of the scenes related to me could take place at the present day. There was one story in particular that took my fancy, but as I omitted to make any notes at the time, my memory fails me in the dialogue. However, even in the bare and skeleton form in which it now appears, it may not be altogether devoid of interest as a relic of a state of society happily fast disappearing.

In the district of I——, there formerly existed many large indigo concerns, consisting of several factories, placed under the management of assistants chosen from different classes and nations. Some were French refugees or adventurers, others *ci-devant* captains of country-ships, and others again Eurasians, but all were men of ruthless disposition and dissipated habits, who complained of the fickleness of fortune, because they were not true to themselves, and who, after encountering many

vicissitudes, were as far off as ever from that peace-bringing competency they affected to covet, but the attainment of which they rendered impossible by the desperate and profligate course of life they continued to pursue.

In the year 182—, when my story commences, James Dirk, as Assistant to Messrs. Blank and Co., held charge of some small factories situated on the skirts of the vast breadth of country monopolized by his employers. Not far from his usual head-quarters there was another factory belonging to a neighbouring establishment, and also under the direction of an agent, whose principals usually resided in Calcutta. This indeed was the general practice of the large indigo speculators, who appear to have made a point of shutting their eyes, and denying all knowledge of the atrocities perpetrated in the jungles by their managing-men. If perchance a case was forced upon their attention, their custom was to declaim against the Government and the native amlah, and to pretend an incredulous degree of astonishment at the idea of any of their own people being mixed up in such iniquitous proceedings.

Both of these planters were persons of some standing. Dirk had formerly been a sea-faring man, and was possessed of the most violent passions and an ungovernable temper, particularly when in his cups—a circumstance that was rather the rule than the exception. His neighbour Pearson, on the contrary, was a quiet, sleek-looking Eurasian, but gifted with all the low cunning and trickery of the native character, and versed in all the wiles and underhand movements of the Law Courts. Few indeed had any chance against him in litigation, whether owing to his actual innocence or to his skill in corrupting the police and influencing the amlah, by whose advice the Magistrate was wont to be guided. Whatever might be the cause of his success, it is certain that he was almost always victorious, whether as plaintiff or defendant. Notwithstanding their difference of character, Dirk and Pearson were in the main excellent friends, and would often meet together in a sociable sort of way. It is true that petty disputes would sometimes arise from the intricate manner in which their lands intersected each other: but they always continued to patch up their differences without going to law, and somehow or other it was invariably Pearson who carried off the plant.

Both lands had suffered severely from the floods caused by the heavy rains that fell in 182— and the proprietors were anxiously looking forward to the result of the season, at the same time urging their assistants to exert themselves to the uttermost to avert the impending ruin. Dirk was well aware that he held his situation by a very precarious tenure, for his conduct had long ceased to give satisfaction to his employers. Determined therefore to make up by any means, however unjustifiable, for the deficiency in the crop, he assembled a strong party of lattiewalas and spearmen, who proceeded with an immense number of ryots, headed by a native gomashta, to cut down the plant that grew on his neighbour's land. The work of devastation was ac-

complished in the dead of night, and next morning Pearson looked out upon a barren waste. His remonstrances were unheeded by Dirk, who declared that he himself had made the usual pecuniary advances to the ryots to enable them to cultivate the plant, and that in self-defence he had been compelled to act as he had done to prevent them from fraudulently disposing of the crop to his rival. But the latter was not the man tamely to submit either to violence or insult. He saw the impossibility of recovering any part of the plunder from his unscrupulous rival, and he well knew that years might elapse before he could obtain any legal redress. It was therefore necessary to temporize and watch for a favorable opportunity of retaliating. For some time fortune refused to smile upon him. Every attempt to make a foray into his neighbour's land was frustrated by the vigilance of the native gomashta, who seemed to be endowed with the gift of ubiquity. Faile [illegible] of laying waste Dirk's plantations, Pearson determined upon taking a more terrible revenge. In different directions he secretly sent out parties of armed natives to capture the gomashta, and in this they very soon succeeded. When the poor wretch was brought before his enemy, the latter reviled and taunted him in the most cutting manner, and then ordered the branding irons to be heated, with which the Indigo chests were generally marked. As soon as these were red-hot, they were applied to the bare shoulders of the unfortunate gomashta, who was then dismissed with an insolent message to his master, that he should be treated in like manner whenever occasion served.

Justly indignant at the cruelty exercised on his faithful servant, Dirk laid the whole affair before the Magistrate of the district, and Pearson was summoned to answer to the serious charge made against him. The latter instantly complied, but coolly and solemnly denied all knowledge of the matter, and by dint of perjury and false witnesses, convinced the Magistrate that the accusation was a conspiracy got up by Dirk and his gomashta, in order to blast the character of a rival, whose position they had already jeopardized by their unjustifiable violence. The irons, he said, were forged to imitate the distinctive marks of his firm, and the branding was inflicted with the consent of the sufferer. So plausible was Pearson's manner, and so stoutly did his witnesses foreswear themselves, that in the end Dirk was sentenced to pay a fine, and the luckless gomashta was condemned to three months' imprisonment. The cup of wrath, long since full to the brim, now overflowed, and Dirk became utterly reckless of consequences, provided he could have his revenge. He took a terrible oath that he would never rest until he had wiped off the score, and he even offered a reward of five hundred rupees to any one who should place his enemy in his power—dead or alive.

A short time after this Pearson was one day taking a ride about three miles from Dirk's factory, when he was suddenly surrounded by a number of the spearmen, with whom in those days the district often swarmed. These were the lawless bands who supported

themselves by dacoities, or by taking up the cause of one Zemindar against another in the petty wars, that were constantly waged among the owners and occupiers of landed property. And this, be it remembered, took place within two hundred miles of the seat of Government. These villains conducted Pearson into the presence of his enemy who, as usual, was in a state of intoxication. Uttering a shout of victory, he danced liked a demoniac round his prostrate foe, and ordered the irons to be heated ten-fold. "Now, you scoundrel," he exclaimed, "I'll serve you as you served my gomashta. We shall now see what good your perjury will do for you." The helpless man had recourse to prayers, to promises, and to threats, but all equally in vain. Dirk gloated on the prospect of revenge. Pearson then appealed to the bystanders, but was warned, that if he uttered another word it should be his last. A brother of the imprisoned gomashta endeavored, however, to pacify his infuriated employer, but, while he was speaking, one of the spearmen, from some unknown instigation, transfixed the prisoner with his weapon, and killed him on the spot. At this result all stood aghast, except the ferocious Dirk, who applauded the deed, and coolly desired his men to take the irons out of the fire, as they would not be wanted now.

A few days previous to this atrocious murder, a favorite grey horse belonging to Dirk had died, and been buried outside of the compound. As the soil had not yet hardened, the maddened wretch ordering the hole to be re-opened, and the body of his victim was flung in beside that of his old steed. In vain did the writers attached to the factory remonstrate against this rash act, for Dirk had lost all command of his reason, and gloried in the danger. The wily Gomashta, for his term of imprisonment had expired, was resolved to protect himself at least from the inevitable consequences of his master's senseless conduct, and accordingly hastened off to a small village at some distance that he might have some chance of establishing an *alibi*.

No long time elapsed before official inquiries began to be instituted regarding the missing manager, and suspicions naturally alighted on the man who was known to bear him a deadly hatred. Dirk and his people were therefore closely examined, and evidence was adduced, showing that Pearson had been last seen in his enemy's factory. Upon this the Magistrate committed the case to the Supreme Court in Calcutta.

The trial was one that astonished the whole Court, and excited a living interest throughout the Presidency. The perjury and subornation of false witnesses was so glaring and bare-faced, that the Chief Justice declared that he could not conceive it possible for such a social system to exist as that which was now disclosed. Some of the witnesses swore most positively that Pearson had not been near Dirk's factory on the day in question, and that they themselves had more than once seen him since then. It was insinuated that he was concealing himself in the jungles, in order to give a color to this false accusation; nay, that the whole affair was a plot to bring his enemy within the clutches of the law,

in the same manner as he had procured the punishment of the innocent gomashta. Other witnesses again swore as stoutly as the former, that Pearson had not only been seen in Dirk's factory, but that he had been murdered there, and his body buried outside of the compound, on the top of the grey horse. But even these witnesses prevaricated to such an extent, that their testimony carried little or no weight, especially when it was ascertained by opening the grave that no human remains were to be found. It was observed, however, that Dirk's countenance expressed the utmost astonishment, not unmingled with a superstitious terror, when it was announced that the grey horse alone was the tenant of that hole which he knew ought to have contained also the corpse of his victim.

After a long consultation, the Jury brought in a verdict of—NOT GUILTY; but the Chief Justice delivered a long and powerful speech, in which he stigmatised the whole race of indigo planters as false men and suborners of perjury, who brought discredit upon their religion and their nation, and by their violence and fraud rendered the law of no avail. The prisoner was then set at liberty.

My friends added that the truth shortly afterwards came to light. It appears that the gomashta had returned to the factory in the evening, and by great labour and perseverance had exhumed the body, which he then carried to some distance, and threw into a jheel, having first attached to it a heavy weight. This secret he did not disclose even to Dirk, nor did he mention it to any one until the guilty man had left the country: this indeed happened not long afterwards, for his employers dismissed him from their service.

Though Dirk escaped the consequences of his crime on this occasion, his career was soon brought violently to a close. After the trial he sailed from Calcutta to Singapore, without any very definite object in view, unless it were in the vain hope of escaping from himself. Be this as it may, having indulged to excess in his favorite vice of hard-drinking, he became involved in a quarrel with some Malays, one of whom he struck with his clenched fist. The other instantly drew his crease, and stabbed him to the heart. Thus this murderer, though he escaped the justice of men, Divine justice suffered not to live.

# LAHORE.

[ In introducing the following notes from my Memorandum book, it is unnecessary to say much. In the descriptions which follow I do not lay claim to *entire* originality. I have endeavored to collate all the information attainable on this subject from works already published, adapting it to the present state of the objects noticed; and adding the result of my own observations, made during rather a protracted residence at Lahore, when I had ocular evidence of the things described;—giving the whole a connected and narrative form which will, I think, be not only interesting to the general reader of the present day, but assist the future historian in compiling a history of the Punjab.—W. ]

## GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY.

Lahore, the capital of the Punjab, is situated in lat. 31° 36′ N., long. 74° 14′ E., on an offset or small stream flowing from the Ravee, and about two miles east of the main stream. It is said that within the last twenty-two years the river itself ran under the walls of Lahore. The city was, till very lately, surrounded by a strong and handsome brick wall, 35 feet high, broad enough for a gun to traverse it, with circular towers and angular bastions at regular intervals, forming a sweep of upwards of four miles. The wall throughout the greater part of its extent was fronted by a fausse-braye, and a deep ditch, with a counter-scarp of 20 feet. There are thirteen gates, each having a double entrance. The fort or citadel is at the north-west angle of the city, overlooking the stream. The walls of it are lofty, and decorated on the outside, but fast falling into ruin; it seems never to have been of great strength. The fort contained extensive magazines and manufactories of warlike stores, as well as the residence of the Maharaja. The outer walls of the city were lowered to half their original height in 1851, which was a considerable improvement, as it permitted a freer ventilation in the crowded city, and enabled those doomed to live within, to breathe a little of the fresh air of the country. In the present year (1852), in reply to the still urgent call for more bricks from the Executive Officers building the new cantonment of Mean Meer, the counter-scarp was ordered to be removed, and the ditch to be sloped with grass: this too will be a very great improvement to those dwelling in the immediate suburbs of the city, as the ditch has always been the receptacle of the filth and dirt of the city brought thither through the public drains.

The interior of Lahore presents a strange confusion of majestic buildings, intermixed with ruins, rubbish and wretched hovels. The houses are from two to five stories high, built of brick, with flat mud roofs, and generally ornamented with carved wooden balconies: notwithstanding their height and magnitude, they have a mean appearance, and look gloomy, being enclosed with dead walls, with but few apertures in the place of windows. The streets are very narrow, dirty, and in wet

weather perfect sloughs; the main street used to be only thirteen feet wide, but it, with several others in the city, have been widened and greatly improved since the British have occupied the country. The active Deputy Commissioner, Major MacGregor, has spared neither trouble nor expense in repaving, widening, and vastly improving the principal of the thoroughfares, so that wheeled conveyances are now able to drive through the city with ease. Down the centre of each of the streets formerly ran a sewer, about one foot and a half wide and two deep, in which all filth of the streets, and the sweepings of the shops and private necessaries were thrown, and where, of course, they soon obtained a permanent habitation. In 1848, when the public offices were located in the city, I have been informed by some of the assistants, that if by accident, in passing along the road, a foot of one of their horses got into this sewer, the effluvia immediately emitted was so offensive as to oblige the rider and his companions to hasten from it with all speed. Deep drains or ditches also crossed the roads at very short intervals. The central sewers have been filled up, the streets newly paved, and drains placed on either side, under small open arched terraces, running in front of the shops; and now the drainage of the city, which is built on a succession of hillocks, is on the whole excellent. The streets are in general crowded with people showily dressed in silks of every color; carts with bullocks, horsemen, camels, elephants, cows, buffaloes, and asses make a motley scene: whilst in the shops, which run down almost the whole length on either side of each principal street, the tradesmen offer their low obeisances, and offer their wares and stuffs for sale; and the balconies are filled with women who usually spend the whole of the day in lounging and gazing at the crowd below. The bazars, though numerous, and stocked with a profusion of costly wares, are in general contracted and mean —the vegetable and provision markets usually filthy. There is an abundant supply of water from numerous wells in the town, independent of the branch of the Ravee, which washes the wall.

The names of the city gates are 1, the Tuxalee; 2, the Bhuttee; 3, the Mohree; 4, the Lahoree; 5, the Shahalmy; 6, the Mocliee; 7, the Akbery; 8, the Delhi; 9, the Ekkee; 10, the Shairy; 11, the Cashmeree; 12, the Mustee; and 13, the Roshnaee. Some of these gates have received their names from the circumstance of tradesmen of a certain description having collected near them—others from certain cities in the direction of which they point; and one, to the Mohree, a tradition is attached, which is worth repeating. The Mohree is a small gate said to have been cut through the walls by an invading emperor, who had previously asked his fortune-teller to predict through which gate he should enter the city. The fortune-teller wrote something on a slip of paper, which he gave into the emperor's hand, requesting that it might not be read till the entrance had been made; upon this the emperor, under the conviction that his fortune-teller must have named

some existing gateway through which he would pass, opened this new passage, that he might prove his prediction false; but it so happened that the prediction foretold the very thing that had just happened. The Ekkee and Delhi gates adjoin each other; hence one is called Ekkee, which signifies "the same."

Lahore was once a town of great note. It appears to have fallen into the hands of Mahmood of Ghiznee in 1009, on his advance to destroy Naugracut, and in 1152 it became the capital of the Guznivide dynasty. In 1186, it was captured from the last Guznivide by Sahub-ud-din, the Gourian monarch. In 1523, it was taken by Sultan Baber, whose posterity made it a favorite residence, and raised it to its greatest splendour. Since that period it has undergone many revolutions. In 1748 it fell into the hands of Ahmed Shah, the first Duranee Emperor, and was for a considerable time possessed by the Abdallee Afghans of Cabool, by whom it was named *Sikrei*. Thrice has it been desolated. Nadir and Ahmed Shah, each in turn carried destruction through its ancient halls, and the merciless Sikhs completed the work; so that when Maharaja Runjeet Singh made it the seat of his Government, he had almost to found the city anew. Out of *thirty-six* of the old town divisions only *six* now remain.

The population of the town was formerly variously reckoned at from 80 to 120,000 souls, but by a census taken in 1851, it was put down at between 77 and 78,000, the number of houses being reckoned at 15,600, and the inhabitants to each house being set down as averaging five individuals. These consist of Musulmans, Hindoos, a few Sikhs, and some other castes. It may surprize the general reader to hear, that in the capital of the Punjab, where the followers of the Grunth were once so numerous, there should now be so few. But the fact is, the Sikhs, according to their religion were trained to war from their infancy, and during the last campaign, formed the greater part of the armies under Shere Singh and other chiefs, a large portion therefore fell in battle; and of the remainder, three-fourths possessed too much pride to come back to Lahore, and become residents under the hateful power of the British: these therefore went away and joined predatory bands in other parts of the country, or took service under Golab Singh at Cashmere. The number of Sikhs at Lahore now, and indeed in all the Punjab, cannot be more than one-tenth of the entire population, perhaps it is less. The Akalis ("Immortals,") a sect of Sikh fanatics, who were in considerable number, and enjoyed great influence here in the time of Runjeet, are now seldom to be met with; they will not labor, and are consequently in very wretched circumstances.

But my readers must not run away with the idea that Lahore is a paradise, because I have not yet brought prominently to their notice the nuisances to which the dwellers within its walls are daily subject. The establishment entertained by the authorities for cleansing the streets, &c. is too small, very much so; the consequence is, that notwithstanding all the efforts of the Deputy Commissioner, the town is not so clean

by a great deal as it ought to be ; two or three only of the principal streets are attended to, while in other parts of the town filth of every description is allowed to choke the drains and breed disease ; stagnant, green and deadly pools are also to be seen in the lower parts. Old and dilapidated buildings meet one at every turn, the walls of some of which are bulging out and threatening destruction to the passer-by, as well as to the heedless dwellers within. All such buildings should forthwith be taken down by the Police ; but in no instance that I can recollect, have they been so levelled. On occasion of any heavy rain, for two or three days successively, four, or five, or more of these ricketty buildings come down with a crash, causing destruction both to life and property, and *then* their *ruins* are removed. The adage " prevention is better than a cure" is never studied at Lahore. I have to add to these nuisances, *beggars* and *pariah dogs*. The number of beggars in and about Lahore, especially of lame and blind, is very great ; not only are the streets and lanes lined with them, but they are frequently found sitting down in the middle of crowded thoroughfares, to the manifest danger of their own limbs, and the obstruction of passengers on horseback or in wheeled conveyances. The establishment of a local Relief Society in the close of 1850 has done little or nothing to the abatement of this nuisance. As to pariah dogs, the whole city is infested with them, one cannot step a few paces without the risk of putting his foot upon some of these creatures, as they carelessly lie on the ground, and the disturbance of one raises a hornet's nest of yelping, howling brutes, which are not easily got rid of. Orders have been issued more than once for the destruction of these animals, but their number is legion, and all the slaughter which, by the bye, being left to the natives, is little enough, committed among them, does not seem to diminish their number. It is really ridiculous to see the provisioners and sweatmeat makers' stalls surrounded by these dogs from morn to night, their faces turned up in momentary expectation of a *chupattee*, or refuse of other food thrown out; and when such does happen the fight which ensues among the dogs for the morsel is more ridiculous. Other dogs, more cunning than their fellows, walk within the natives' houses, and watch their opportunity of relieving the owners of their dinners, even from off the fire, so great is the strength of hunger. While a third class follow after children with food in their hands, and on a favorable opportunity make a dash at the prize, and leave the children mourning the loss of their day's meal. The noise that is made during the night by these dogs is incessant and most disagreeable. Besides dogs there are in the streets Brahminy bulls, roving at pleasure, which are not only annoying, but dangerous to pedestrians. I knew on one occasion a bull to gore no less than four persons within the space of half an hour. When to all this I mention, that cats and dogs are permitted to rot in the streets, I think I have given a fair picture of the far-famed city of Lahore.

PRINCIPAL BUILDINGS IN THE CITY.

Although the city is fast verging to decay, the domes and minarets of the mosques, the lofty walls of the fort, the palace of Runjeet, the splendid mausoleum of Jehangeer, and the numberless inferior tombs and temples that are both within and without the town, still render Lahore an object of curiosity and admiration. I shall endeavour to give, as briefly as I can, all the information I have been able to glean regarding them.

The *Badshahi Musjid*, built by Aurungzebe, is a magnificent edifice, massive, simple, and of beautiful proportions. It is constructed of red free stone, inlaid with white marble, the mosque itself being surmounted by three large marble domes, crowned with gilt spires. The principal gateway leads into a court of 580 feet square. The lofty minarets, 150 feet high, at the angles, elegantly proportioned, are described as "complete works of art." This mosque was converted into a barrack by Runjeet Singh. When our troops took possession of the city, the mosque was full of gunpowder, heaped up almost to the roof. An officer, who was present, informed me there was enough powder there to have laid the whole city in ruins; and to show the utter disregard with which all such dangerous materials are treated by the natives, copper and even iron pots and pans had been thrown on the heap, and materials were lying about in every direction, which would never have been permitted near an English Magazine. At the present day the mosque is used as a magazine for Government stores of all descriptions. It was at one time reported that the authorities were going to restore this beautiful building to the Musulmans as their principal praying place; but I believe it has never been done.

The *Wuzeer Khan-ka-Musjid* is also a fine edifice, ornamented with lofty minarets, from which the whole city and the country to a great distance can be viewed; and covered with varnished tiles, inscribed with Arabic sentences, which are popularly supposed to comprize the entire of the Koran. This splendid structure, together with the Badshahi mosque, were desecrated by the Sikhs in the time of Runjeet, who killed swine in them, and afterwards converted their courts into stables. It has since been purified, and become the praying place of good Musulmen.

The *Sonara Musjid* is another splendid building, not large, but prettily designed. Its domes are covered with a material which glitters in the sunbeams, and gives it the appearance of being covered with gold, hence its name. There are, besides the above, many handsome mosques and Hindoo temples, but they for the most part exhibit striking symptoms of the decay into which the city has fallen.

The *Huzooree Bagh*, formerly the residence of the Mogul emperors, consists of three large quadrangles; the first, 500 paces long, is surrounded by vaulted buildings, afterwards used as magazines. The western side is occupied by the Badshahi

mosque. This quadrangle leads to the garden court, likewise surrounded by vaulted open halls, with a pavilion of white marble in the centre. A ponderous gate admits to the third quadrangle, or citadel, which is surrounded by numerous buildings, among which is the winter palace of the Maharaja, on its northern side, with a winding staircase, rising above the highest platform. The vaulted buildings in the garden court were, in 1851, and I suppose still are, occupied as barracks by European troops.

It was at one of the gates leading from this garden, or near it, that the dreadful tragedy which deprived Now Nehal Sing and Oodum Sing of existence occurred. Thornton states that while the royal party were "passing through one of the covered gateways of the city, the crush of elephants shook the structure, and caused one of the *beams* of immense weight to fall; it struck Now Nehal on the head, and Oodum Sing on the loins. The latter died immediately, the prince at night." Another authority, (Steinbach) affirms that it was the fall of some *brick-work* at one of the gates of the palace which caused the catastrophe; and last, but not least, we have the authority of Dr. Höniberger, who gives a version of the story quite different to all hitherto received accounts. He states that a piece of the *wall* of the citadel fell upon the party, burying both the prince and Oodum Sing under its ruins. I am certainly inclined to credit the last authority, and it sets at rest the oft-mooted question, whether the deaths were caused intentionally or by accident.

The *Dewan-ee-Aum* is a large and elegant open building, about a hundred feet long by forty wide; surrounded by handsome red free stone pillars, having a marble balustrade between the pillars, and marble throne or seat of audience against the wall opposite the front entrance. Leading from the throne are small apartments and terraces with fountains, and many other of the luxurious accompaniments of Eastern wealth. This hall was the scene of the gorgeous durbars of the emperors Jehangeer and Aurungzebe, in all the splendour of the Mogul empire, and more recently of Maharaja Runjeet Singh, and his short-lived successors. And this was the spot selected, by a sort of poetical retribution, for the dispersion to the four winds of heaven, of the mass of property accumulated in various ways, honest and dishonest, in the Sikh Toshekhana, during the last half century: it was here that the sales by auction of the Durbar property took place in the course of the year 1850.

During the sickness which prevailed to such an extent in 1850, among the troops in the fort, this hall was turned into an hospital, by a wall being built down the centre and between the outside pillars. I believe it still continues either a hospital or a barrack.

In front of the Dewan-ee-Aum formerly stood the *Toshekhana* or Treasury; here Runjeet had a very miscellaneous collection of valuables, which he kept well guarded. The building formed three sides of a square, and consisted of a centre upper-roomed set of bombproof apartments, from which stretched on either side other vaulted rooms, very strongly built; three gates led from this

square, two to an outer enclosure between it and the walls of the citadel, and the third to the palace, and the Huzooree Bagh. The whole of the Toshekhana buildings were in 1851 levelled with the ground, the square cleared of rubbish, a portion raised and prepared as a sort of skittle ground for the European garrison, and every means provided for the health and comfort of the men.

The palace was originally founded by Akbar, and enlarged by his successors. It is a large five-storied but not by any means a handsome building; it has some good rooms, but the principal of them are small and inconvenient, as all native houses are. The palace forms one side of a small court, in the centre of which is a tank of water, wherein various curious and valuable aquatic birds used to be kept; a fountain played at each corner. From the side of the court which overlooked the Ravee, a most delightful view is obtained through marble gratings of exquisite workmanship; the tortuous course of the river can be seen to great advantage from this spot, as well as the well cultivated lands which lie on its banks. The "Sheesmahal," or hall of mirrors, for it is entirely lined, ceiling and walls, with looking-glasses, is the entrance room to the palace, and it is almost the only one worth seeing in it. On the first occasion of my visiting this room, I had the pleasure of seeing there the coat of mail which Runjeet was accustomed to wear in battle; the chain clothing for his horse; and several other implements of war, of interest from their connection with the late campaign.

And here I may be permitted to notice, *en passim*, the last friendly interview, between the Sikh ruler and an English deputation, which took place here. Mr. Secretary (since Sir T. H.) Maddock, at the head of the mission sent by Lord Ellenborough, arrived at Lahore on the 6th January 1843. "On the 9th they were entertained by the Maharaja in the palace. Entering the Summonboorj, they were received by Shere Singh, who after they had sat for a few minutes, took Mr. Maddock's hand, and conducted him and the party into an open court, illuminated on all sides. In the centre was a tank of water, on the surface of which floated a golden peacock, made of colored lamps, and various waterfowls, whilst a fountain played at each corner. On one side of the square was a promenade; on another were shawl canopies on silver poles, beneath which carpets were spread, and chairs arranged; on the third side was the *Sheeshmahal*, or hall of mirrors. Between it and the reservoir tables were arranged, with viands and liquors, including excellent champagne, sherry, and other European wines. Whilst these liquors were passing round, and the nautch girls were dancing, the Maharaja ordered his stud of fat, richly caparisoned horses, as well as his jewels, to be exhibited to his visitors, and he unclasped from his arm the celebrated *Koh-i-Noor*, which had been rescued from Juggernath." The palace is now used as Government offices, and the residences of some of the assistants employed therein.

There is, in connection with the palace, a pretty but very small garden, in which there once was a silver arbour or bungalow, and

also a small but elegant hall of audience, formed almost wholly of marble, besides fountains and other buildings round. The arbour shared the fate of the other Durbar property, being brought to the hammer and "sold to the highest bidder." The garden is a jungle, and the surrounding buildings are fast falling to decay.

*Baba Bustee Ram's Tomb* is situated just outside the citadel, but within the outer walls of the city Bustee Ram was Runjeet's *Gooroo* teacher, and the tomb was commenced by the Maharaja, and completed by his son Now Nehal Sing, at a cost of two lakhs of rupees. The whole is formed of blocks of marble, and the cupola which is also of marble, is supported solely by four thin pieces of rod iron. Within, four small marble galleries run round the building ; they are highly and elegantly decorated, and the whole of the inside of the edifice is polished with powdered talc, with gilt designs about the cornices and pillar heads. There are two smaller tombs near this, one to the memory of Bhae Ram Sing, and the other of Govind Ram, son of Baba Bustee Ram. These tombs are also of marble, brought from Jeypore, and their construction cost 15,000 rupees.

*Runjeet Sing's Tomb* is situated at one of the corners of the court of the Badshahee mosque, and is, together with that of his son Kurruck Sing, up to the present day unfinished. Runjeet's cannot be called a large or magnificent tomb, but its marble basement, and its tastefully decorated ceilings within are the object of admiration with all. The English authorities are completing the decorations, but the progress of the workmen was so slow while I saw them, that I fear before all the work is done, the edifice will be considered rather ancient. Kurruck Sing's tomb is in a more unfinished state than that of Runjeet. I fear it will never be finished.

*A new Kotwally* was commenced in May 1850, and finished in the close of 1851. It is a fine large building, in the European style, with pillars and verandahs. It is situated in the angle formed by two roads near the Delhi gate.

*The Great Bhangee Gun* stands under a pucka shed just outside of the Delhi gate. The first (according to Thornton) that we hear of this gun is when Runjeet beseiged the fort of Mooltan in 1810—" The great Bhangee gun, which discharged a ball of two and a half maunds *kuchha*, (about 200 lbs.) had been brought down for the seige." It measures about twelve feet, and has six wheels to its carriage. It has three inscriptions in Persian cut upon the muzzle. The carriage as well as the gun is highly ornamented, the former is beginning to get ricketty from old age.

BUILDINGS, &C. IN THE SUBURBS.

Emerging from the narrow streets (not quite so narrow, however, as those of Cabool or Herat) and passing out of the Mochee gate, what a scene presents itself to the eye of the gazer ! Before him lies a ruined mass of mosques, palaces and tombs, relics of a former age—their mutilated fragments looking even more

grim, from the grotesque intermixture of Indo-European buildings and gardens, the residences of foreigners in Runjeet's service. The great extent and size of the ruins scattered over the country, to the east and south of the present town, attest the vast extent of Lahore in the time of Jehangeer. At the time when it was the residence of the Moghul emperors, it was nine miles in length, with a crowded population; it is not now more than one-tenth that size. Of all the vast buildings of the old city but one or two remain perfect, the rest have fallen a sacrifice to time, or to supply the want of bricks for new erections.

When Runjeet determinated on fortifying Lahore, nearly all the buildings of old that remained around the town as limited by him, were put in requisition to supply materials for carrying out his plans. The kiln-burnt bricks suffered of course considerably in the breaking up and removal to their new location, but the pieces did well enough, and assisted in forming the walls, revetments, &c., of Lahore, as they stood till within seven years of the present date.

"The military occupation of the town, by British troops, in March 1846, rendered it necessary to search for more bricks to build the sepoys' lines in the rownee, the Officers eyries on the bastions, and the cantonment at Anarkulee. The neighbourhood became a vast subterraneous hive, in which men, not bees, were occupied digging for the requisite material. Bricks that had served to support the superincumbent walls of buildings reared 200 years ago, were brought to light, and used up on the occasion of the emergency.

"The buildings for which they were required were scarcely finished when annexation rendered it necessary to *changer tout cela.* Permanent cantonments were to be raised, hospitals to be built, private dwellings to be erected, and sweeping changes to be introduced in all directions. The few remaining monuments of bygone days were condemned at once, the ruthless hand of the Executive Engineer was stretched out in every direction; even private dwellings fell before the pick-axe and the phoura; garden walls shared the same fate; seraies, that had cost lakhs, were doomed by one stroke of the pen, (and sometimes without,) and the whole face of the country was covered in all directions with kuranchees, carts, donkeys, and bullocks, conveying, towards Mean Meer, the remnants of what had been bricks."

*Jehangeer's Tomb at Shahdera* is one of the greatest ornaments of Lahore. This celebrated mausoleum is distant about two miles from the city, on the opposite side of the Ravee, within an enclosure nearly 600 yards square. It is a beautiful piece of architecture, of a quadrangular figure, 36 paces on each side, with a minaret at each corner, rising to the height of 70 feet. The principal material used in the construction of the building is red free stone; in the minarets a description of slate or slate-colored stone is used at regular intervals, which sets off the appearance of the columns greatly. There is beside a profusion of ornaments, over almost every part of the interior, and also of the roof above, executed in marble, and arranged in elegant mosaics, representing flowers, and texts of the Koran in Arabic and Persian. These texts consist of a hundred repetitions of the name of God in different modes of expression. The flowers

on the tomb itself, which is in the centre of the building, are formed of separate stones beautifully joined, each flower containing eight or nine pieces. Four passages, each about eight feet in width, lead from the outer verandahs towards the tomb, three of these terminate at marble gratings near the grave, and they afford a ventilation which renders the interior exceedingly cool and agreeable in the heat of the day, the fourth passage is the entrance to the tomb by means of a door. A capacious verandah runs along the four sides of the quadrangle, and within again are vaulted chambers, which were intended probably for resting places to travellers: at present they are frequently used by pic-nic parties, for the purpose of taking their meals in.

There is a tradition that Aurungzebe demolished a dome that formerly covered this mausoleum, in order that the rain might fall on the tomb of his grandfather, in reprobation of his licentious conduct; Moorcroft supposes that the building was never finished; while a third statement is, that formerly one entire slab of marble formed the roof of the room in which the tomb is contained, which however was removed by Runjeet to the Ram Bagh at Amritsur, and a small, mean-looking roof substituted in its room.

This beautiful monument is separated from Lahore by the river Ravee, which has lately swept away part of the wall enclosing the tomb, and threatens speedily to engulf the structure itself. The Maharaja gave it as a residence to a French officer of the name of Amise, who caused it to be cleared out and put in repair, but died shortly afterwards. His fate was considered by the Mahomedans as retributive of his impiety in desecrating the sacred pile, which, except the passages already mentioned, has since been closed up. The tomb was put into repair by the authorities previous to the Governor General's visit in 1850.

Adjoining the tomb is an extensive seraie, having four magnificent gateways, in which are several apartments, all in good preservation, and vaulted chambers along the four sides of the quadrangle to the number of (I believe) *two hundred*, and capable of containing sufficient grain and liquor for a month's expenditure of a large army.

To the southward of this, on the open plain, is to be seen the *Tomb of Noor Jehan Begum*, once a handsome building of 36 paces square, but now in ruins, all the stones and marble of any worth having been removed from it by Runjeet, and visitors of the present day to Shahdera pass it by without a look.

The *Tomb of a Vizier*, which is situated between the emperor's and empress', is a lofty domed building, but fast falling into decay—indeed all its beauty is departed. A portion of the inner coating of the dome still remains, as if to show the taste manifested by the decorators in this department of their art: the embossing on this portion of the roof is of the most chaste and elegant description.

*General Ventura's House*, built by himself and General Allard, is situated at Anarkullee, about a mile to the south of the city, overlooking an arm of the Ravee. This building, though of no great

size, at one time combined the splendour of the east with the comforts of an European residence. On the walls of the entrance hall, before a range of pillars on the first story, were portrayed the reception of the two French officers at the court of Runjeet Singh; consisting of many thousand figures. The second room was adorned with a profusion of small mirrors in gilt frames, which had an excellent effect; the third is a large hall, extending the entire width of the house, and terminating in the sleeping apartments. On the death of Now Nehal Singh, Shere Singh ascended the throne; when the soldiers (being instigated to revolt by the Queen, Now Nehal Singh's mother,) attacked General Ventura's house, and completely stripped it of every thing, even to the bare wall, the General himself narrowly escaping assassination.

On the British taking possession of Lahore, this building became the Residency, and continued so till within the last year; when the office of the Board of Administration was located in it.

At a short distance behind the above house is an ancient tomb, that of Anarkullee, crowned with a lofty dome, standing in the midst of the garden, belonging to Ventura's house, and which has been laid out with great taste. Anarkullee, according to tradition, was a youth favored with the esteem and love of one of the emperors; who, instigated by jealousy, having seen Anarkullee smile at a lady of the imperial Zenana, caused him to be put to death, by being built up in a brick cell, and this splendid mausoleum to be raised over him. The story is not incredible. The building became afterwards the office of the Board of Administration, and on their removing to the former Residency was turned, with few alterations, into a neat place of worship for the members of the Church of England, with sufficient accommodation for two regiments of European Infantry, a troop of Artillery, and the residents of the station.

The *Residency* of the present day is what was once termed "Jemadar-ka-kotee;" it belonged to Koshial Singh, the native commandant of the Sikh forces at Lahore. The house was circular, and consisted of five stories, the principal room being an elegant and capacious mosque, around which, on the outside, the rest of the apartments had been erected. It was purchased by the British, and greatly altered; it is at present a quadrangular building, greater in length than in width, and of three stories, with commodious apartments. It is situated on the road from Anarkullee to the Race Course, about two miles from the City.

At Anarkullee there are old and magnificent tombs, some of which are now turned into Mess Houses for regiments, and others into dwellings for assistants in public offices, but I cannot further refer to them.

I now proceed briefly to notice some of the *erections of the English,* since they came into possession. The Sudder Bazaar at Anarkullee extends from within a short distance of the walls of the City, in one broad and excellent street through cantonments, for about a mile, when the road merges into the "Mall." Shops contain-

ing European goods, native manufactures, provisions, &c. &c., of every description, and in good supply, line each side of the street. At the entrance of the bazaar is an extensive seraie, built by the authorities, for the benefit of travellers. The "Mall" or drive is a road extending from the City in almost a straight line for upwards of a mile, until it joins the Mean Meer road. A branch meets the bazaar road. This road is well looked after, and is in excellent order: trees, principally the mulberry, are on either side the whole length, as well as on almost every principal road near the cantonments. A large portion of the road round the city on the glacis is also in good order, but it is never likely to be frequented as an agreeable drive, till substantial bridges span the branch of the Ravee, and a large and deep marsh which cross it. The barracks for the European Infantry are handsome rows of buildings, in the erection of which the comfort of the men seems to have been studied, for the barracks are furnished with outer verandahs, skylights, &c. &c.; kuskus tattees, and the punka are allowed the men in the hot season. The officers' quarters are pucka bungalows, each containing two sets of rooms: they occupy the whole of the western side of the "Mall;" I believe they have now in a great measure been given up to the civil establishments of the State. In these lines is a large Cutcherry, which was erected in 1850, at a cost of 50,000 rupees, and on the east side of the City, beyond Nowlukka, a central jail has been constructed, capable of containing 3000 prisoners, at a cost of upwards of two lakhs of rupees. An ice house, a post office, two regimental hospitals, a dissenting and a Romanist place of worship, a subscription school, two burial grounds, a fever and an insane hospital, a bridge of boats over the Ravee, and other inferior buildings might be noticed, but it would unnecessarily increase the length of this article.

## PRINCIPAL GARDENS.

A direct road from Anarkullee takes one to the celebrated *Shaleemar Gardens*, distant about four miles N. E. of the city on the road to Umritsur. These gardens were laid out by Shah Jehan, and called by him Shaleemar, or "House of Joy." They are three in number; two have been allowed to fall into ruins, and are covered with jungle. I shall, therefore, describe that one only which is kept in repair by the Lahore authorities, and affords a very agreeable spot for pleasure-loving people of that station.

The garden is about half a mile long, and consists of three large terraces, descending in steps about twelve feet below each other, and enclosed within a wall of from three to four miles in circumference. There is a small tower over each corner, and also at the junction of the walls between the terraces. The garden is filled with beautiful orange, pomegranate, mango, and other trees, and vines, assorted and arranged in the terraces according to the quantity of water necessary for their fructification. Paved walks intersect the garden in every direction; those

of the first terrace being of stone. A canal runs through the centre of the garden; it forms a small square tank in the first terrace, which is always a favorite resort to Lahore cockney anglers, the water being kept full of small fish. The water having passed through the first terrace descends by a handsome waterfall into a large square reservoir in the second terrace, in which are nearly a hundred fountains, and a marble walk supported on pillars, which crosses the reservoir, and seems to float on its surface. This is a favorite spot for bathers on mela or other pooja days. I have seen some hundreds congregated here at holiday times for this purpose solely. From this the water descends to the third terrace by a waterfall; and here, by a simple contrivance, a most beautiful illumination can be exhibited; in the wall over which the water falls are marble recesses for *cherags*, the effect of these lights at nights shining through the gushing waters is most charmingly oriental. The garden I believe contains no less than 450 fountains.

When the Governor General visited this garden in 1850, the fountains were put in full play; but except on occasions of lordly visitors, these monuments of past magnificence,—which were abundantly supplied with water brought by an aqueduct 120 miles in length from Shah Jehanpore in the Himalayas,—are now undisturbed, the canal alone being used to irrigate the garden.

There were in former times numbers of pavilions and other buildings for ornament and pleasure scattered over the garden, but many of them were demolished or defaced by Runjeet Singh, to obtain the marble materials for the embellishment of his residence at Lahore, and the construction of his religious capital of Umritsur, and the neighbouring fortress of Govindghur. Still there are one or two buildings remaining, which give a faint idea of what the others must have been. The gateways, encased in enamelled porcelain still exist; but the laudable attempt to repair them, and yet to preserve their former appearance, has been most miserably botched by the workmen, who have left not a trace of the beautiful enamelling through their miserable daubs. On the eastern side of the garden there are marble bath rooms, having reservoirs for water of various degrees of temperature, hot, cold or tepid, either of which can be introduced at the pleasure of the bather by pipes. The decorations of the walls and roofs of these rooms show a considerable deal of taste. Shere Singh, it is said, was the last of the royal family, who luxuriated in these baths, since which they have never been used. At the end of the first terrace is a large open building overlooking the grand reservoir already noticed; this was once a handsome edifice, with the walls faced with marble, and fountains playing in every direction, even on the terraced roof, for the comfort and coolness of its once royal guests. It is still a pretty building, and is used by pic-nic parties to take meals in, and enjoy themselves in the heat of the day. Near this is another building, in which is a delightful *tykana*, or chamber under ground, built close to the well, with apertures looking into it; light is conducted downwards

by sloping gratings from one side of the wall. The temperature of this room is many degrees cooler than of those level with the ground.

These gardens originally cost upwards of thirty lakhs of rupees in construction. They afforded pleasure to their founder, and some of his successors, but afterwards were for many years totally neglected, and allowed to run to waste. Within the last fifty years they were so overgrown with jungle as to have become the haunts of tigers and other wild beasts. They are now, however, kept in tolerable repair, and are likely to be yet greatly improved by the clearance of a few of the ancient useless trees, and the removal of dilapidated buildings. A gentleman has, within the present year, been sent from the Seharunpore Botanical gardens, for the purpose of affording his practical knowledge in putting the gardens into something like order after the European taste.

*The Soldiers' Garden* is situated to the South west of the city, on the glacis between the Bhuttee and Tuxalee gates. It was formed through the exertions and munificence of the present President of the Board of Administration, Sir Henry Lawrence, shortly after the English taking possession of Lahore. The garden covers a large piece of ground, probably six or seven acres, which is very tastefully laid out in grass plots, and beds, and avenues and vineries, &c. &c.; and all kinds of English and country plants, vegetables and flowers are carefully reared, so that the garden is not only pretty but useful: one of the objects in the formation of the garden being to provide the tables of the European soldiery with an abundance of vegetables superior to those procurable in the market, and to sell to the public what might not be required by the troops, with the view of aiding to defray the expenses. Besides the above object, the amusement as well as the health of the European Soldier was taken into consideration; and to encourage manly exercises among the men, portions of the garden are appropriated to skittles, to gymnastic poles, swings, racket courts. &c., and lately a library, workshops, coffee room, and a bathing tank have been added. There is also a small menagerie attached, but the finest object it contained—a very large Tiger—has lately been removed, and there is very little now remaining of the former collection. There is in this garden a very intricate labyrinth, formed, I was told, on the model of one which exists in one of the parks in England. This is the favorite resort of all new-comers, and the amusement it affords is frequently very great. The effect of it, however, has been greatly marred by the thoughtlessness of many visitors, who, impatient to reach the *sanctum sanctorum* of the labyrinth, and finding themselves bewildered in its mazes, force their way through the leafy walls, and thus gain their object without trouble, leaving gaps between the trees not quickly repaired.

During the severe inundation of 1850, this garden suffered very severely, and even now has not completely recovered the ill effects of the water rushing through it. In the middle of last year it was made over to the Punjab Agri-Horticultural Society, the removal

of the troops from Anarkullee to Mean Meer making the garden of no use as a Soldier's garden.

The *Badamee Garden* is situated to the north of the city, distant about a mile and a half. The ground abuts, to the west, on the beautiful piece of open green sward, known to the European residents of Lahore, as the old Race Course. There are in fact two separate gardens, connected by a road 1500 yards in length—they measure respectively eight acres, fifty roods, and eleven acres, total nineteen acres fifty roods. This ground, on the application of the Punjab Agri-Horticultural Society, was made over to them last year, for use as a Botanical garden, since which they have spared neither expense nor trouble in its improvement: and it is hoped that it will become, notwithstanding its distance from Anarkullee, in time, as great a favorite as the Soldier's garden has always been.

There are several other private gardens in the neighbourhood of Lahore, which are very extensive, and abound in fruit, but they are not worthy of detailed notice.

## EDUCATION IN THE BOMBAY PRESIDENCY—1850.

[FROM THE PRINTED GOVERNMENT REPORT.]

Our object is simply to place on record, in a condensed form, what has been done by Government in the cause of the education of the people of Bombay up to the close of the year 1850, the half-way period of the nineteenth century. At the beginning of the century, the word Education was unknown in the offices of Government. Strong struggle and great variety of opinions have impeded the progress of what has now been recognized as a duty, and the best way of forming an opinion as to what has really been done, what are the principles now generally admitted, will be to review without partiality or prejudice the state of education as set forth under authority in the printed reports.

The subject must be discussed under its separate heads.

I.—The Funds available for the purpose, and the degree of clearness in which the accounts are rendered.

II.—The persons superintending the disbursement, and agents employed in carrying out the views.

III.—The colleges and schools for occidental and oriental studies.

IV.—The course of study adopted of each.

V.—The number of pupils, and the degree of success asserted or implied.

VI.—The miscellaneous measures, to encourage general education and enlightenment.

VII.—The great questions at issue, or finally disposed of.

We have before us the reports for the years 1847-1848, in one volume; for 1849, in a second; and 1850, with four months of 1851, in a third. Our remarks of course apply chiefly to the latter. The state of education in this Presidency must be pronounced to be very satisfactory: there is evidence of a master-mind through the whole arrangement; however, let the facts speak for themselves.

I. *The Funds.*—The accounts are very distinctly presented on a new system lately adopted. They consist of—

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| I. | An annual grant of Government, | 1,25,000 | 0 | 0 |
| II. | Special grant for Sanskrit College, | 19,184 | 0 | 0 |
| III. | Do. for Medical College, | 13,785 | 2 | 6 |
| | Total, | 1,57,969 | 2 | 6 |

It appears therefore, that the State makes an annual direct contribution for the education of a population reckoned at ten millions, of one lakh and fifty thousand rupees.

In addition to the State contribution, we find credits for the following items :—

| | |
|---|---|
| I. Interest on funded capital from special and private endowments, ........................................ | 19,810 10 10 |
| II. School fees and subscriptions, ........................... | 11,998 11 3 |
| Total,........ | 31,809 6 1 |

This raises the whole available funds of the year 1850 to 1,89,778-8-7,—a very small portion being paid by the people themselves, who alone reap the advantage.

II. *Superintendence.*—The whole system was under the entire control of a Board of Education appointed by Government; consisted of the Chief Justice Sir E. Perry, to whose consistent and wise superintendence, the community is greatly indebted, Mr. Warden, an old member of the Civil Service, Dr. Maclennan, a very distinguished Medical Officer, and Mahomed Ibrahim Muckba, and Bomanjee Horumsjee, representatives of the Mahomedan and Parsee community, and Juggurnath Sunkurseth, of a portion of the Hindoos.

The Board appear to have been very fortunate in obtaining the services of really efficient and able men. We may mention in the Elphinstone institution Mr. Principal Harkney, Professors Green and Patton; in the Sanskrit College Major Candy.

III. *Colleges and Schools.*—The Board in their last report re-capitulate their existing institutions—

I.—Elphinstone Institution in Bombay.

II.—Mofussil English Schools.

III.—Government Vernacular Schools at the Presidency.

IV. — District Vernacular Schools.

V.—Poona Sanskrit and English College.

VI.—Grant Medical College.

IV. and V. With regard to the *Grant Medical College*, it may be said that it appears to be conducted on the best principles and eminently successful: it is apart from our subject to do more than allude to it, but a resumé of what has been done for India in the way of the introduction of sound Medical knowledge, is a task worthy of the leisure of some of our talented Professional Staff.

The Elphinstone Institution is described as consisting of three great divisions, a Lower School by far the most numerous, an Upper School, and a College Department; the last of a very limited number. In the Lower School the pupils are taught the English language, and through the medium *of their vernaculars*, arithmetic, geography and history: in the Upper School more extensive general knowledge is imparted *chiefly through English*; and in the College Department, the students are taken through a course of study equal to what is required for a University degree. We find further that a boy of fair abilities entering the lowest class, takes from five to six years to pass through both schools: if he then succeeds in obtaining a scholarship, or comes within a certain degree of proficiency, or joins the class of paying students (which consists chiefly of the richer classes of natives, who, though not prepared to meet the severe test required from the stipendiaries, are anxious to attend the courses of lec-

tures on certain subjects,) he passes into the College classes. We must now enquire what sort of education do the majority of the students attain, who leave after passing through the two schools. Has the student received an education complete and useful in itself? Professor Green thinks that he has, for he is able to understand any easy English book, possesses a good general knowledge of geography and history: he has been carefully taught several of the best books in the vernacular language, and has gone through a course of popular physics, as far as Quadratic Equation, in Algebra, and six books of Euclid. This is certainly as Professor Green states, a first-rate *school* education, and in addition, the boy, by mixing with others, has been fired with generous emulation, has acquired a very high opinion of European civilization, arts and learning, and is prepared to receive and adopt every useful novelty, which he can understand: in fact, his ideas have been opened. It appears however still that the boy, whose education stops at this point, and this is the case with the great mass, has the command of no language for self-instruction, for his vernacular has no literature, and his English is not sufficiently at his command to enable him to read for pleasure.

We now turn to the curriculum of the College. The candidate, with the exception of the paying class, who have certain relaxations in their favour, must satisfy the examiners of his being acquainted with the following branches of study.

I.—Reading English and his vernacular with fluency and correctness, explaining passages of any book used in the School Department.

II.—Correcting obvious instances of false grammar in either language, and parse a passage in any of the class books.

III.—Translating from and into his vernacular grammatically, and tolerable caligraphy in both languages.

IV.—A knowledge of the Geography of the World, especially of India.

V.—A knowledge of History as shewn in Marshman's and Taylor's works.

VI.—Mathematics, 5 books of Euclid, Quadratic Equations, and Plane Trigonometry.

Four years are now spent in the College. The business differs each year, and is superintended by four Professors, who have their separate subjects:

I. Mathematics and Natural Philosophy—II. Mental and Moral Philosophy and Political Economy—III. History and English Literature—IV. Chemistry and Botany.

Here we cannot follow them, and, with the rest of the employées of the Honourable Company, we must be content to look on, hoping that we may never have to contend with the natives with such arms either in the field or the cabinet. We are glad to find that combined with the larger amount of acquirements and mental training, the student obtains an extreme facility in English, as proved by the style of answering the examination papers, and the composition of logical and elegantly written essays. The stipends for the College Department are—

24 Class Scholarships of 10 Rupees per mensem each.

12 West Scholarships of 15 Rupees each.
6 2d-Normal Scholarships at 20 Rupees each.
3 1st-Normal Scholarships at 30 Rupees each.

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We come now to the Mofussil English Schools, which are seven in number, situated at—I. Poonah—II. Ahmednuggur—III. Surat—IV. Ahmedabad—V. Broach—VI. Rutnagherry—VII. Dharwar. The school at Poonah was to merge into the Poonah College from the close of the year under report, having been combined with the Sanskrit College much after the model of the Benares School and College. This school was presided over by the Revd. M. Macdougall, who is now a Professor in the new establishment under Major Candy as Principal; a Professor of the Elphinstone Institution was deputed to make the annual examination and report. It appears that the students are divided into seven classes, and were examined in English, Grammar, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Prose and mixed Mathematics. The examination gave both this and last year great satisfaction, the reading was good and emphatic, and good English essays were written in the presence of the examiner. After a careful perusal of the reports of the last two years, we find nothing to lead to the conclusion that any instruction is conveyed in the Vernacular in these schools, but exclusively English. The School at Surat, a large and flourishing city, is spoken of in high terms. The success of this school is to be attributed to the unwearied labours of Mr. Green, now promoted to Bombay, but he was deputed to conduct the examination, and the size of the school may be inferred from the fact that Mr. Green recommended the appointment of six additional permanent Assistant Masters, and this recommendation was readily adopted. Mr. Graham presides over this school, and the students were examined in the theory of equations, Analytical Geometry, Mechanics, Astronomy, History and Political Economy, but there is no mention of vernacular instructions. The school of Ahmednuggur seemed not to be sufficiently supported, but at the solicitation of Mr. Woodcock, Judge, its continuance was sanctioned conditionally on support from the inhabitants. This school and the one at Dharwar are presided over by Englishmen—the schools of Ahmedabad, Broach, and Rutnagherry by Natives. They appear exclusively English Schools, but, in noticing the Dharwar School, it is mentioned that the second and third schools were examined in translations to and from the Mahratti: it may be possible therefore that the vernaculars are not entirely neglected: if they are, the existence of these schools, with the exception of that of Poonah and Surat, might be dispensed with.

The vernacular schools at the Presidency come the next under review. They are seven in number, four Mahratti, two Gujerati, and one Hindustani. These schools are superintended by the omnipresent Mr. Green, who considers them as the best vernacular schools that he has seen, owing to the greater number of masters, and the reflected light of the neighbouring Elphinstone Col-

lege. The Mahratti schools are the best; the Hindustani the worst. It appears, however, that these schools are entirely auxiliary to the colleges, and are only resorted to because a vernacular qualification is required for admittance, as the Board truly remarks, that unless youths know their own language well, they will be incapable of receiving a sound education in a foreign one. The Board anticipate the approach of a time when the aid of Government may be dispensed with in imparting a primary education at the Presidency, and that duty made over entirely to private schools, and Missionary schools: the Board exact a fee of two rupees per mensem, and insist upon vernacular qualifications: this is not required by the private schools, whose charges scarcely exceed those of the Board, or by the Missions, where education is gratuitous. This is a consummation highly to be desired. The Government has acted as Pioneer, and as private enterprize occupies the field, the funds of the State should be withdrawn, and applied for the same purpose to develop new sources. We gather that the course of study in these schools is quite elementary.

The situation of the vernacular schools in the Mofussil is not so satisfactory; but the measures adopted are wise and judicious, and the results not wholly discouraging. The members of the Board, whose experience is chiefly confined to the Presidency, are scarcely aware of the great difficulties attending this branch of native education, but time and patience will ensure success. The twelve Collectorates of the Presidency are divided into three divisions:—

| 1st Division. | 2d Div. | 3d Div. |
|---|---|---|
| Poona. | Ahmedabad. | Tanna. |
| Ahmednuggur. | Kaisa. | Rutnagherry. |
| Khandeish. | Broach. | Belgaum. |
| Sholapore. | Surat. | Dharwar. |

In an appendix is given a great deal of minute information respecting these very interesting schools, far exceeding that of the English establishments, as upon these depends the social elevation of the mass. A monthly fee of one anna is required: over each division is a superintendent. Dadoba Pandorung visited the large number of the schools (why not all?) in the cold weather, and announces improvement of the highest order in two schools at Poonah, and this is traced to the attachment on trial to these schools of some pupils of the late Normal class. We find at Nassick the first boys were examined in reading, explanation, grammar, geography, and outlines of Mahratta history, with some progress in mathematics. We are informed that equal attention had been paid to the lower department, but we look in vain for information as to what is taught to those boys, who only come for a time, and are not able to stay for the higher classes. Complaints are made of the difficulty of getting rid of old Masters and of supplying new and efficient young ones, but we must pronounce this report of the state of the vernacular schools to be vague.

We can form no idea of them at all.

The second division was superintended by Mr. Graham in the absence of Mr. Green. We are glad to find that every school was visited, and minute particulars, showing the precise state of each school, forwarded. In the previous report it had been allowed that the schools were *bad* ones, and in the many the result very unsatisfactory, although the numbers had doubled; the reason being the inefficiency of the masters. Mr. Graham divides them into three classes, the last of which is "execrable beyond belief," as the "insignificant trifle of information possessed by them, they are unable to communicate. Here speaks, it must be remembered, a master of a European institution, and perhaps too severe on native short-comings. The Superintendent this year distributed one-fourth the of fees (as usual) in prizes of books. instead of turbans; the remainder of the fees is disbursed in presents to deserving masters, repairing schools, and furnishing school libraries. This is a very good arrangement.

The third division was under the superintendence of Dadaba Pandorung, who made his tour, and most of the schools were visited also by an Inspector. We find the following subjects taught:—reading and writing both in the Balbodh and Mori character, explanations of words and passages, grammar, geography, history of Mahrattas and England, algebra, geometry, and trigonometry, and natural philosophy. It appears that the schools of the Collectorate of the south Konkan have always been the most advanced, as the predominent class of these districts live by the pen. It also appears that at two schools little girls attended. The Superintendent on the whole feels satisfied that something is doing by the means of the vernacular medium, and does not despond, when he considers the very limited means.

The Poonah Sanskrit College was originally founded exclusively for the study of the Sanskrit language, and it has been presided over with ability by Major Candy. Attempts were made by that officer to widen the basis of the institution by forming an English and vernacular department, and with great success, and after due consideration the College was blended with the English school in the same city, and the whole placed under the superintendence of Major Candy, as Principal, with a staff of English Professors. The new Poonah College contains four Departments—I. Vernacular—II. English—III. Sanskrit—IV. Normal; and we cannot bestow too much praise upon the rules laid down for the course of the studies, the fees, and the stipends: the vernacular is declared to be Mahratti, and is *imperative* on all, while it is optional to the Sanskrit students to study English, and the English students to study Sanskrit. Those on the foundation, fifty in number, are required to study all. Four exhibitions are offered for translators, who are to be employed in forming a useful vernacular literature. Twenty Normal scholarships are reserved to train up young school masters, and ten Scholarships for pure Sanskrit study: none are

to be admitted into the College without certain vernacular qualifications in reading, writing, and arithmetic. All restrictions of caste are abolished, and all pay, except where poverty is combined with more than ordinary ability. As yet we know nothing of the results, but we cannot but anticipate the greatest success to an Institution, which has adopted precisely the correct position. No sacrifice of the vernacular to the prejudices of Sanskrit bigots, or English enthusiasts, but facilities afforded to a student well-grounded in his mother tongue to attain occidental or oriental learning; measures taken to supply good teachers, and good vernacular books; provision made for deserving poor, whose intellects, by their accepting the boon, are considered the property of the State, and are to be moulded accordingly in the learning of the East, tempered by the science of the West: for this antiquated learning a sufficient provision is made, on condition that it be accompanied by the vernacular to render the possessor of the store able to communicate it to others: the fearful folly will be avoided of having within the same walls two sets of *soi dissant* highly educated students, unable to interchange ideas with each other, and utterly cut off from their fellow men, and equally unable to earn their bread. We say with Major Candy—"may the hopes and expectation of the Board and the Government respecting this College be fully realized!"

V. Having noted all the different Institutions in the Bombay Presidency, we proceed to record the number of pupils, and the degree of success implied or asserted.

The following Table is taken from the last Report:—

| *Island of Bombay.* | *No. of Schools.* | *No. of Pupils.* |
|---|---|---|
| Elphinstone Institution, | 1 | 916 |
| Vernacular Schools, | 7 | 733 |
| Grant Medical College, | 1 | 27 |
| *Mofussil.* | | |
| English Schools, Poonah, | 1 | 166 |
| " Surat, | 1 | 250 |
| " Ahmednuggur, | 1 | 54 |
| " Rutnaghery, | 1 | 56 |
| " Ahmedabad, | 1 | 113 |
| " Broach, | 1 | 52 |
| " Dharwar, | 1 | 63 |
| Vernacular Schools, 1st Division, | 75 | 3936 |
| " 2d Divison, | 37 | 2429 |
| " 3d Division, | 56 | 3630 |
| Poonah Sanskrit College, | 1 | 283 |
| | 185 | 12712 |

Assuming the population of Bombay at ten millions, and, by the usual statistical formula, the boys of school-going age at 900,000, we find that one out of every sixty-nine receives some sort of education from the State. But is the education of any kind

practical and good? The Board are satisfied that it is, and after a careful re-consideration of their whole system, they have come to the conclusion, that no beneficial *arrangement can be made without increased expenditure*: against these positive opinions, to which great weight is to be attached, as the Board consists of most intelligent members of the Native community, whose minutes are of a very decided nature, showing that they judge for themselves, and is presided over by a gentleman, who has devoted the last six years to the subject, we must note the warning voices of Lieut. Colonel Jervis, of the Engineers, and Mr. Willoughby, Member of Council. We wish we had the unbiassed opinion of some of the Judges and Collectors in the interior, supposing any had really attended to, and studied the subject, which, we regret to record, so few of the covenanted services do. What are the opinions of the representatives of the Military and Civil services alluded to above? We have in the reports for 1847-48 long minutes from both, decidedly deprecating the system, which the Board of Education, after a careful review with reference to the objections, have again pronounced to be their *ultimatum* in the year 1850. 'Hear Colonel Jervis. "A translation of the Board of Education's Regulations into Mahratti by the best and ripest scholar educated in the Institution is pronounced wholly unfit for publication. Dadaba Pandorung, who it is presumed understands the meaning of the English regulations, cannot convey them intelligibly in his own language." Hear Mr. Willoughly; "I regret to add that the result of my enquiries has led me to the conclusion that the present state of education (January 1850) is by no means satisfactory; that the system we are pursuing is in several respects defective, and that the general results are not even commensurate with the very limited amount assigned for educational purposes." We have no means of coming to a conclusion between such authorities—unquestionably the Island of Bombay is advancing rapidly in civilization, and education has there done wonders: Poonah and Surat have also advanced proportionably, but we require more particulars as regards the Mofussil.

VI. We have now to notice the miscellaneous measures adopted by the Government and the Board, to promote indirectly the enlightenment of the Native. Foremost is the establishing book depositories in Bombay and Poonah, with branch establishments at Ahmednuggur and other large towns, supplied from the great depositories of Poonah and Bombay. Major Candy is also Mahratti translator, and has passed several books of an elementary nature through the Press: Colonel Jewis has given to the world translations of DeMorgan's elements of arithmetic and algebra in Mahratti. Mr. Green has published a work on physical astronomy, besides smaller colloquial publications in Gujeratti. The German Missionaries on the Coast, in the Southern Provinces, have rendered valuable assistance by preparation of class-books in Canarese. The Bombay Government have the misfortune of being obliged to deal with four vernaculars within their

narrow limits, Gujeratti, Mahratti, Canarese, and Hindostanee. We notice also with great satisfaction, that two Societies have lately sprung into existence, viz.: "The Deccan Vernacular Translation Society," and the "Vernacular Society of Gujerat;" they are said to be conducted and supported by able men, with the one object of native improvement. Nearly allied to the subject is the establishment of native libraries at Ahmednuggur, Poonah, Belgaum, Surat, and Ahmedabad, supplied with books and maps: these are more or less under the patronage of the Judges and Assistant Judges: it is intended that they should be supported by subscriptions: the idea is excellent, and worthy of imitation. We notice with satisfaction that the Guicwar, by a donation of 500 rupees, founded a scholarship for the vernaculars of Mahratti and Gujeratti on the occasion of his late visit to Bombay. This is most creditable to himself, and advantageous to the cause of education: but still more gratifying is the move made by a Sub-Committee consisting of native gentlemen, of all races and religions, to make local inquiries into the state of education among the poorer classes of the Island, and to attempt, through their own agency, to diffuse education more widely. The account given is most interesting: of the measures taken by this Sub-Committee the result will be shewn in future reports. We are gratified, though not surprized at hearing of the attempts made by the young men of the Elphinstone Institution, to set on foot female schools, to conduct publications containing useful information, and to get up a series of scientific vernacular lectures. These are the natural results of a good and enlightened education, conveyed to an intelligent class of the community. In fact the Island of Bombay is fast becoming one great English school. It is interesting to enter the Elphinstone Institution or the Branch schools, and watch the eagerness displayed by the students in responding in their classes. The Board mention that they have steadily striven to produce a system of self-supporting schools in the Mofussil, by appealing to the wealthier classes, and they have been especially anxious to encourage the building of substantial schools, and attached to their report is a good plan for a school-house: but they do not consider sufficiently the state of the residents of the Mofussil: more must be done than hitting off plans for school-houses: the very success in the island of Bombay has led the Members of the Board, who appear chiefly to be cockneys, to conceive notions, which would never enter into the head of one who had long lived in the interior: for instance, in their last report they analyze the component parts of Indian society, and consider the Brahmans as a caste, the only influential class available to Government, and rank Brahmans as of the upper classes, forgetting that Brahmans are found in every grade of social life, from the highest Government Office down to the lowest Police Peon, or lower, the cook, the mendicant: what idea can be conveyed by upper classes, if members of it are mendicants and wretchedly poor? We are sorry to see this touch of caste in the report, this fear of poor "Dheers" or "Mhars" becoming

educated. We might have fancied that the Board had been composed of Brahmans, did not the description in para. 22, of what they consider the highest office open to a native aspirant, at once fix the profession of the leading member. Do the board really think "Judgeships, the Grand Jury, and Her Majesty's Commission of the Peace" as the highest offices open to native talent? We fear that the mendicant Brahman of the upper class would open his eyes as wide as the poor despised Mhar, if told that the only advantage of his sending his son to school would be to get him on the Grand Jury.

VII. No great question seems at issue at the time of the last report. The departure to England of Mr. Willoughby and Col. Jervis had made a *solitude and restored peace*, on which the Board congratulate themselves in their last para. The great question was then, and still is, whether the support of Government should not be restricted to the Grant Medical College and the small College Department of the Elphinstone Institution, all other English or vernacular schools in the Island being made self-supporting by an increase of fees, or transferred to private hands. This would enable a larger outlay to be made in the Mofussil, of which the Poonah College promises to be a much better centre, than any in Bombay: we shall not be surprised to see this question agitated again. Other questions have been before the Board, and were still undecided, such as a plan for getting rid of old and worn-out masters by pension, and substituting newer and better educated men in their place, and establishing Normal schools for village teachers. All that has been done as yet are the Normal stipends at the Elphinstone and Poonah Colleges. The Board demand, and justly, that a greater encouragement should be given to education by the officers of Government in the Mofussil, who are often guilty of very culpable neglect: they touch also on the question of official employment; they wish to compel the heads of Government offices to take these students, and to admit none into office without a certificate of qualification from the Government Superintendent. Here the Board steer wide of the question at issue, and wish to settle arbitrarily the question at issue between the Educationists and the Government officials all over India. Qualification for Government employ is a fixed quantity belonging to practical life; qualification, as certified by the Head Master and his Professors, is a flimsy acquaintance with the "ologies;" an imperfect knowledge of the vernacular, and a great deal of self-conceit. There is an old proverb that you "must cut your coat to suit your cloth," that applies truly to all aspirants to public employ. The Board's attention has been directed very properly to the character of books recommended for translation at the Government charge, that such books should be strictly elementary, and not above the capability of the scholar or teacher. This is a very judicious remark, and we may add that adaptations, expansions, or compressions of English works as an original vernacular work, should always be preferred to a bold translation, full of unintelligible allusions to subjects incidental,

but not the least stumbling-blocks to the reader of a mere translation.

We think the above remarks shew the state of education as it is stated to exist in the Bombay Presidency in the year 1850, and very satisfactory it is, and a great deal owing to the very great attention paid by the President, Sir Erskine Perry, though we differ from him *in toto* in the great preference that he gives to English schools and the English language. And this leads us to make a remark, that will no doubt bring down much of that odium theologicum deprecated by Sir Erskine in his last speech:—it is this—that the direction of education in India, which is no longer confined to the Presidency towns, should not again be confided to English lawyers, though we have much to thank them for during the past twenty years, and so long as the Presidency town was the theatre of operations, and the English language the vehicle, they were the best men. These gentlemen came out with certain pre-conceived notions: the tie, which links them to the country is but an ephemeral one: they may be laying down rules for vernacular schools to-day in the Koncan, and to-morrow in Nova Scotia, and with equal knowledge of the people. We have had enough of the *last new Law Commissioner's last new dodge*:—there should be permanent ex-officio Committees consisting of men who have lived years in the Mofussil, know the wants and the short-comings of the natives: the simple residents of remote villages do not want lectures in Natural Philosophy, nor do they aspire to the office of Grand Jurymen, but if they, by the wise arrangments of a parental Government, could pick up the rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic in their own character and dialect they would be able to defend their rights. We should count our English students by units, our vernacular school boys by tens of thousands. The Board of Bombay maintain that they have been studious to combine the cultivation of the vernacular tongues with that of English, and have properly ruled that every holder of a scholarship should have a critical acquaintance with his mother tongue; but Colonel Jervis thinks, that persons thus taught were unable to convey to others their learning through the medium of their own languages. The Board maintain, and quote the authority of the other Educational Committees, and even the Honourable Court, that the small sum available was to be devoted to the moral and intellectual character of the higher classes; by higher classes we understand, those who are in easy circumstances, and can afford to pay for education, and should therefore attend self-supporting Institutions, which the example of the Government Colleges has set on foot. We cannot consider mendicants with the antediluvian rank of [illegible]hmans, as composing the upper [illegible]asses. Some pertinent remarks are made by Juggurnauth Sunkurseth, a native Member of the Board. "If our object is to diffuse knowledge, and improve the minds of the natives of India as a people, it must be done by imparting that knowledge to them in their own languages—by what other channel can we hope to educate our females?" This opinion was given by a Hindoo, and

concurred in by a Parsee and Mahommedan member. How fortunate they are at Bombay to have native co-operators, who can give an intelligent opinion, and are willing to do so !

Twenty years ago the Oriental studies of Sanskrit and Arabic had it all their own way ; for twenty years English has been the great object, and unquestionably the study of the language in the Presidency towns was very reasonable, and has succeeded : but *there let it stop.* Now is the time for the real friends of the people, in the interior, who have cognizance of their ignorance, poverty and mental degradation, and, unlike some of the professors of the Presidency Institutions, know the vernaculars also, to oppose their serried ranks to lawyers and pedagogues, to keep the one main object in view, that the great agricultural and commercial classes in our great towns, and numerous villages, should each and all of them have within reach, and at small cost, a good primary school where their children may acquire the three branches of rudimental learning, by which the *faculties* are developed, and the ploughman becomes distinguished from his ox. When this great work is accomplished, we may return to the pleasing task of teaching Shakespere, explaining carefully, as mentioned in the Bombay report, the antiquated language to those, who comprehend very little practically of the modern : it will then be the time to continue the examination of the son of a village Bunya, or Court Vukeel in the interesting historical question, as given in one of the last reports of Education N. W. P. as "to what trick Oberon played Titania ?"

PHILO-INDUS.

## THE OLD BROWN COAT.

"I RECKON you see nothing very particular in this, do you?" said an American acquaintance of mine, bringing out the cuff of an old coat, and holding it up before me, dangling it between his finger and thumb.

"I can't say that I do," replied I; "but I presume it has some secret merit, which remains to be explained."

"Ex-act-ly," replied my acquaintance, pronouncing each syllable of the word apart—"yet the coat, of which this is the remaining cuff, was the occasion of my being just now pretty considerably well to do in the world. I guess I'm right, aint I?" continued, he appealing to his wife, a very pretty young woman who stood by him.

"So you seem to think," replied she smiling, "but I am not convinced as far as I am concerned in the business, that the coat had any thing to do with it."

"Well, then, I shall just tell you my story, and leave you to decide," and he turned to me.

"You must know that there was a time when I was rather hard up, and how to go a-head was the business; I had tried at mercantile speculations and sunk an immensity of dollars; I had turned lawyer, but that would not answer in any way; I took to farming, no luck there; went out supercargo, ship went on a reef and lost cargo; returned to New York, speculated a long while upon nothing, did not lose much that's certain, but 'did not realise.' At last I gave up business, and resolved to amuse myself a little; so I went South, and joined Bolivar; I fought with him for three years, and a good officer he was, but he had one fault as a General, which was that his army never got paid. I wasted my three years, and finding that there was neither pay nor plunder, I got tired of it, and made my way home to the States, and at last arrived at the capital with only one extra shirt, and not a cent in my pocket. I happened to meet with a tailor, whose customer I had once been, when I had money, and paid my bills; and he observed that my coat was rather shabby, and that I could not appear in it. I knew that very well, and all that he wanted was an order for another, but as I had no chance of paying him, I thought it advisable not to take the hint. 'I think,' said I, 'that with a new velvet collar and brass buttons, it might do very well for an evening party.'

"'I see,' says he, 'that's an old country custom, wearing an old coat at a ball. I guess your going to Mr. T.'s to-morrow night. A regular flare-up I am told. President there, and every body else. Its hardly worth it," continued he, touching the thread-bare cuff. "Yes, it is," replied I, "there'll be a regular jam and a new coat would be spoiled." I'll send it to you to-night, and you must let me have it in the morning—so good bye." Well, the coat came home the next day, not early in the morning, but past meridian, and I walked up and down in my bed room in my trowsers, thinking what I should do. At three o'clock I called upon Mr. T's and left my card, went back again, and waited two hours for the *invitation*—no invitation.

Called again at five, and left another card, telling the nigger that I had not received an invitation, and that there must be some mistake; whereupon an invitation came about an hour after my return, just as I was putting my hat on to call again and leave another card, in a very fierce manner I reckon. Well, I went early to the ball, and my coat looked remarkably gay. You could see that the velvet collar was new, and the buttons glittered famously, but you could not see that the cloth was not a little the worse for the wear; in short, my brown coat looked very smart, and I was a considerable smart fellow myself just at that time.

"Well, I stood near the door, looking at the company coming in, hoping to know somebody; but I presume that I had grown out of all recollection, for nobody knew me, but as the company were announced, I heard their names, and if they did not know who I was, at all events, I found out who they were. 'This won't do,' says I, as the room became quite full, 'I may stick against this wall till daylight, but I shall never *go ahead*;' so at last perceiving a young lady speaking to the daughter of the Secretary of the Navy, after they parted, I went up and bowed to her. Having heard her name, I pretended to be an old acquaintance, and accused her of having forgotten me; as I was very positive and very bold, she presumed it was the case, and when I gave her my name, which I refused to do till she had been talking for some minutes; as it happened to be a very good one, she considered that it was all right, and in another quarter of an hour we became very intimate. I then asked her if she knew Miss E——, the daughter of the Secretary of the Navy. She replied that she did, and I requested her to introduce me, and offering her my arm, we walked up to the young lady together, and I was introduced. Now, thought I, I am going ahead a little; after the introduction I commenced a conversation with Miss E——, and a gentleman fortunately relieved me of my first acquaintance, whose arm I had dropped. I continued my attentions to Miss E——, exerted myself to the utmost; and on the strength of my introduction and my agreeableness I was soon intimate with her, and she accepted my arm. As I paced her up and down the room, I asked her if she knew the daughter of General S——, who was near us, she replied in the affirmative, and I requested an introduction, which was immediately complied with, and I offered Miss S—— my other arm, and paraded them both up and down the room, 'making them laugh *not a little*.' Now I am going a-head thinks I, and my old brown coat looks remarkably well.

"Here is the President coming up," said Miss E——. Do you know him?" "I did once a little, but he must have forgotten me, since I have been in South America so long." The President came right up to us, and addressed the young ladies; I made a sort of half bow. "You don't recollect Mr. W—— ?," said Miss S——. "I recollect the name well," replied the President. "You are well supported W.——, you have the Navy and the Army on each side of you." "And the highest officer

of the State before me," replied I, with a low bow.

"I ought indeed to feel proud. It makes amends for all the privations that I underwent in my last campaign with General Bolivar, for the General and his Aid-de-Camps fared no better than the meanest soldier. *That last was a hit.* I did not say that I was Aid-de-Camp to Bolivar, but they thought proper to fancy so. The President made me a bow, and as it appeared, he wanted to have some information from that quarter; and he asked me many questions, all of which I was able to answer with precision. After a quarter of an hour's conversation, during which the whole room were wondering who it was that was so intimate with the President, and many were trying to catch what was said, the President *presuming*, as Bolivar's Aid-de-Camp, that I could give him information upon a certain point, and not wishing to have the answer public, said to the young ladies, "I am going to do a very rude thing, I wish to ask a question which W—— would not like to reply to except in strict confidence. I must take him away from you for a minute or two. I beg your pardon W——, but I feel, and shall be truly grateful for the very great sacrifice you will make in giving up for one moment such charming society." "I fear the loss will only be on my part," said I to the young ladies, as I dropped their arms, and followed the President to a vacant spot near to the orchestra. The question which the President put to me was one which I could not well answer, but he helped me out of the difficulty by answering it himself, according to his own views, and then appealing to me if he was not correct. I replied "that I certainly was not at liberty, although I had left the service of General Bolivar, to repeat all that I knew," "fortunately," continued I, bowing, "when such clear-sightedness is apparent, there is no occasion for the question being answered." "You are right W——, I wish all those about me had your discretion and *high* sense of honour" replied the President, who had one of my new brass buttons between his thumb and fingers, "and I perceive by your reply, that I was also right in my conjecture, I am much obliged to you, and trust I shall see you at The White House." I bowed and retired.

"I am going a-head now, at all events," thought I, as every one was looking at me as I retreated. "I have been walking with the daughters of the two first officers of the State. I had been in confidential communication with the President, and that before all the *élite* of Washington. I can now venture to order another suit of clothes, but never will I forget you my old brown coat!" The next day the tailor came to me—he had heard what had taken place at the ball, and I amended my wardrobe. Every body came to me for orders, and I ordered every thing: cards were left in showers. I was received every where, the President was my friend, and from that moment I went a-head faster every day, till I am, as you now see, well off, well married, and well up in the world. Now I do pertinaciously declare that it was all owing to the old brown coat, and I have kept this cuff, which I show now and then

to my wife, to prove I am grateful; for had it not been for the old brown coat, I should never have been blessed with her for a companion." "But," said his wife, around whom he had gently encircled his arm, "the old brown coat would have done nothing without the velvet collar and the new brass buttons."

"Certainly not my dear, and they would not have effected much without they had been backed by ——." "What impudence!" replied the lady, giving him a slight slap on the back.

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## SONNET—TIME'S TEACHINGS.

WHAT troubles lie in wait as we pursue
 The daily drudgery of life's career,
Our lightsome joys how transient and few!—
 Yet, after time's soft lapse, not thus severe
Will fall the scene on retrospection's view;
 For pleasing doth the travell'd path appear,
When mirror'd in the halo and the hue,
 Which memory sheds around a former year.
And hence instructed, we are strong to bear
 The sad vicissitude, the adverse blast;
Cheer'd by the thought of patient triumphs past,
 Experience still forbids we should despair,
And Hope, our earliest solace and our last,
 Lures sweetly gleaming in the future fair.

ALIF.

# NOTES ON THE KINGDOM OF OUDHE.*—NO. III.

Having seen enough of the interior of Oudhe, let us now proceed to the fountain-head of all the misery of this unfortunate province, to Lucknow, that hot-bed of intrigue and chicanery, where bribery and corruption, injustice and tyranny, bigotry and fanaticism, vice and folly, flourish luxuriantly.

Few cities present so imposing an appearance to the spectator at a distance, as Lucknow does. Its hundreds of palaces, and mosques and mausoleums, with their gilded domes and elegant minarets, have the most brilliant effect, and the numberless trees in and about the city, suggest the idea of an immense and beautiful garden town. The multitude of villas and country houses on the banks of the meandering Goomtee, and the splendid parks surrounding them, add not a little to the beauty of the scene, which receives animation from the crowds of busy inhabitants pouring out of it.

On entering the city, we become more fully aware that even here the truth, that "it is distance indeed, which lends enchantment to the view," is fully exemplified. The narrow and filthy lanes of the native towns disgust us, and though we cannot help being struck with the magnificence of some of the public buildings, most of which, though not originally deficient in splendour and architectural beauty, are permitted to moulder away, and tumble into ruins, we feel disappointed. The high and lofty walls with their gateways, of grand though singular architecture, embellished with varied ornaments, gilded tops, and fanciful paintings, which line the streets of the north eastern part of the city, and form the enclosures of the Royal palaces, afford a painfully disagreeable contrast with the wretched hovels, and the miserable and filthy huts, situate at the foot of them. The neatness and unostentatious elegance of the Residency, and the houses adjacent to it, almost make us imagine ourselves to be in a European town; but further on, that singular combination of Native pomp and filth, of grandeur and misery, becomes more apparent. Some of the King's bazaars however, which form the entire streets of Khas bazar and Cheeny bazar, show to great advantage. These are situated in the south eastern part of Lucknow. There also, enclosed by lofty walls, is the palace of Ferradbuksh, where all the Kings of Oudhe are crowned,—the former Sovereign's re-[illegible]ce, but now inhabited by [illegible] members of the Royal Zenana. Six spacious courts lead to it through a garden tastefully laid out in the English style, and having reservoirs and jets d'eau. The throne-room, formerly the scene of the slaughter of the adherents of the Padshah Begum, and of that unfortunate young Prince Moonna Jan, had been decorated with the most valuable and beautiful oil paintings by such emi-

* The writer of this paper regrets to say, that circumstances have hitherto prevented him from sending the conclusion of his "Notes" to the Editor of *Saunders' Magazine.*

nent painters as Zoffani and Beechey, and with the most magnificent pier-glasses, but is now stripped of almost all its ornaments. The throne of massive gold, set with innumerable precious stones, forming foliage and flowers on the sides of it, is still here. It is supported by four griffins, and flanked by two tigers, all of gold, with eyes of rubies, but their want of symmetry, and general clumsiness, leave no doubt upon our minds, that the whole is of native workmanship. All native attempts at imitating animate nature are miserable failures. A silver stand, of curious fashion, is opposite the throne ; but the crown of the Kings of Oude, resembling in shape the Napoleonic one of Italy, is no longer here. The roofs are gaudily painted. Mahomedan purees (female angels) habited in red and yellow, and ornamented with blue wings, are enveloped in the clouds of a heaven ; two of them are condescending enough to hold the crown of " the King of the Fairies" right over the throne. The rooms resemble all Saracenic gothic halls in the number of chambers and pavilions with their numerous wooden pillars and arched roofs. " The other buildings in the Ferrad-buksh palace are not very remarkable ; a balcony around one of them, facing a neat little villa, on the opposite side of the river Goomtee, which washes the foot of the palace, and bears upon its surface the King's little frigate, with its six small silver guns, and its mirrored cabins, affords a very interesting and pleasing view of the city and its environs.

We must pass several mosques and a considerable number of private houses belonging to Nawabs or Nobles, that might be ranked as palaces, before we reach the gateway of the new palace, constructed by the present Sovereign ; for in Oudhe every new ruler erects a new dwelling for himself. The variety and profusion of the decorations, the gilding and foliage, the incrustations of stuccowork, and the intricate ornamental detail about the porticoes, pillars, naves, and arches, of the horse-shoe form and Saracenic conic sectional curve, with filligree work and grotesque figures, painted with the most showy colours in wretched taste, and the fine marble work of the floors, &c., bespeak great splendour and wealth. Opposite the palace gateway are the buildings called the Mooteemahall, one of which contains an English Library, accessible to no one ; another the house of entertainment, where the King receives his English guests,—a circumstance which, during this reign, occurs exceedingly rarely, and that only on extraordinary occasions, and in honor of distinguished visitors, when combats between wild beasts are also sometimes exhibited. If we proceed further on, we must pass the Observatory, in which the most valuable scientific instruments are being covered with rust and dust ; for after Colonel Wilcox's death, the office of Astronomer Royal was abolished, and the chief computer, who had been in charge for a few months after that event, incurred the King's displeasure, for publishing an Almanac, in which, under a brief notice of this country, His Majesty was not so reverentially spoken of as he expected. If curiosity or business leads you to go to Constantia, one

must pass, among other buildings, the Imambarah or mausoleum of the late King Amjud Ally Shah, which my limited space does not permit me to describe.

We proceed over the most wretched roads, at the imminent risk of having the springs of our vehicle broken; for the King, with true Oriental selfishness, has blocked up the best thoroughfare, a fine kankar road, leading towards Delkushar. This is a rural retreat of his, overlooking from an eminence of natural formation, a very fine park and artificial wilderness, abounding with herds of antelopes, deer, monkeys, peacocks, and pheasants. Free access to this park had always been granted to promenaders in the preceding reigns, but has lately been prohibited by order of the present King, to whose private amusement it is now exclusively devoted.

At last we reach Constantia, which, from a distance, makes us imagine it almost to be a fairy palace. It is a *curiosity* of architecture, in which the Grecian, the Roman, the Gothic and Saracenic, are curiously blended together, and is composed of an immense number of terraces, antique-looking castles, with monster lions by their sides, narrow staircases, chambers, and rooms and statues. The terraces are built one upon the other, and the summit converges to a point by two semi-circular staircases. At each side of the house is a two-storied building in the form of a crescent, which is flanked by a lofty colonnade. These are occupied by the masters, moulvies, and pupils of the College, which the liberality of the late General Martin founded. On entering the main building, which is set aside for the accommodation of travellers, and is under the superintendence of a gentleman, apart from the college, we are struck with the beauty of the rooms, in which there is an overabundance of tastefully painted ornaments. The roofs are high and lofty, and adorned with groups of small figures and tableaux, representing mythological events in alto-relievo, with foliage, plants, fruits, flowers, and fancy decorative works of great beauty. The walls are ornamented in a very tasteful and elegant, though showy manner, with garlands, festoons, crowns, chaplets, vases, allegorical figures, flowers, fillets baguettes and cymas. The niches, which are numerous, are decorated with the busts of the Founders, and with mythological statuettes, and the columns, which are of the composite order, have bases and cornices profusely ornamented with all manner of flowers, crowns, medallions, beads, dentils and leaves. The beauty of the arches, and of the balconies, baffles all description; yet there is nowhere that architectural grace and simple elegance, which charms more than all the profusion of ornament and colours with which the wall, roofs and columns are decked out.

General Martin, who was, I believe the architect, however much taste he might have shown in the choice of the decoration for the interior of the edifice, cannot be complimented on the grace of the figures which ornament the terraces. We here find Minerva, Mars, Apollo, Hercules, Flora, and every one of the heathen gods most lovingly mingled together with Sphinxes, Chinese Mandarins, Dutch peasants, French

milkmaids, and German gardeners. There evidently is enough of diversity, but any man, with the least classical sentiment, cannot help being shocked at the absurdity of coupling statues representing the gods of the ancients, with others of men in tight inexpressibles, and buckled shoes, or women with petticoats, churning butter. The terraces are surrounded by neat balustrades, and one of them contains elegant Grecian pavilions, which have a very pleasing appearance. The tomb of the General, of plain white marble, with an inscription, giving the date of his birth and death, lies in a vault, eighteen feet below the level of the house, and has been erected in the building, in order to prevent the Nawab of Oudhe from making it his own residence, after the decease of his powerful subject, who had originally destined it for the use of the Soubahdar Asoph-ood-Dowlah, who however was unwilling to give the sum demanded of him. Constantia House, which is remarkable for being built without a single piece of wood, and with such excellent materials, that it defies the effect of Time, is faced by a solid monumental pillar, plain and simple, situated in the midst of a curiously-shaped tank.

My limits do not permit me to enter into details, descriptive of the north western quarter of Lucknow, which contains the buildings erected by the older rulers of Oudhe. The Chouk, with its narrow, filthy lanes; the Roomy Durwaza, with its treble gate, and fantastic ornaments; the magnificent arched structure of the Imambarrah, where Asoph-ood-Dowlah lies interred; the adjacent buildings of Hossein-abad and Jamooniabagh, containing silver and gold figures, and ornaments of immense value, and a perfect forest of chandeliers and candelabras. The old palaces of Saadut Ally and the other sovereigns have been so often and so well described by travellers, of whom Fanny Parks deserves an honorable mention, that any attempt to give a particular account of them would be presumptuous and unnecessary.

However much one may admire the general effect of Lucknow, its brick walls do not inspire that veneration which we cannot but feel for the older cities of Delhi and Agra, whose stone and marble buildings have been the scenes of the chief historical events of India. There is another feeling, however, which any right-minded person must acknowledge to have entertained, at sight of that recklessness of expence, that disregard of wealth, and that magnificent splendour, which characterise the Court of Oudhe, when contrasted with the filthy and wretched huts, which the poverty-stricken victims of a heartless government are often not even permitted to inhabit in peace. I mean a feeling of intense disgust, that so fine a country and people should pay their uttermost farthing to pander to the depraved taste of a few abandoned individuals.

We are pleased with the novelty and diversity of the costumes of the inhabitants, and with that purely Oriental appearance which it presents, and which no Indian city can possess to so great a degree, as the capital of a comparatively independent Native government;—one, too, so passionately fond of display and

ostentation. The streets are crowded with ragged soldiers, with spearmen, mace-bearers, and chobdars, that always follow the sowarry of a great man, who either proceeds in a barouche, a buggy, on an elephant, or in a palankin. Perhaps we meet the procession of the King. The muffled sound of the kettle-drums that are beaten at sufficiently distant intervals of time, by two cavalry men in neat red jackets, who always ride in advance, apprise us of the approach of the "*Asylum of the World.*" The beating of the dunkah is the peculiar privilege of the King and of his chief queen, and no other member of the royal family, not even the Heir Apparent, is permitted to enjoy it in the city or its environs, but in the districts, as I before mentioned, the chuckladar, as Representative of His Majesty, is allowed this distinction. A troop of Toork Sowars, or Regular Cavalry-men, equipped in the English fashion, follow next; they carry in the midst of them the insignia of Royalty: the gold embroidered umbrella, the peacock feathers, and Royal standard, embellished with the arms of the King; viz. a couple of mermaids, supporting themselves on spears, and holding in their hands a crown, surmounting the whole. The King follows next, seated on a high cushion, in an open carriage, covered with massive silver plates, which give it a most brilliant appearance, and reflect the objects around as from a mirror. It is drawn by four horses, guided by postillions dressed *à l'Européen.* A coachman, in a neat English livery, is on the box, and a favourite servant standing behind, holds a golden umbrella over his head. The King's body-guard of Africans, or the Hindoostanee regular cavalry, are riding by his side with drawn swords, as are also his mosahibs or aides-de-camp, dressed in their gorgeous habits of silk or satin, in the Hindoostanee fashion. A troop of horse artillerymen, seated on five or six guns, rattle behind, and close the procession. Sometimes an omnibus accompanies the King's sowarry, crowded with the prettiest native beauties one could wish to see,—the ladies of the Royal haram,—whose wanton laughter and sparkling eyes, show what confidence they repose in their lord's want of jealousy, and how careless Wajid Ally Shah is of the opinions his subjects, who, in the shameless parading of his concubines, perceive the grossest breach of Mahomedan law, must necessarily entertain of him.

The procession of the King of course varies at different times, and on state occasions his sowarry is really magnificent. Spearmen in scarlet or white, with little triangular flags attached to their spears, which are silvered over, and peculiarly elegant, chobdars with high turbans, bearing maces or long silver-sticks, and armed guardsmen on foot, mingle in agreeable confusion, with an endless string of shootar sowars on rede aparisoned camels; horsemen on Arabs, with richly gold embroidered trappings, and elephants whose tusks are ornamented with bright brass or silver rings, carrying on their backs the grandees of the land, dressed in rich and gorgeous costumes, and seated on superb gold and silver plated howdahs.

The procession generally closes with a regiment of cavalry, follow-

ed by innumerable four-wheeled carriages, and generally drawn by four horses, from the fashionable brougham, to the most ricketty palky gharee, and from the modern phaeton, to the most old-fashioned barouche of the eighteenth century.

The King himself, a corpulent young man of about 38, is gifted with rather handsome features, in which mildness and good nature are blended, with a certain stolidity of expression, and an unmistakable air of coxcombery. In order to show his figure to advantage, and to overtop, as a mark of superiority, his coachman, (who by the bye, holds somewhere about a couple of dozens of sinecures, a few of which are commands of Nujeeb and Talanga corps,) His Majesty thinks it necessary to sit on a very lofty cushion where he shows himself to great advantage at the expense, though, of a comfortable seat. We have the advantage now of observing him more narrowly, and remarking his peculiarly effeminate appearance. His head is ornamented with a magnificent kind of silken crown, covered with beautiful brilliants and jewels; his neck is adorned with strings of costly pearls, and necklaces of precious stones; from his ears hang diamond rings of great value, and his dress is literally weighed down with jewels and precious stones. Long, black, women's locks, curl down his cheeks, and his beard, which two years ago was of a black, bushy appearance, has now given way to a smooth chin, quite an abhorrence to religious Mahomedans. I have here described the King in his most magnificent dress, but it is often the case that the simplicity of his costume is as striking, as at other times its gorgeousness.

His character does not belie his appearance. Wajid Ally, educated as he has been among eunuchs and women, has no relish for business. He is effeminate and uxorious, vain and conceited—(what native prince, into whose ear flattery is continually being instilled, is not so!) His mildness and amiability however are his redeeming qualities. As a man, he would perhaps have become an honored member of society; as a King, he could scarcely be worse. In his youth, he appears to have displayed good abilities, but his father, expecting probably to live to a good old age, jealous of the talents his son gave promise to possess, imagined it to be his interest to wean the Heir Apparent from all rational pursuits, and especially to foster a distaste for meddling in State affairs.

Accordingly, not so much from his own choice, as to suit his father's political views, he became the pet of the women, and the companion of his dependants. When the late King suddenly died, Wajid Ally found himself at once called to the throne, when he was least fit to sit on it.

Let us follow his Majesty to his palace now. We suppose him to have alighted at his residence, and to be anxious to pay the fair inmates of his mahal (seraglio) a visit. He enters the nalkee, or chundole, a kind of palankin, covered over with beautiful silver plates, on which flowers and fancy foliage are traced, but differing from ordinary palanquins in being much larger, and more commodious, and supported by *four* poles. The interior is fitted up with velvet and cloth of gold, and the roof is ornamented with gold brocade. It is carried by

a very large number of women-bearers, attired like the king's men-bearers, in a loose scarlet livery, edged with silver, and having on the back of the coat the Royal armorial crest, embroidered in gold; their turbans of red cloth having a fish of silver affixed horizontally, from the tail of which a gold tassel is hanging, A few African eunuchs—(a very influential body of favourites, loaded with honors and sinecure offices,) accompany His Majesty into the sacred precincts of his private apartments. Hither we dare not follow him, and we may therefore speculate outside, whether the number of the King of Oudhe's wives exceeds or falls short of that of the far-famed Monarch of the Cannibal Islands. This is however no easy question to solve. I have heard as high a figure as 400 named, as well as so low a one as 100; and one gentleman once assured me the King's Begums scarcely exceeded fifty. Our perplexity arises probably from the fact that the King has a great number of weddings by *mootah*, (or temporary marriages for any period of time, however short,) and that these poor, temporary wives, are often discarded. This matrimonial ceremony is sanctioned by the law of the Mahomedans, as well as another form of marriage called the *nikah*,* which is however not so honorable an alliance as the first marriage, or Beah. The greater part of the Royal Zenana have very considerable pensions, varying from ten to one thousand rupees a month. They are only paid punctually, so long as they enjoy the King's favor; it is sometimes the case that they do not see a single rupee; for, when neglected or old, the eunuchs and the ministers can with impunity let them starve. When however the good ladies can stand their sufferings no longer, they often manifest a revolutionary tendency, and attempt to force the Durbar into compliance with their demands, by exposing themselves on the terraces, and pelting the King's loyal subjects with any missile they can lay hold of. This mode of demanding their just dues has several times, during the present reign, been had recourse to, and has generally had the desired effect. Considering that the King has not only to support his own wives and concubines, but also those of his forefathers—to allow them a multitude of female attendants, according to their rank, and to surround them with at least a few of the luxuries to which they had been accustomed,—the reader may imagine that no inconsiderable portion of the public revenue is swallowed up by this source of expenditure alone. Many of them however are Vaseekadars, as are also the greatest portion of the members of the Royal family, and of the nobility of Oudhe. The holding of Vaseekas entitles them to draw monthly stipends from the East India Company, through the Residency Office. Vaseekas are indeed nothing else but Company's papers; but this the scrupulous Moosulman cannot accept, without infringing the letter of their law, as Government papers bring in "*in-*

* The Nikah only is recognized as legal by the Soonees; but the Sheeahs acknowledge the legality of marriage by *mootah*, as well as the honorable one, by *Beah*. Even with them however a wife by *mootah* is considered little better than a concubine.

*terest,*" and the Koran distinctly prohibits usury. They were obliged therefore to invent a new name for both documents and interest, and of course this was no difficult matter. The Kings of Oudhe have transferred almost the whole of Gazee-ood-deen's loan to our Government, to their wives, and their nobles, and the present King, individually considered, can therefore scarcely be regarded in the light of a creditor to the E. I. Company, though his relatives are such.

The King has two principal Queens; one, the mother of the Heir Apparent, is niece to the present Minister; and the second and newly-married Queen, is the daughter of Ally Nucky Khan, who is therefore both father-in-law and uncle-in-law to Wajid Ally Shah. The second Prince, who, if he were alive, would now be about fifteen years of age, died of small-pox about three years ago; the eldest son, who must be about seventeen years old, is an idiot, and never permitted to leave the Zananah; the third son. the Heir Apparent, a good-looking boy of thirteen, is permitted already to indulge in all manner of excesses; the youngest, who is dignified with the title of "General," cannot be more than nine or ten years of age, and is the son of a concubine, or of a wife by *mootah.*

Wajid Ally Shah has two brothers, the elder, who is also the King's senior, is confined as a madman; but if public opinion be true, he is much more in his senses than the present ruler of Oudhe. He had for some years during his father's lifetime, been recognized as Heir Apparent, but becoming displeased, either with him, or his mother, the old monarch suddenly affirmed that Mustaffa Ally,—this is the name of the unfortunate Prince—was not his own offspring, and that he had already reached the age of two years, when he purchased his mother. The British Government, on the King's sending in a written statement to that effect, set aside the claims to the throne of the elder brother, and acknowledged Wajid Ally as heir to the crown. Mustaffa Ally was furious at what he considered the spoliation of his rights, and, in a fit of anger, unsheathed his sword in the King's presence. For this offence, it was convenient to consider him mad, and he has ever since been kept a close prisoner, and been treated with the most unnecessary rigour. Some attempts have been made by the court intriguers, to *appear* to detect his conspiracies, alleged to have been formed, with the intention of overthrowing the present ruler and of making himself master of the throne, but they had no foundation, except in the imagination of the real conspirators, who gained their object, which was to ingratiate themselves with His Majesty, and to obtain a greater ascendancy over the weak and credulous King's mind. The victim of these intrigues, Mustaffa Ally, however, suffered additional indignities, and has ever since been in constant dread of his life.

The youngest brother of the King, who is also styled "General Saheb," is a mild and harmless Prince, of indolent and retiring habits, and bearing a great resemblance to the King; he never interferes in the Government.

Few members of the Royal family meddle in the po-

lities. They form a distinct body, and are mostly noblemen of private fortunes. The King rarely associates with them, but they draw from his treasury pensions, which, during former reigns, reached a much higher standard than they do now. They are no mean representatives of the nobility of Oudhe, and their private means generally enables them to carry on their expenditure on a princely scale. Many of them are fond of European society, and cultivate it with assiduity. In the field they are keen sportsmen, and in their intercourse among themselves, and with English gentlemen, they are polite, affable, and agreeable. They are generally highly cultivated, fond of rational pursuits, and, like all Mahomedan gentlemen, glad of displaying their acquaintance with the works of Hafiz and Sady, and the modern Lucknow poets, by frequently quoting from them. The poets of this city (and the King *affects* to be one of them) are of no despicable order; and their poetry, couched as it is in the flowery and mellifluous Urdu, is full of beautiful ideas, and graceful metaphors. No language is so fit to express poetical sentiments of the amatory kind, as the Court-tongue of Lucknow. The Persian suffers by comparison with it, and the common Hindoostanee can convey no idea of the language spoken by the superior class of the natives of Lucknow. The former is indeed only a corruption and a medley of Hindee, Sungskrit, Persian and Arabic, but the latter is a language composed of the choicest expressions and words culled from all these languages. Lucknow, since the fall of the Imperial House of Delhi, may with justice lay claim to the honor of being the seat of Oriental literature in Hindostan.

The names of the principal Princes of the blood, and nobles, are Mumtaz-ood-Dowlah, Unjum-ood-Dowlah, Mohson-ood-Dowlah, Mobaz-ood-Dowlah, Mooneer-ood-Dowlah, and Moonover-ood-Dowlah. The latter is the nephew and adopted son of the Minister Hakeem Mehndee, (whom he twice succeeded in his office,) and is celebrated as a daring sportsman in tiger-hunting excursions. The first, Mumtaz-ood-Dowlah, would now be on the throne, as he is of a senior branch, had his father not been prematurely cut off only three months before the reigning King's death. By our law he should have inherited the kingdom, but by the Mohammedan laws, the son cannot be heir to what the father never possessed. The Heir Apparent's son cannot lay claim to the throne, if his father died without having enjoyed his inheritance. The story goes that Mumtaz-ood-Dowlah's father met with his death, and consequently the loss of the succession in his line, by shooting a monkey, a circumstance which, with natives of both religions, is superstitiously believed to be always attended with fatal consequences.

The administration of the country, such as it is, is carried on by the Minister and his Durbar, but the Eunuchs and personal attendants of the King are so powerful, as to oblige even the Minister to stand in dread of them. They, too, share a great portion of the numerous bribes and perquisites, which fall to the shares of the active rulers (or rather mis-rulers) of the State.

Even a menial's situation is profitable with the King, for even *he* has opportunities to rob the King and his subjects. The Minister is however the chief and most powerful statesman, but his two Secretaries, Goor Say and Chundy Sing, are the real governors; all business being transacted by them, or by their advice. The despotic power wielded by the Premier he transmits in a great measure to these and other minions of his.

The principal members of the Durbar are Mirza Ally Nuky Khan, the Vizier, and his two Secretaries, Maharaja Balkishen, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Minister of the Interior; Unjum-ood-Dowlah, the Master of Ordnance and Judge of the Dewan-khanse; Hyder Khan his Assistant; Shirf-ood-Dowlah, (Juggernath), the Deputy Minister; the Mushtahid, or High Priest, who is also Chief Justice; the two heads, (city and districts,) of the News Department: Rajah Ulfait Rae, the Pay Master General, and a few others, between all of whom, and the Eunuchs and Singers, the plunder is divided. Though peculiar functions are allotted to each official, any of them, (such is the anarchy of the Government!) may exercise those which by right belong to another's province. There must however be an understanding with the Minister, who confirms decisions and orders.

A very influential body also is formed of those who do not appear openly on the political theatre of Lucknow, but secretly play a very important part.

Mirza Ally Nuky Khan is an old man of about fifty, with rather an intelligent, but no very agreeable cast of countenance. In his private capacity he is affable and polite, but his disposition is said to be grasping, unscrupulous, and intriguing. His wealth is enormous, and he can therefore afford to imitate the King, in giving himself up during the greater portion of the day to indolence and enjoyment. There is no check on any of the officials, except when exercised by Colonel Sleeman; but however intelligent and zealous the Resident may be, he can do little more than advise. There is no doubt that much good is often effected by him, but our relations with Oudhe do not admit of much interference in the internal management of the country, and his measures are frequently thwarted by the indirect influence of the Minister's favourites. All communications with the Court are made by the Resident through the Residency Vakeel, an officer paid and employed by the King. The pay of the Minister—formerly 25,000 Rs. a month, is now reduced to a salary of 10,000; but his income, from "perquisites" cannot fall short of two-and-a-half or three lakhs a month.

Next to the Minister, is Rajah Bal Kishen, a Hindoo gentleman who possesses the greatest influence. Skilled as he is in accounts, and the receptacle of most secret transactions, even the Premier thinks it necessary to be on good terms with him. He of course thus adds daily to his wealth. His functions are to manage the interior, to adjust the revenue of the districts, and to transmit the chuckladar's letters, and his own orders, for countersignature to the Minister. His pay is, I believe, 4,000 rupees a month, but the advantages of his situation bring

him in, at least, ten times that sum.

Unjum-ood-Dowlah is a nobleman, of perhaps more love of justice and integrity of character than any I have named. He presides over the Dewan Khana, a Court of Justice, whose investigations must be sent up for decision to the Mustahid, who again forwards them for final approval to the Minister. He had also the charge of the Arsenal, and of the great Kaiseree Park of Artillery, but the profits of the contracts of the Magazine stores are claimed by Chand Khan, a man who, from a sepoy of four rupees a month, rose to his present post of Superintendent of the King's Magazines. Similar examples of men becoming millionaries, who were formerly beggars, are no where so frequent as in Oudhe. One of the most powerful chuckladars who rules over four of the finest districts, was formerly a quail-fighter of an obscure Nawab. Another, who lately became an inmate of the Jail as a Government debtor for several lakhs, which he had kept in safety, had been a common trooper. The King's coachman, who now rolls in riches, had been wandering about in filthy rages; and singers and musicians that are now the King's chief companions, had some years ago been fiddling for a few annas in the streets. These instances of comparatively poor men being all at once raised to the highest pinnacle of opulence and power, might be multiplied a thousand-fold. There is little merit however in such elevation; it is not talents and industry that bring it about, but servility, flattery, and the absence of every honourable and conscientious sentiment.

The Mustahid, or High Priest, is the personification of fanaticism and bigotry. Europeans he detests, idolators he abhors, and Soonnees he abominates. A Hindoo or Soonnee, when condemned to death, can save his head, and obtain his freedom, by turning Sheeah. The Judges of the court are the Priest's sons and nephew, and the patronage of the kotwalie and minor judgeship is in a great measure in his gift. The Mustahid, who is of course well versed in Mahomedan law, generally decides law cases, and disputed inheritances, but criminal cases are also sometimes brought before him, after having passed the Dewankhana, and are then further decided by the Chief Justice. No sentence of his can however be executed without the approval of the Minister. His secular appointment, which however is hereditary in his family, as are indeed almost all situations in Oudhe, has been granted him by the King, but his spiritual office is conferred on him and his successors by the Mustahid of Kerbela or Mecca. This degree, as Doctor of Law and Divinity, is also obtained from the same source.

Lawyers are of course unknown here, but as in Native Vakeels or Representatives, a substitute for them may be found, a number of persons also find employment as the *media* of corruption, and as intriguers and advisers. Of those latter, Wussy Ally is the most notorious and clever politician. No European statesman can possess more tact and vigilance and cunning than this individual. A sketch of his life will be amusing, as it will give a better insight into the real state of intrigues

carried on in Oudhe, than theoretical disquisitions would.

Roshun-ood-Dowlah succeeded Hakeem Mehndee as Minister to King Nussee-ood-Deen Hyder, in 1832, and while in power, was chiefly under the guidance of Wussy Ally's father, Sobhan Ally Khan, who was then employed at the head of the gratuity department. Roshun-ood-Dowlah was an unprincipled and characterless individual, who for five years escaped detection of his mal-practices, but when the King suddenly roused himself from his apathy, and demanded the accounts, the Minister, to escape the punishment that he knew would await him, and to revenge himself for, a horse-whipping that had once in open durbar been inflicted on him by the royal hands, entered into a conspiracy with Sobhan Ally Khan and Wussy Ally Khan, to poison the King. To this deed they were further stimulated by the idea, that the Government of the East India Company would take the management of the country into its own hands, and that they would therefore be permitted to enjoy the fruits of their corruption in ease and tranquillity.

Nusseer-ood-Deen Hyder, fearful of losing his life, never took drink from any other hands, but those of two sisters of the bearer caste called Dalwee and Dhunnee, and he himself drew his water from a closed well, of which he kept the key always about his person. These two girls the conspirators made the instruments to effect their purpose; and Daljeet, a young man, a great favorrite of Nusseer-ood-Deen-Hyder, and generally in personal attendance on his Majesty, they also bribed into their interest. The King was murdered; but Hakeem Mehndee, whom Roshun-ood-Dowlah had superseded during the preceding reign, became a second time Minister, confined and tortured the murderers of the late King, in order to make them disgorge a portion of their ill-gotten wealth. It was Hakeem Mehndee, who on being cast out of his office five years previously, had to pay a heavy sum of money, which his successor had demanded for releasing him from prison, but it was now Roshun-ood-Dowlah's turn to be fleeced. The ex-Minister had to pay seventy-five lakhs, Sobban Ally ten lakhs, and Dhunnee and her sister and Daljeet, two lakhs each. They were then obliged to cross the Ganges and settled at Cawnpore, where Roshun-ood-Dowlah married Dalwee, while the other (who is now at Lucknow) went on a pilgrimage to Turkish Arabia, to expiate her sins there. Wusser Ally however went to Cawnpore, seduced the ex-Minister's newly married wife, and made her his own at Lucknow.

The new Vuzeer had not only permitted Wussy Ally to remain at Lucknow, but also taken him into favor. He became indeed indispensible to him, since he was the only man who could give him an exact account of the real circumstances of the murder, and of the bribes and wealth of the Officers of the late King. Hakeem Mehndee's successor and nephew, Moonuvur-ood-Dowlah, was equally in need of so clever an intriguer, one too, who was made a partner and a confident in all of his predecessor's secret transactions, and who knew better than one else, what sums were disbursed and received during the

preceding administrations. Monuvur-ood-Deen did not remain long in the ministry, but resigned, after a brief period, and commenced a pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina. Scarcely, however, had he reached Candish, when he learnt that Wussy Ally was trying to seduce Hakeem Mehndee's widow, in order to obtain possession of her wealth. He accordingly lost no time in writing to the then Resident, Colonel Low, I believe, and by his prompt interposition saved the family from disgrace. But to the new Minister, Shirf-ood-Dowlah, Wajid Ally became necessary, since he had all the accounts, and he was accordingly, during his ministry of two years, employed by him, and when Ameen-ood-Dowlah obtained the Wuzeerat, he found no difficulty in having his services engaged by the new Minister. On Moonuvur-ood-Dowlah's return to office, to which his former admirable management of the country had entitled him, Wussy Ally was obliged to conceal himself, but it was only for one year; for after that period Ameen-ood-Dowlah found means to supersede Moonuvur-ood-Dowlah to re-obtain the Premier's seals. Wassee Ally remained in his service till the accession of the present king, who chose Ally Nucky Khan for his Minister. During the whole of his administration up to the present moment, Wussy Ally never lost the Minister's confidence, and by ministering to the Vuzeer's tastes became his prime favorite.

When in 1848 Lord Hardinge came to Cawnpore, a Wussy Ally, the son of Mafooz Ally, was appointed by the King, with the then Resident's concurrence, to go out to meet the Governor General with the customary mission of the Chuhpanee (or breakfast). But with a view to influence the people about the person of the head of the British Government, the Minister pretended that Wussy Ally Khan was meant, and accordingly sent him. Wussy Ally was wise enough to turn this trip to good account, and since then boasted of his influence with the Governor General's Secretaries, to the too credulous and easily duped Minister. Colonel Sleeman, it is true, caused his banishment from the Durbar, but though not ostensibly employed, scarcely anything is done without his assistance or advice.

The King's private amusements are frivolous, and at times even childish. Over-indulgence has probably shattered his nervous system, and in a manner affected his intellect, for he is often guilty of the most strange and capricious whims, which vary at different times. He sometimes plays at soldiers with a few regiments, whom he nearly marched off their legs for three or four hours every morning, or he flies pigeons that are taught evolutions in the air at the sound of the bugle : or he tries his hand at poetry, when his flatterers are naturally obliged to extol his effusions to the skies ; or he wishes to be admired for graceful dancing, himself and sometimes a favorite dressed in female clothes; or he amuses himself in his paradisiacal garden, which is enlivened by the presence of a vast number of purries, (or angels) beauties, dressed in clothes of transparent gauze, and having butterfly wings fastened to their shoulders ; or, surrounded by his

poets, fiddlers, singers, eunuchs, and favorites, he plays native airs on that beautiful Hindostanee instrument, the Sitar; or he makes an excursion on the river in his little frigate to Delkusha or Gowghat; or he employs his time in some other agreeable mode of enjoying life; but never does he bestow one moment to business; never does he read a single petition of his suffering subjects; never does he *enquire* into the state of the country and his people; and the emptiness of his treasury his father left him (85 lakhs of Rupees) can only become manifest to him, when he must forego luxuries, of which he is desirous.

During the first fortnight after Wajid Ally's accession to the throne, he made an effort to govern himself, and to supervise the administration of his Ministers, but it was only for a short time. His early habits of indolence and his love of pleasure made it difficult for him to resist the interested advice of his servants, to give himself up entirely to pleasure and luxurious idleness, and to leave the drudgery of business to his Minister. He accordingly yielded to it, and since then became the mere puppet in the hands of the [illegible] about him that he is at present. He now neither hears, nor sees, nor cares about the enormities that are perpetrated in Oudhe to enrich the Chuckladars, who in their turn must handsomely pay for the privilege of committing them. No pen can describe the mal-administration of this country sufficiently clearly to give a stranger even a correct estimate of it, nor point the social vices of the Durbar people and their satellites in sufficiently vivid colors. Every writer on Oudhe has, years ago, in speaking of it, been obliged frequently to make use of the words "anarchy," "wretchedness," "oppression," "tyranny," "cruelty," "corruption," "bribery," and others of the same category, but at the present moment those words are particularly applicable. The treasury has never been more empty; revenue has never been dwindling down to a greater degree; defalcations of the public monies have never been more openly committed; larger tracts of lands have never been lying waste; more atrocities have never been perpetrated by those vested with authority; corruption has never been going on to a greater extent; bribery has never been received more publicly; crimes, which Europeans shudder to think of, have never been practised to a more greater extent; justice has never been sold more shamelessly; greater and more numerous checks have never been advanced, to thwart the efforts of the British Government's representative, to put an end to such a state of things; the servants and menials of Government, unpaid for many months, have never been more urgently necessitated to take from the subjects what they do not receive from the King, than at the present moment.

It is a mistaken notion, which those who speak and write about Oudhe entertain, that we cannot change this state of things without breaking the treaties we entered into with this kingdom. On the contrary, the last treaty, that of 1837, distinctly states, that the British Government would protect His Majesty against all foreign and domestic foes, and

to preserve the independence of the Royal House of Oudhe—*reader! not unconditionally! but under the distinct stipulation, that the King should govern his country with justice, and in a manner to benefit the people—the poor agriculturists.* The right to assume charge of any misgoverned district, and to take the management into our own hands, has distinctly been ceded to us. The privilege of being the benefactors of this country, and of making use of the surplus revenue in the construction of works of public utility, such as wells, roads, bridges, and serais—things sadly, very sadly wanted here—this privilege has, I say, been distinctly accorded to us. If then the King breaks his part of the contract, we are sufficiently empowered to act, as, we must feel, it is our duty to act. "Under the tender mercies of Deputy Collectors and Joint Magistrates," (I quote the words of a person who made an attempt at fine writing in the *Agra Messenger* lately,) Oudhe would indeed soon deserve the epithet of "fine." I have already pointed out the fertility of its soil, and by tabular statements of revenue, (what it has been, and is now) demonstrated that the greater portion of the arable land lies uncultivated; I have now to add that about one-third of the revenue, that is *stated* to be gathered in, is robbed by the Chuckladar and the Durbar. It is always made the Premier's interest to gloss over the deficiency of the public incomes. Since the King of Oudhe th n leaves all the responsibility of Government to his Chief Minister, he of course bears the odium of the mal-administration of this Kingdom. If we have not then the courage of incorporating Oudhe with the British territories, nor possess the moral force of taking its management into our hands, let us at all events *insist* on the removal of the cause of all this misery. The ex-Ministers, Moonuvur-ood-Dowlah and Shirf-ood-Dowlah (Ibrahim Khan) have shown that even native Vuzeers can do good when office is held by honest and energetic men. Our duty to the millions of the wretched subjects of a tyrannical Government, demands *reform* in any shape. Shall we obstinately withhold it? If we leave reform to the King, we shall never see a change take place in Oudhe. He is too much personally attached to the Minister to think of dismissing him on public grounds! Does an Oriental despot think of anything else but his own individual self? Of course this and former Governor Generals have pointed out to him and to his predecessors, that Kings too have duties to perform, as well as subjects; but of what benefit have advice, promises and threats been? What are they but empty words, as much thrown away on the rulers of Oudhe as pearls before swine. Threats too have been made so frequently, and been left unfulfiled as often, that they can have no effect. Lord Hardinge distinctly menaced His Majesty, that he should have three years longer given to him, and if at the end of that period no visible change for the better would take place, his Kingdom would be incorporated with the British dominions. That period has passed, but Wajid Ally is still an independent King in his own country. Since his conference with Lord Hardinge the

anarchy and misery of Oudhe has increased to a tenfold degree. Can we not be bold for once! Since we *will* be scrupulously observant of old treaties, made by our forefathers, and abide by musty parchments, let us do so, but at the same time act justly.

Let us leave the King to his Zenana! He loves not the weight of active Government, let us not burthen him with it! let us allow him to keep up his state and his dignity, and indulge in his pomp and his vanity; let us not force him to associate with the nobles of the land, since he prefers the society of needy adventurers and knavish sycophants; let us make him harmless for evil, but still allow him to retain in some measure the power of doing good; let us permit him to live how and where he likes; let us leave him—be what he is—a puppet, but a puppet in our hands. Let us, then, after carefully examining the accounts, ascertain exactly the deficiency of revenue that the King has been defrauded of. Let us make the defalcators disgorge the greater portion of their enormous ill-gotten wealth.

Let the useless Nujeeb corps be transformed into regular troops, officered by Europeans, and commanded by those, whose long and faithful services to their Government have most entitled them to promotion! Let all the experienced and valuable servants of the King, whose appointments do honor to any Government, be retained, and the dregs be got rid of! Let our mode of revenue collection be substituted for the Chukladaree system, and the officers commanding regiments be employed as Collectors and Deputy Collectors; for this seems necessary, since Zemindars have learnt only to respect troops; the face of the country will then be changed from a wilderness to a garden. Let bridges be constructed, and roads be realities! commerce will then spring up of itself! Let us above all give the people of Oudhe—what they so seldom taste—justice! but let us not clog the machinery of our Courts of law with chicanery, and with that odious system, which obliges persons to leave their homes, to appear, hundreds of miles away, as witnesses at a distant Court of Justice.

The weak Government of the Durbar would never be able, even if (which it is an absurdity to believe,) it could be made to wish, to effect these ends; but the strong hand of the British Government can, and ought to confer these benefits on the country. If it were administered in the King's *name*, but really by the Company, even those Home politicians, who always talk of our "Indian aggressions," and of matters respecting India, they scarcely ever understand; would be silenced. Let the patronage of appointments be in the gift of the Company, but *nominally* to be ratified by the King, if he chooses to demand such a privilege. Grain and the common necessaries of life are from 50 to 400 per cent. (according to the distance from Lucknow) dearer in the city than they are in the districts, since the rapacity of the Amils, and the want of roads render transports to the city, difficult and expensive. Our duty to humanity obliges us to introduce reform, in whatever shape it may come. A Commissioner, well acquainted

with the country, the people, and the language of Oudhe, should be chosen as the real Governor of the Kingdom. Anarchy and confusion, and misery and tyranny, and oppression would cease, and the blessings of a liberal and enlightened Government would become apparent.

Before I conclude, I wish to bring two more evils, that are now almost confined to Oudhe alone, to the notice of the reader, viz., Infanticide and Suttee. The Resident's tour though Oudhe has done a great deal to decrease the number of Suttees, and those engaged in erecting the funeral piles are subject to severe punishment; but the sanction, that is often purchased of the Chukladars to permit Suttee without molestation, still goes far to make such atrocities not very unfrequent. Infanticide, however, is still practised to a frightful extent, and as it is easy to commit it, without any body, except the relatives, clansmen, and priests of the murderers, persons interested to conceal the deed, knowing anything at all about it, it is a difficult matter to put a stop to it. This crime is committed by certain castes of the Chattrey class. The motives which induce a Rajpoot father to destroy his offspring are not owing to any religious feeling; as some suppose, but are caused by the most unamiable of all foibles, pride and interest; pride, because they cannot degrade themselves by a connexion with a lower caste than themselves, and interest, because a dower is necessary to induce the members of the superior class of Rajpoots to marry them. The child is usually killed within an hour after its birth, and then buried on the threshhold of the doorway; a few flowers are sprinkled over its grave; the Brahmuns pronounce munthras of expiation, and the ceremony is completed by a great feast that is given in the house where the murder is perpetrated, to the *bhaebunds* and friends of the murderer.

Should the account I have conscientiously given of the actual state of the Kingdom of Oudhe, be the means of inducing the British Government to adopt effectual measures of reform, and energetically to interfere to put down the present mismanagement of the country, I shall indeed rejoice! Whether I have given—as I feel I have—a plain, unbiassed, and unexaggerated statement of the real condition of this province, I leave all those disinterested persons to judge, who have become acquainted with the Government, people, and country of Oudhe.

MAXIMILIAN.

## THE HOLY WAR.

THERE was a time, when nought of word or action
Was counted great till hallowed by the Poet,
When each bold deed of loyalty or faction
Took the heroic shape that now we know it.

Blind Homer, preaching unity to Greeks,
Tyrtœus, cheering on the phalanxed Spartans,
The Vikings, harping, on their seaward beaks,
And Senachies of Fingal in their tartans.

They sang of valour, inly stirred to rove,
Of magnanimity and strong endurance,
Of love's sweet madness in the myrtle grove,
Hercules, toiling, captivate, or "Furens;"

The northwind whistling through the bridle rings,
The blue steel glittering in frosty noonlight,
The eager talk, with disembodied things,
Where the pines shiver in the sickened moonlight.

Taillefer died singing, passionately calm
Between the hosts upon the downs of battle,
The sturdy covenanter turned his psalm,
And drove the redcoats as a swain would cattle.

Are no emotions left for these tame days?
Dost thou desert thy votaries, O Apollo,
Because but little bloodshed stains our lays,
Must all our utterance still be dull and hollow?

Because a paletot stands for a cuirass,
Must every bard, at Home or Continental,
Be doomed at once to write himself an ass,
Idiot or mad, inane or sentimental?

Is there no glory in the Iron Horse,
No pathos in the starving of a nation;
No fateful horror in the viewless force,
Which drives a million souls to emigration;

Leaving the churchway paths their fathers trode,
The altars where they pledged their blushing spouses,
The yewtrees weeping o'er the ancestral sod,
Their fields, their woods, and old familar houses?

Is there no passion in a people's prayer,
  First dimly stammering with a plea for Reason,
Contemned as weak while wise; fanned by despair
  And evil leaders to complaint—to treason?

The barricado raised and kept so well,
  Still soaring higher with defenders' corses
The rush along the street, the frantic yell,
  O'er broken troops of reeling men and horses?

And, yet again, is HERE no Poesy,
  * In dateless sleep, and falsely-seeming Maya
Demons and gods contending in the sky,
  Yudishtir dying, lone, on Himalaya?

The rise and fall of empires long gone by,
  Marked by tall column, or deserted city,
The Moslem conqueror's stern, unsated eye,
  Or self-devoted widow, scorning pity?

Have WE no danger, no defeat, no gloom,
  No sacrifice of life, and deep devotion;
No prospect of a lone, unhonored tomb
  On hills of snow, or by the moan of ocean?

Let on the stone but such inscription be,
  As to the casual passenger may tell
That, like the men who held Thermopylæ
  To our dear country faithful, here we fell.

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* Alluding to various tenets of the Brahmin Mythology

# LINDENSTOWE.

## A TALE.

> ' Serene will be our days, and bright,
> And happy will our nature be,
> When love is an unerring light,
> And joy its own security."
>
> Wordsworth.

## BOOK THE THIRD.

### CHAPTER VII.

Baron Chester came down to Lindenstowe for a few days in the summer of '48, and Arthur went over to meet him. After the latter's interesting labors, interesting indeed, but requiring much heart and hope to support them, nothing could be more delightful than the society of his uncle. Baron Chester was a man who, by an extraordinary economy of time, managed, notwithstanding his professional enjoyments, to keep pace with all the new books, both French and English of the day. He was full of knowledge immediately affecting the present :—a graceful quotation, indeed, would every now and then show that the lore of the ancient world had not been forgotten, but still his mind ran chiefly on questions which were immediately under discussion. The little lawn at Lindenstowe was the scene of most charming conversations ; the condition of the poor, and emigration, and the extraordinary state of the continent—every topic was discussed with the last light which had been ascertained, thrown on it by the Baron.

Nor did he confine himself only to grave subjects ; his mind exquisitely versatile, flew with delight to a scene in Dombey, to a comedy at the Haymarket, or a bon-mot at the Club.

And he was not only a talker ; scarcely any subject or event being without interest to him. He listened with eagerness to Arthur talking about his school, to plain Mr. Flant explaining how he had grown figs in his garden, and even to Martin discoursing on a galvanic ring, which he had taken to wearing, and which he said he only wished Mr. Roberts had knowed of.

The Baron ran over for a day to Gilston, and was delighted to see the work which was in progress there ; he remarked Arthur's peculiar capabilites for influence of the kind, and the real earnestness in the cause he had adopted. It was scarcely a month after Baron Chester had left again for town, that Arthur received a letter from him. It contained a proposal which seemed of such importance, that when old Chester was sitting out on his lawn that evening, his son dropt in upon him to seek advice. The Baron had been asked to recommend an incumbent for a city Church ; the district was a large one, and very thickly populated ;

it was desirable to get a man who took an interest in the lowest classes, and who would be likely to do good amongst them. If Arthur would consent to be nominated, the Baron would promise to get the Chancellor to put in some one at Gilston who would carry on what had been commenced.

Mr. Chester was naturally sorry at the thought of being separated from Arthur, but he did not hesitate the least in giving his advice: "It is an opening," he said "you may never have again; you must go, my boy, no doubt about it, and bear witness, like Jonah, in Nineveh." The offer was accepted, and Arthur moved from Gilston to a comfortable house in a narrow side-street leading out of one of the principal city thoroughfares, and set bravely to work. One day, when he was passing near the Bank about ten o'clock in the forenoon, he met a figure that was perfectly familiar to him, and yet whom he could not for an instant recollect by name: it was Mr. Lattimer. He had very much aged since Arthur had seen him, and was subdued in manner, but still there was unwonted vigour about his walk and mien. Arthur had heard nothing about the Lattimers for years, except that Alban Hescott was dead, and that they had lost their property; and after the first little awkwardness was got over, he asked with great interest about Eva and Miss Hester, and was shocked at hearing that the latter was gone. Eva was described to him as being exceedingly well, and busy with her lady-birds and her pen, and Lattimer spoke quite affectionately of his wife, expressing a fear that she was over-exerting herself.

"I hope you will come and see our little place," said Lattimer, "it is but a little hole, but I am not sure whether we are not more hearty people than we ever were before."

Arthur would like to come exceedingly, but his engagements were very numerous.

"Come now," said Mr. Lattimer, I do not get a holiday every day; the day after to-morrow is Christmas-day; come up in the afternoon after your Church, and take our family dinner with us for "Auld Lang Syne."

Well, Arthur promised he would come if the snow permitted.

It had been snowing for a day or two, and there seemed prospect of more.

Whilst Mr. Lattimer and Arthur had been standing talking together, another couple just by the corner of the street had been conversing too.

One was a man in the rags of a black coat, with a broom in his hand. His eyes were red and blear, and his cheeks blue; he stood tottering with cold. The other was a woman comfortably dressed in ample clothing and furs, she had been handsome, but now bore that hard hopeless look of a person who had got beyond dissipation, and had settled down to lead others into the ruin she had experienced herself. She bore no symptoms of hard living now; she seemed healthy and well to do, but the cool, wicked look was more repulsive than the worst effects, on appearance, of late hours and wine.

This was Kate Harding, and the man she was talking to, was Bennett.

She recognised him without a tear; asked him what he was playing these pranks for at his time of life, and why he did not settle down in a quiet, respectable way. Her notions, poor thing, of respectable, were by this time a little jaundiced. He had nothing to say; his mind was half gone; he stood crying and whining, and was very glad when the interview ended with her giving him half-a-crown. We tremble at some fearful weapon; we half turn pale to handle a phial of the deadliest poison; and yet how calmly people treat, unconsciously, other less conventional ministers of death. The huntsman strokes the horse's neck that is that morning to deliver him to the grave. The child fondles the spaniel that is to impart to him the same fatal madness that is preying on its own system. And so this poor creature's eyes glistened over this little coin—subtle destroyer as certain of its victim as the unerring snake of an Indian forest.

But we must follow the unhappy man.

He shouldered his broom and made off at once; he had been suffering all the morning from these dreadful cries; he could not tell whether they were real or not, but he had heard, he would swear it a thousand times—"Bennett, where are you?" "Bennett, why do you not come?" It sounded from behind somewhere, what could it be? Perhaps those people that he saw last night: ah, that was a fearful thing!

He shared a cellar with an old woman; she remained there all day, selling apples and sweetmeats, and he slept there at night.

Last night he awoke in great terror: the cellar door was shut, but he saw through the pane of glass in it, that there was a fire burning on the steps. He got up softly; there were a lot of people sitting by the fire on the steps, plotting, so he judged by the voices—he would surprise them. He undid the chain of the door very gently and made a burst out,—into what? into the black howling night, on to the wet steps, and up into the dreary street. Must it have been the fire of his brain burning in his eyes? He laid down and groaned with terror. Yes—it must be these plotters talking to him now—or perhaps he was weak and fanciful: he would take a glass of gin. There was a shop hard by, he entered—one glass, another, a third—now he was quite comfortable.

How ridiculous he had been to give in to such things; why, he was quite man again now—he had not eaten anything for two days it was true, but he fancied that some people could go much longer than others without nutriment in a solid shape.

At any rate there could be no doubt, that what he felt now was firm, lasting health: his fortunes he believed would come round after all.

When he arrived at the cellar, he was very cordial to the old woman, and getting a lad to sit at the stall, he took her off to treat her at a spirit shop, and they had a couple of glasses together.

He was very communicative when they went back: "what do you think of that, old gal?" said he, fetching an old mouldy drawing of a house out of the cellar.

"I used to live in a place like that once, and I mean to live in such another again : you and I will live there, and we will cut this cursed old cellar, won't we ?"

In this cheerful way he expressed himself, and after staying a bit longer, he set out for a walk. It had begun to snow now, but what with standing under entries and walking close to the houses, he did not care for it, and he felt very warm and comfortable inside. He had a great many conversations with different people, telling most of them that he had seen better days, but that he hoped he was rising in the world again now. At last coming round a corner, where there was a sharp breeze, all in a minute he felt his spirits sink, and he thought he heard the voices again.

Fortunately there was a spirit-shop at hand, and he was soon all right again. I must take a good tot all at once when I go to bed, he thought, so as not to wake in the night ; and then the morning ? ah! he would not think about that, till it came. He had strolled and strolled till he had got to Camden town, and now it was dark. As he was passing the door of a public house, it opened and disclosed so warm a scene within, that he determined to go and sit down a while. There were a knot of people sitting round the fire, talking and smoking, and Bennett, creeping into a snug corner, called for a glass of gin. The landlord, who was a nice merry old man, with a long pipe in his mouth, recommended him to take purl as being better for him, but poor Bennett had got beyond any taste—he only wanted the immediate effect on the brain —and gin did this best for him. He did not talk at all, but sat and listened, and drank his spirits. The party were full of snow-stories. One old man had had a brother, a sailor, "along with Parry, Sir Edward as is now, and lives up on the heath here," and he was full of polar anecdotes. Another man had had something to do with coaches, and saw an account of how the Leeds mail got off the road once crossing a common in Yorkshire, and how the guard rode on with the boys, on one of the leaders. The landlord was of opinion it never snowed now as it used to, and gave his recollections of the fair on the Thames. Bennett fell to sleep, and all this conversation jumbled into a strong dream of bears, coaches and merry-makings, and all in some wild place, where it was fantastically white without being cold. When he awoke he found every one gone, the fire out, and the landlord wanting him to go, that he might shut the house up. One more glass of gin. It did not seem cold out of doors, but so dreadfully heavy—he must go to sleep a bit : he should wake if he got chilly. He had better go to sleep though, on the road, so that somebody might wake him if he slept too long. This was the road was it not ? This place with two lines in it was the footpath. He would lie here. He went to sleep. A great grinding noise like thunder came close to his ear, then a flash of light, then voices, it was not *the* voices, he hoped. No, somebody real this time.

Two people, a policeman and the cad of an omnibus—"What the deuce do you lie on the road for ?" asked the omnibus man. "About as near a case of man-

slaughter as may be. Look here Bill," said he, shouting to the omnibus driver, who had pulled up a little distance on, and holding up Bennett's hat "cut his tile in two like a turnip." Bennett felt that death had been close upon him, and he shook like an aspen leaf. The policeman offered to put him in the right road, for he had got out on the Hampstead side of Camden town. They came to a public house just closing. Bennett proposed to treat the policemen, they both went in and drank. There the policemen put him on the proper road, and bid him good night. He walked on in a dreamy way, and walked and walked——, where had he got to now? Why this was Camden town again. However, on he went, and at last came out on some fields; there were no houses near; it was very lonely. There came a sound of music, it was the Christmas waits, ah! it made him rather melancholy to hear music, he would sit down a bit and listen to it, under the hedge, no omnibuses could come here. He first sat down, then lay down, and at last went to sleep.

* * * * *

The next morning, the merry old landlord was opening his shutters, when he saw some police, with a stretcher, coming towards his house. "Put him on the table in the parlour," said the Sergeant, "the coroner will be here by 12 o'clock."

## CHAPTER VIII.

Eva had no lady-birds on Christmas-day, and she and Norah spent the morning in making their little drawing-room look neat. All the while they were arranging matters; charming choruses from Handel were going on, for Julian was present, and Eva had hired a piano for a work to assist at certain little balls which were in preparation for the lady-birds. Lady Pollen was coming in the evening, she was living in London.

The room soon began to look charmingly comfortable; Norah put out some of her fancy-worsted work, and nice little baskets of Berlin wool, and crochet books and nick-nacks lay in pleasant disorder about the table. What is it ladies do at a room? a bachelor can have a dining room or a library, or a breakfast room; but he cannot have a drawing room. He cannot hit the medium, he can make it splendid, then it is only to look at; he can make it comfortable, then it loses caste, and turns into a parlour.

As evening approached, we cannot think that Eva was quite calm and collected, but she sat quietly working and chatting with Norah. She was looking exceedingly well, not indeed, like her former self, but perhaps improved. She was in stout health, the haughty eye was softened, but it was brave, and though the scorn had left her smile, there was a calm determination about the expression of the mouth which was far better. At length Arthur came, he too was altered, time had touched him, but not heavily; he was no longer the thoughtful youth full of imagination and poetry, but he was more than that; he was a man inspired

with a high purpose, and if something of the lustre of the eye was lost, it was more than compensated for, by that peculiar expression which lies on the forehead of those who have devoted themselves to an absorbing object.

After a little embarrassment, Eva and Arthur were both astonished how easily and without constraint they conversed. He was delighted to find that a lady, who interested herself amazingly about emigrants, had got hold of Eva, and inoculated her with a passion for the same subject, and when Arthur related how he had persuaded some of the inhabitants of his own thickly populated parish to turn their eyes towards the colonies, she felt they were fellow-workers in the same cause.

It was a very pleasant evening: lady Pollen was highly amusing with her odd crack-brain stories, Lattimer was in good temper, Norah was not talkative, but smiling and cheerful, and Julian ready to play as long as any one would listen. After dinner "us and ours" and "absent friends" were drunk, and then Arthur ventured to propose, "The two married couples elect," and this turned out to be Lord Redgate and Caroline Everett, and Ford and his bride, who were to be married according to Arthur's account, the next day.

When they parted for the night, lady Pollen promised to bring down Eva and Norah to see Arthur's schools, which a future day she accordingly di[illegible] and Arthur again was introduced another morning by Eva to the emigration lady.

Well, so by degrees they kept on meeting and joining together in places of common interest, and becoming attached friends, but never talking about love, at least not directly; but I suppose they had ways of indicating the real state of things to each other, by other language than speech. For they neither seemed the most surprised, when they pressed each other's hands one morning, and found they were engaged. Old Lattimer was delighted, and it seemed altogether now a suitable and happy arrangement.

The two marriages, whose prosperity was toasted on Christmas-day, did take place the next morning; and as my readers are acquainted with most of the parties alluded to in the following letter, it may not be without interest.

TORQUAY, *Dec.* 30*th*, 1848.

I know that it is quite contrary to etiquette, to be sufficiently collected in one's honey-moon to write letters, but Georgy and I are so happy talking over all the little scenery of the recent event in our family, that it amuses us both writing to you about it. We began to think we should never be married at all. The settlement papers of Cary's marriage were so odiously troublesome. Georgy and I should not have waited for them, only that old Mrs. Mills was so ill, that Georgy did not like to leave her. The actual drama commenced on Christmas Eve, by the arrival late at night of a carriage and four at my little parsonage. I was sitting up waiting for it, with supper and a large fire ready. This was Redgate: he had left his two brothers at the Hall, and came on to put up with me. The next day we all went to Church, and Henry Burgoyne

preached. He is a very gentlemanly nice man. Tom was there too, he is rather slang, but George took him in hand, and managed to amuse him. That evening, Christmas evening, we had a large family party, of course it did not end without a little bit of sorrow, mother remembering that she was losing Cary. However Georgiana managed to sooth them in her way. (She is looking over me, and says she was not a bit of good.) Well, at length came the great day. George and Tom Burgoyne breakfasted at my house with Lord Redgate and me. You will understand me when I say George behaved beautifully; I could see what was going on, but he behaved nobly. (Georgiana says I am writing great nonsense, that George always does behave well). We had a great laugh at breakfast. Father having sent down some "Harry Gill" for Lord Redgate, who, of course, would not touch it. Tom insisted upon having it made into purl, and he and George drank it very comfortably. Lord Redgate was so nicely dressed, and behaved so well; he said he felt nervous, but he looked charmingly young and agreeable, and not a bit ill. I was as trim as my "sober grey" admitted, and I think looked happy at any rate. (Georgiana says I was much handsomer than Lord R., oh dear a me!) So at last, all the people were seen coming across the park, and we set off for the Church. Henry Burgoyne read the service. I need not say much about the dresses. Cary was very handsomely dressed, and looked a little queen. Georgiana was very tastily dressed, and looked the nicest person in the world. (She says she did not look any thing of the kind). Winter time is against marriage dresses: they both looked better afterwards. I think father was a little agitated, he gave such loud "Amens." Harvey's melancholy eyes were resting calmly on us, and I fancy he was trying to recollect all the historical marriages that have ever taken place. George prayed hard all the time. (Georgiana says I ought not to have been looking round.) At length it was over, and we all went to the Hall, Lord Redgate in his own, and we in father's carriage. Then we had breakfast, and the brides went to put on their travelling dresses. Cary looked such a little Russian princess in her furs, and though she was in tears, was, I believe really, supremely happy, hanging on Lord R.'s arm, who looked very nice in a large cloak. They went off first, and got down to Redgate that evening by the Railway. Georgiana, who was very comfortable in thick shawls, cried a little too, but it was too cold for poor old Mr. and Mrs. Mills to leave home, and having a marriage at their house, would have fussed the dear old things to death, so as Georgiana was not leaving any home at that particular time, she soon left off crying. We got as far as Bath that night, and the next day came on here.

We like this place, it is so mild and pleasant, and we talk of Emily, gravely but not sadly, because we know she is happy. We have walked together in Tor churchyard, and seen her tomb. There is nothing melancholy in death when it is so irradiated with hope, and now so softened by time. We were very sorry you could not

come down to Norbourn, but I suppose Christmas week is a difficult one for you London clergy to get away. Go on and prosper, Arthur, I know we shall hear of you. I only wish you were married. We are going to carry out your plans most vigorously when we get back. Georgiana is a famous hand with the poor. (She says I exaggerate very much). George is going to America for a few months. Father is very glad of it, and thinks it will expand his mind, and divert it a little from horses and cricket, and so on. Please look after Harvey in town; it is no use thwarting his tastes, because they are too deep-rooted, but he is very clever, and I think could be gradually brought round by a genial person like yourself, to see that the application of knowledge is the great point after all. His industry is extraordinary. Georgiana sends her very kind regards, and with my warmest remembrances, believe me, your old

FRED.

## CHAPTER IX.

ARTHUR's house in the narrow street was large but a little gloomy; it required nice, cheerful furniture, to enliven it and set it off. The rooms had a great deal of wood-work about them, all of them were half pannelled, and one, downstairs, entirely so throughout. This was handsome, but heavy, and it required taste and management, as Arthur's income of course could not afford pictures and mirrors, to choose such furniture as would relieve the somewhat oppressive solemnity. The staircase was ample and flowing: its balustrades massive, and ending at the bottom, as massive balustrades are wont, in a whirl round, as if the moment they touched the hall floor, they had been caught in a current. Outside, there were cressets mounted on the high iron railings, and a fixed extinguisher for putting out links—all reminding of days when the house was in higher life, and when many a pretty girl, perhaps, had started from its door, in her chair, for some fashionable dream. Many pleasant days were spent in making this house comfortable.

Baron Chester gave Eva a piano, and Arthur a handsome picture by Etty, which was hung up in the pannelled room. Old Chester, who was delighted with the announcement of Arthur's new prospects, and had come up to town, assisted greatly with his artistic taste in choosing colors for sofas and curtains and carpets. Norah worked a beautiful piece of worsted work for a *pric dieu*, and some of the ladies on the heath, whom Eva knew, sent her tasty little presents. So at last the hard, respectable old house relented, and began to look hearty and cheerful: he was not perhaps quite so well to do in the world as he had been, but he was in better spirits, and had more soul about him.

At length matters having been sufficiently settled, a morning in June was fixed upon for the wedding day. It was a Midsummer marriage by the accidents of the season, but it was so too, in the fact, that the spring of both their lives was in a measure past. We cannot deny the prerogatives of youth: who can look back and disbelieve in that glorious deli-

rium of hope and promise, and ambition? Who can forget the strong-winged thoughts soaring through eternity; who can forbear to sigh that those splendid dreams of passion return no more?

We must not belie our memories.

Well, this had gone from them. But they knew what they were doing now: they were not lightly pledging vows and joining hands. Their hearts were knit together by triple chords, and time and death would not avail to unloose them.

A great change in life, and marriage is so at any time; cannot fail to throw upon the soul, as it approaches, a shadow.

Eva felt this the day before her marriage, and she asked Norah to come out for a walk—Julian to escort them.

They went to Kensal Green. And so walking in that beautiful place, where there is no gloom, no infidelity—such a spot as Christian dead—those who are committed to the ground in HOPE, and whose Lord lay in a garden—should repose in,—so walking they came upon two tombs, those of Alban and aunt Hesther—a wounded heart and a mistaken spirit.

The fern grew thick around the stone on which Alban's name was written. Eva stood for a minute, and as she flung a flower on the slab, her eyes filled with tears, but they were chastened tears now, and such tears would have stood in Arthur's eyes too had he been present.

Poor Alban, a few mistakes, a little misapprehension, opportunity, temptation, and how many of us would have been like thee!

The wedding day dawned. There was a good deal of bustle in the little house at Hampstead.

About 7 o'clock a carriage filled with six little girls, bounding with life and excitement, and as gay as flower and ribbon could make them, arrived. These were the lady-birds who were to be Eva's brides-maids. Their ingress created some confusion, as they simultaneously made an attack on the sweet part of the breakfast, which was prettily laid out in the little dining room. Mr. Lattimer was obliged to keep guard, and he had rather a lively time of it, for as soon as they found that their depredations were prohibited, they added loud laughter to their attacks, and dividing into parties, performed very brisk sallies on different sides of the table. Lady Pollen was trying to make Sir Julian look smart, and it was a very difficult task. His coat always seemed as if it could not surmount the shoulder, and the tie of his neck handkerchief would go round towards his ear. He also exhibited the solecism of shoes. But he had a pleasing face, and this morning was less dreamy than usual; and when his mother was arranging his hair, he made a sudden duck, and effecting his escape, dashed off a Mazurka on the piano, (he had put up an instrument of his own at Norah's house) which made the rooms ring again, and brought all the lady-birds, first timorously, and then boisterously, about him.

At eight o'clock two hired coaches arrived, one of which conveyed Norah, Julian and the lady-birds, and the other Eva, Mr. Lattimer, and Lady Pollen, towards Hampstead Church. Fred. Everett was to perform

the ceremony: Baron Chester—very much looked after by the verger, who knew all the Bench by sight,—old Mr. Chester and Delafield were the only other persons present. Arthur was looking well and happy. Eva was simply dressed, she wore a wreath, from under the back of which a veil fell on her shoulders. She stood erect as in the old time, but with a sweet expression on her face. After the service, Arthur and she returned in the Baron's carriage, and the rest got home as they could. There was a neat little breakfast, in which the no-longer-prohibited lady-birds took great delight; and a few graceful words of speech by the Baron afterwards, responded to equally well by Arthur. Then there was a general move. Their inexorable daily tasks demanded the Baron, Delafield, and Mr. Lattimer; and Arthur and Eva had a long journey before them: they were going to Lindenstowe. Eva's parting with Norah was very affectionate, they had struggled together, and this greatly endears people to each other. Arthur had been admitted to the annuity scheme, and he was to earn something by his pen or in some way, (it was all to be *earned)* towards the instalments.

Mr. Chester had written to provide an open carriage at the Railway station nearest his cottage, so that they would have no trouble.

The old man stood at the door, and blessed them as they drove off.

It was evening as they approached Lindenstowe: Eva had heard so much of the place, she was quite eager to see it. The tower of the Church was visible now, and at the next corner the form of old Martin, who, to prevent mistakes, had hoisted his hat on a stick to mark the house. Honest Flant too was standing in the road to make his bow, and as they pulled up at the gate, Mrs. Scrimshaw was discovered divided by a liburnum, behind which she was vainly trying to hide.

Then they stood on the lawn alone; the solemner old Church, and the silent sleepers at its foot, and flower and shrub around, and the charities of the evening hour—all spoke of gentleness and peace. And they felt that their hearts were in unison with the design of the world.

PAUL BENISON.

END OF LINDENSTOWE.

## DIRGE.

Peace hath her battles, far
Nobler than those of war,—
  So runs the story—
Nor in campaigns alone
Has human valour won
  Worship and glory.

This, too, was manifest
In one who sank to rest
  Since this moon's birth-day;
We standing o'er his tomb,
Called it a day of gloom—
  Doubtless his mirthday—

How, when the fight began
Waxed the inspired man,
  Counting his forces!
Be not such hopeful mould
Counted as overbold
  Sacred its source is.

Omens of victory
Stood in his fervent eye
  Like Alexander's,
When on Granicus' banks
He viewed the battle-ranks
  Of his commanders.

Fallen in a distant fight,
Like a crusader knight,
  Shall we deplore him?
Who, in the Halls of God
Feasts among those who trode
  That way before him.

H. G. K.

# Selections and Translations.

## FABLIAUX.

### The Land of Cockaigne.*

Listen, all ye who are present, for ye ought to be friendly disposed towards me, and to honour me as your father. One thing may you know of a truth, that wisdom does not consist in a long beard. If the bearded alone had sense, a large share would fall to the lot of the he-goats. Never aspire to a long beard, for many wear it who have no sense at all. Young men sometimes have sense enough.

I went once upon a time to the Apostle of Rome,† and besought him to enjoin me a penance. Then he sent me to a land where I beheld many marvels. Hear now how fare the people who dwell in that country. I believe it to be more blessed and fortunate than all lands. The name of it is Cockaigne. The more one sleeps there, the more one gains. He who sleeps till mid-day gains five sous and a half. All the houses are built of barbel, salmon, and shad. The rafters are sturgeons, the roofs are of bacon, and the shingles of sausages. Many exquisite things are there in that land, for all the cornfields are hedged round with roast meats and short bones. Through the streets go fat geese, roasting and turning themselves, and close after them follows the white garlic sauce. And I tell you that every where, in all the roads and ways, you find tables set out, and white cloths laid upon them. Here you may eat and drink as much as you please without molestation; without let or hindrance every one takes whenever he desires, one fish, and another, flesh. If you wished to load a wagon, you would have it in your power, meat of deer or of flying bird—who likes it roasted, who likes it boiled—nor is there any reckoning to pay, for after eating they do not make out a bill as in this country. It is a well known fact that in that happy land there flows a river of wine. Glasses and goblets of gold and silver are there in plenty. The river, of which I speak, is red wine half-way—the best that you can find in Beaune or beyond the sea: the other half is white wine, the choicest that ever grew in Auxerre, Rochelle, and Tonnerre, and whoever chooses may take as much as he will, and where he will without fear or offence, nor need he ever pay any thing. The

* C'est li Fabliaus de Coquaigne. In 186 lines. The *Schlaraffenland* of the Germans. The idea probably originated in a small but particularly fertile district of Lanquedoc. So many different derivations have, however, been found for the word Coquaigne, or Cocagne, that it is very evident nothing is known about it. The present fabliau was composed in the first half of the 14th century.

† The Pope.

people there are not avaricious, but generous and courteous.

Six weeks are there in every month, and four Easters in every year, and four feasts of St. John, and four vintages, and every day is holiday and a Sunday, four All-Saints, four Christmases, four Candlemases, and four Carnivals. Lent comes only once in twenty years, and then it is so pleasant to fast, for you have every thing you wish. From morning till evening every one eats what Heaven gives him, flesh or fish, or other thing, and there is no one to cry him—Nay. There is no one so high or so low as to take any trouble about making money. Three times a week there falls a shower of hot cakes, from which neither long-haired nor bald ever turn aside, but they gather them at their pleasure. And so plentiful is money that purses full of coppers lie about the fields, and gold and silver pieces are found for nothing. Every thing is for nothing. No one either buys or sells. The women are most beautiful, dames and damsels. Every man takes whom he will, and no one is offended. Every one obliges his neighbour, and so polite are the drapers, that every month they distribute, willingly and with cheerful mien, robes of diverse fashions. There are robes of brown, of scarlet, and of violet cloths, of good substance, silks, and Alexandrine silks, striped and dark colored stuffs. Such a variety is there that each chooses to suit his own taste; one, blue, another, grey, and who likes fur, takes ermine. So fortunate is that land that the shoemakers cannot be esteemed niggardly, for they are so liberal, that they bestow for nothing shoes and buskins well made. Who likes may have them, handsome, tight to the foot, and fitting neatly. If you wanted three hundred pairs at once, or even more, you could have them, such are the cordwainers there.

There is yet another marvel, the like of which you never heard. There is here the fountain of youth, which makes people grow young again; and many other such things. No man or woman is there so old or withered, so bald or gray-haired, as not to return to the age of thirty as soon as they have tasted of that fountain. For ever do they enjoy youth who inhabit that country, and foolish indeed is he who, having once been able to enter it, seeks to leave it. This I can judge from my own knowledge. Silly do I repute myself, and so, in truth, I am, in that I ever removed from that land. But I came hither to seek my friends in order to lead them thither with myself. And now I cannot find the road I left, or any other path. Since I cannot return, I must be content to stay here. However, one thing I will tell you. Take care, when you are well off, not to change for any cause, lest mishap befal you also, for I have many a time heard a proverb that says,—

> Qui bien est, qu'il ne se remueve,
> Qui li gaains seroit petis;

and so does this Fabliau clearly teach us.

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## The Judgment of Love.*

Not a little courtesy and valour had he in his breast who composed the tale that I am about to relate to you. In the prologue he forbids those who may know these verses to repeat them to poltroons. To churls and braggarts one must not speak of love—but only to Knights and Clerks, for they can rightly esteem it, and to debonair maiden whom it doth much

* Ci commence de Florance et de Blanche Flor, *alias* Judgement d'Amour. In 348 lines. This tale was composed about the year 1230, and was translated into German by Conrad Flecke, under the title of "Floss und Blank Floss."

concern. One summer's morning two damsels of high worth entered a garden to divert themselves. They were both of a proud spirit, of great beauty, and of gentle blood. In mantles they were wrapped, which two Fairies had wrought in an island —no vulgar toil was theirs, nor did they ever work in wools. The warp was flowers of gladiolus, the woof of roses, the borders of blossoms, and the flaps of loves. Skilfully worked were the pockets, and attached to the music of birds. Seeking recreation in the garden, they passed by a hill and came to a valley, where a stream gently glided through the bushes. Here they admired the hues that reminded them of their loves, and then they sat them down beneath an olive tree that was planted near the walk. Outspake one of them like a wise and generous maiden, and she told her mind freely, being in private with her companion.

"Though we should not refuse to a true lover the privilege of embracing us and of rejoicing with us, never should we permit what is wrong. Let us be on our guard, that none may ever chatter about us. As long as the tree is in leaf, it is loved and held dear; but when the leaf is on the fall, much of its beauty has it lost: so is it with us maidens. When our beauty begins to fade, no matter how high our parentage, we fall into neglect."

The other replied; "You speak well. Far rather would I have honour than great possessions."

Thus pleasantly did they pass the day in wise and foolish discourse, and they talked of what was nearest to their heart. Had they been sisters they could not have been better matched. But before the day had closed, bitter was the dispute between them. Their friendship was broken up and deprived of its truthfulness by one little difference that alienated their minds. The one was named Blanche Flor, so that she could not refrain from love, and the other was called Florance. The dispute began thus.

The latter asked Blanche Flor very gently and without heat: "Tell me, my friend, you who are so fair and graceful, to whom have you given your true and loyal heart. You ought not to conceal from me your love."

Then she turned pale and vermillion on account of a lover who was noble and handsome, and courteously she replied—for no way clownish was she in speech, but she spoke with syren's lips and said; "I will tell you, my friend, to whom I have given my love, my beauty, and my heart. A Clerk courteous, loyal, and good, has received the gift of my heart. Very fair indeed is he, but his worth excels his beauty. I cannot tell you of all his goodness and courtesy."

The other answered; "Much do I marvel that you should have accepted such advice, for badly counselled you must have been to give your love to a Clerk. My lover is generous and fair. When he goeth to a tournament and unhorses a Knight, he presents me with the steed. Knights are of great price. They bear away from all others the palm, the praise, and the honour. Poor creature, renounce then thy folly. How canst thou love this school Clerk, this miserable, this silly, this close-cropt, this crown-shaven gallant?"

Blanche Flor replied in great wrath; "Maiden, it is base and low-born of you thus to inveigh against my lover. But since you love a Knight you are more foolish than I, and I will tell you why. Knights are very miserable creatures when they go to tournaments. No bread have they to eat if they do not pledge their charger, their shield, or their haubert. I will openly prove before all the world that Clerks are to be esteemed before all other folk, for they know more of courtesy."

Florance would not acknowledge this, but answered hastily and said; "It shall not stop here as you imagine, I assure you. I summon you to appear within fifteen days before

the Court of the God of Love—thither will we repair for judgment." And the other maiden readily assented. No further converse then did they hold, but they went forth out of the garden, and each returned to her home. At last the day came round which they had named, and nothing was left them but to go into Court. Then they rose up in haste and attired themselves very richly. Costly and beautiful were their garments—the like had never been seen. Their tunics were of pure roses, with girdles of violets, which the loves had worked for recreation. Their shoes were of yellow flowers, and their hats of fresh eglantine to smell the sweeter. When they had thus arrayed themselves, they mounted two palfreys whiter than snow, and gorgeous was their harness. The bits were of massive gold; of pure amber were the bridles; and the breast-pieces were of no common description. Bells had they of gold and silver which, by love's enchantment, ever emitted a different sound. Never since the world began was there a song of bird to compare with those little bells. No man was there, however sick he might be, that as soon as he heard this melody was not made whole again. The saddles were not of wood, but of ivory inlaid with gold, beautifully arranged in squares. The flaps were exquisitively wrought, not stuffed with pea-straw, but filled with violets—more rich than I can describe, or than you would imagine. And the housings were of silk.

When they had ridden a long way and it was now past mid-day, they came in sight of the tower and the palace, not built of stone, where dwelt the God of Love, who was disporting himself on a bed of roses. The shingles were well carved, fastened with cloves, very elegant and skilfully turned. The rafters were of sycamore, and the walls were made of the bows with which the God shoots. At the same time I must tell you that the door is never closed, and yet no base-born churl dare pass within, unless he bear the signet of Love.

Here then arrived the two maiddens. Beside the hall they alighted, under a pine that grew in a meadow. Soon flew two birds, who conducted them straight to the palace where dwelt the God of Love. And when he beheld them, he at once rose up and gracefully saluted them. And he took them both by the hand, and made them sit down beside him, and asked: "For what purpose are you come from so far?"

Blanche Flor, who possessed much wit, and who had been smitten with love for the Clerk, answered and said: "Sir, I will tell you. The day before yesterday being a fine May morning, we went together into a garden, and talked of diverse things, until I happened to say, what I still think, that Clerks are more courteous and more worthy to be loved than Knights or Squires. But she with malice maintained that Clerks are not to be compared with Knights. Therefore are we come to seek for judgment."

The King briefly replied: "I will call together all my Barons, and we will hear the truth concerning this matter." Then he assembled his Court, and explained to them the dispute and said: "Do not at all conceal from me which of the two are more worthy to have a mistress, the Knights or the Clerks."

First spoke the Sparrow-Hawk. "Sire, I will tell you all about it, for well do I know the laws of Love, and I say that the Knights are more courteous than the Clerks." But the Lark answered: "You lie, sir Sparrow-Hawk. Never did Knight afford pleasure or joy like a Clerk, when he has a mistress." The Falcon started to his feet—"By my head, you lie, dame Lark. It cannot be that either Clerk or Priest knows as much about it as other folk." "You lie too openly, sir Falcon," retorted the Lark. "I declare before all the Barons, that a high-born love would be better placed in a Clerk than in a Knight, or Duke, or King." "You lie, by my faith, dame Lark," cried

the Jay. "Before all people that exist the Knights are the most courteous, and well do they understood all the usages of love. Clerks ought not to love, but should only ring bells and pray for souls, while brave Knights love dames."

Then rose up the Nightingale and said: "Sirs, listen to me. The Loves make me their counsellor. In full court dare I pronounce judgment. According to my thoughts and feelings will I speak. I assert that no one in the round world can accuse the Clerks of failing to afford pleasure and contentment. Before you all I will maintain it; and if any one gainsay me, I will prove it in battle, and will combat body to body." On this the Parrot sprang forward and exclaimed: "Sirs, hear him, hear him. I say that the Nightingale lies. I am ready to do battle with him, I will take him, dead or alive." Then he threw down his gage and the King took it, and the Nightingale also handed his gauntlet to the King to confirm the battle, and they armed themselves without delay. Of passion-flowers were their husbands, their gambesons of marigolds, their visors were fastened with flowers, and their swords were the throns of the rose.

The Nightingale spoke first: Hardy courageous, and proud: Dan Popinjay* I defy thee—and I tell thee of a truth, that I will smite thee close at hand if thou dost not cover thyself right well, and I will drive the life out of thy body." Then he drew his sword and ran at him, and smote him so rudely on the helmet that he all astonied him. But the other rendered him in return such a blow on the casque that he broke the circle, and of a certainty would have slain him had not love sustained him. And the Nightingale in great fury grappled with him, and dragged him to and fro, and forced him to the ground. In vain he struggled to get the uppermost, but he could not raise himself. Then he saw that his wrong was against him. "Sir," said he, "take my sword. You have won the combat. I avow and confess that the Clerks are valiant and courteous, and more worthy to be loved than Knights or aught other under the sun. And thus I deliver up my sword."

On that the King made them rise from off the ground, for he beheld Florance weeping, and tearing her hair, and ringing her hands. And she cried aloud—"Oh God! Death! Death!" Then thrice she swooned away, and the fourth time she died. And all the birds were gathered together, and they buried her with great pomp. In a rich coffin they laid her, and over her head placed a stone, and covered it with flowers, and engraved on it these two verses,

> Ici est Florance enfoïe†
> Qui au Chevalier fu amie.

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# The Wife of Orleans.‡

I WILL tell you a pleasant adventure of a citizen's wife born and brought up at Orleans. Her husband came from Amiens, an exceedingly rich commoner. Of trade and usury he knew all the points and turns and what he once got into his hands he held fast. Into the town there came four strange clerks. Fat and comely were they, for theirs was no meagre fare. Much were they esteemed by those with whom they lodged. One of them, who was of portly figure, greatly fre-

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* In the original *Papegaud*, which literally signifies a wooden figure of a bird intended as a mark to be shot at—a popinjay.

† Buried—in modern French *enseveli*.

‡ De la Borgoise d'Orliens. In 248 lines. The Translation has been necessarily abridged.

quented the house of this merchant. Very courteous he was, and without any pride or pomp, and his company was agreeable to the dame. So much did he come and go, that the husband thought to himself, that if he could only find him out, he would teach him a pleasant lesson. In his house dwelt his niece, whom he had brought up. Privately he took her aside, and promised to give her a new gown, if she would spy out this affair, and would tell him the truth of it.

The scholar so pressed the dame to gratify his desire, that she at length consented, and the wench overheard them devise their plot. To her uncle she straightway repaired, and recounted to him what had passed. They had agreed that the dame should acquaint her gallant when her lord went abroad, and that he should station himself at the door of the garden that was kept locked, and that she should meet him there as soon as the night fell. When the merchant learnt this, he was well content, and went forthwith to his wife and said, "Dame, I am constrained to go away on account of my business. In my absence take care of the house, my dear friend, as it becomes a prudent wife. Nothing do I know of my return." "Sir," she replied, "willingly will I do so."

Then he gave his orders to his wagoners, and said that to gain time he should lodge that night three leagues from home. The dame perceived not his guile, but acquainted the clerk. Her husband thinking to surprise them, made his people go to rest, while he himself hastened back to the door of the garden just as night was mingling with the day. Ere long the dame came to meet him, opened the door, and received him with open arms, deeming he was her lover, but her wishes misled her. "You are indeed welcome," said she. He refrained from answering aloud, and returned her greetings in a low tone. Through the garden they proceeded together, but he kept his head alway bent downwards. Then the dame peeped beneath his hood, and recognised her husband, and she resolved to deceive him in her turn. Women are too much even for Argus, and by their cunning have the wisest been taken in ever since the time of Abel. "Much doth it please me, sir," she said, "to hold you in my arms, and to possess you. Come along without fear, and I will place you privately in a chamber of which I have the key. There you must wait patiently till our people have supped, and when all are gone to rest I will bring you out." "Dame, you have well spoken," he replied, but little did he guess what she had in reserve for him. One thing thinks the ass, and quite another thing the driver.

When the dame had locked him up, so that he could not get out, she returned to the door of the garden, and there she found her gallant. Warmly she embraced him, and conducted him to her room. Here she begged him to remain a little while, until she had given the folks their supper. Then she descended to the hall and hastened on the meal. And when they had all eaten and drank enough, she called her household around her, and spake as follows—two nephews had her lord, and a lad who carried the water, with three handmaidens and the niece—"Sirs, listen to my words. You have seen a clerk frequently come to this house, who never would let me rest in peace. So long did he persecute me, that I have thirty times forbidden him to speak to me of love. But when I saw that he did not amend, I promised to fulfil his desires the first time my lord went away from his home. Well, he is now away, and my tormentor holds to his covenant. At an appointed hour he came, and is even now awaiting me in a certain chamber. Now, I will give you a measure of the best wine in the house if you will avenge me on him. Go and thrash him soundly with a good stick, whether standing or lying on the ground. Give him

so much that never again shall he trouble himself to tempt a respectable woman."

When they heard this, they all rushed out—not one lagged behind. One grasps a cudgel, another a pole, and another a huge round stake. Then the dame handed them the key, and bade them not to spare him, or let him escape from the room. So they threw him on the ground, and held him so tightly by the hood, that he could make no noise. Not niggardly were they of their blows, but heartily they belaboured him. In turns they laid on one after the other. Naught it availed him to cry for mercy. Then they dragged him out like a dead dog, and flung him on the top of a rubbish-heap; and they returned to the house and drank their fill of good wine, the best in the cellar, both white and Anvergnois, just as if they had been kings.

The dame on her part took cakes and wine, and white linen napkins, and a tall wax flambeau, and all night made merry with her lover. Meanwhile her husband crawled off the rubbish-heap, and went, as best he could, to where he had left his people. When they saw him so bruised and beaten, much were they grieved and astonied, and they asked him how he fared. "Ill in truth do I fare; but bear me back to my house, and question me no more." Then they rose up in haste and made no delay, but greatly was he comforted and cheered that he had found his wife so loyal and true. He cared not an egg for his sufferings, but resolved to cherish her tenderly as soon as he recovered. To his home thus he came back, and the dame made him hot fomentations of choice herbs, and cured him of all his pains, and then inquired what had befallen him. "Dame," he replied, "I was constrained to pass a perilous spot, and all my bones were well nigh broken." Then they of the household related to him the adventure of the Clerk. "By my head," he exclaimed, "she has acquitted herself like a wise and prudent woman." Never, afterwards, in all her life-time did he reprove or mistrust her, nor did she refrain from enjoying the company of her gallant, until he returned to his own country.

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## The Breeches.*

I wish to apply my understanding to the writing of a Ditty,† about an adventure that happened at Orleans. He who gave me the materials vouched for their genuineness. It fell out, as I have heard say, that a Clerk‡ loved a citizen's dame, who was witty and courteous, and full of guile. To a woman of this kind, who wishes to love *par amours*, it is

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* Les Braies au Cordelier. In 356 lines. A few passages have been entirely omitted in the translation.

† The *dit* or *dictié* generally conveyed a moral, and in most cases were slightly didatic.

The *Lais* was usually a recital of adventures, with the purpose of applauding some good, or of setting forth with reprehension some bad quality.

The *Complaintes* were a species of elegy.

The *Chanson, Conte*, or *Fabliau*, was constructed in rhyme for the purpose of recitation; and the reciter of pieces not originally composed by himself was called a *Jougleor*, and received for his trouble his supper and a bed. The present tale is strictly speaking a *fabliau* and not a *dit*, or ditty.

The *Servantois*, or *Sirvente*, was usually of a supplicatory nature addressed to the Virgin, or to a Knight's lady love in wrath.

*Ballades* and *Virelais* consisted of three couplets, with a burden at the end of each.

The *Vau de Vire*, or *Vau de Ville*, is ascribed to Olivet Basselin, a native of Vire, born about 1360.

‡ Clerks, *clerici*, were men of education who had received the tonsure, but without taking holy orders. They were naturally in favor with the ladies owing to their courteous and polished manners, and their superior attainments, compared with the *preux chevaliers* of those times.

needful to know how to twist and turn and double, in order to screen herself. She must be able to tell a lie at the right time to cover her shame. The citizen's wife, of whom I speak, was well read in this lore, like one whom love had often bound in his toils. Greatly did she affect the company of a certain clerk. The husband, who suspected nothing of the bold spirit of his dame, said one evening, after supper, that without fail she must awaken him before the dawn, and that she must not oversleep herself if she loved him, for at the break of day he must start for Meun, on the Loire, where there was a market and a fair. Much did his wife rejoice when she heard the orders of her lord. Straightway she sent word to the Clerk to keep watch that night, and to hold himself in readiness to slip in as soon as her good man had gone out.

So the citizen laid him down to rest, but the dame was wide awake, and impatient to rouse him at the earliest hour. When he awoke, she said to him—"Arise, fair sir. Truly sorrowful am I that we should have slept so long. I know of a truth that you have tarried too long, and hardly will you arrive at Meun in time for the fair." Then he rose up, and quickly dressed himself, and made ready. From his house he went forth, and his wife accompanied him to the street door. Then the good man hastened on, for much need had he to travel. Not far from thence had he gone, when the Clerk crossed his threshold, for not a wink had he slept that night, the better to watch. So the citizen went straight to call up his neighbour, who was to go with him, and he called aloud; "Up, up, fair friend. By all the Saints, too long have we slept, for fools may we hold ourselves. Before we reach Meun it will be nigh mid-day." And the other replied; "Comrade, are you mad? You cannot be in your senses to wander forth at such an hour. Fair friend, so aid me heaven, and guard me from all harm, it is not yet mid-night." "Comrade," cried he in astonishment, "do you say sooth?" And the other answered; "I say you sooth, by St. Richier." "I shall go then," said he, "and lie down again."

So he returned and came to his own house, and knocked at the door, and called aloud. "Diex! what bad news is this?"* cried the dame. "Fair sweet friend, by my soul my husband is at the door. We are truly in an evil plight. The devils must have brought him back so soon. Would they had broken all his bones first!" Meanwhile the citizen ceased not to shake the door and to shout, "Up, quick, get up!" Then the Clerk concealed himself, together with all his clothes, except his breeches, which he forget. The good man at length got in and went to lie down. His wife pretended to be asleep. He called her by name, but well she counterfeited the deaf, for very artful was she. Then he laid himself down beside her, but she sprang out of bed without saying a word, as if she were mad, and at the top of her voice began to cry, "St. Mary! help! help! I am a dead woman if you have not pity on me! Who are you that have entered my bed? None but my lord shall ever share it with me."

Fearful was the citizen lest she should go out of her mind, and he spake to her in soothing words. "Most fair, most sweet, and dearest wife, for heaven's sake be not alarmed. I am your loyal mate, and no other is beside you." But she denied and said, "Foully do you lie, for my lord is out of the town. Get you gone. or, by St. Giles, I will make such a rout, that all the neighbourhood will come to me." "Dame," he replied, "you are a wise and virtuous wife; but certes you awoke me too soon, for it is not yet past midnight. I pray you be not annoyed that I have returned." "Sir," she exclaimed, "truly am I amazed that I did not before recognise you. A sad noise

* Pesme Novele, *pessimæ novellæ.*

have I made, and a fool do I deem myself." Then she laid down beside him and embraced him and said; "Fair sir, pardon me that I did not at once know you. Of a surety I should not then have sprung out of bed. But in truth I was in great fear, nor need you wonder at it. No longer, however, keep awake, but sleep if you be wise."

And he, being well content to do so, slept until break of day. Then without delay he dressed and made himself ready, and his wife commended him to all good Saints. But little knew she of the mischance that had befallen. Her husband had taken the breeches of the Clerk, nor did he himself observe it. And the Clerk came softly out of his hiding place and said. "Fair dame, I must now go forth in haste. He who loves 'paramours' ought to conceal his love. Therefore do I desire to go away thus early, that the neighbours may not see me issue* from your door." "Fair friend, you speak the truth," she replied, "such is my opinion also." Then she kissed him on the mouth and on the cheek, and he took up the breeches that were lying there and exclaimed—"These are not mine, but your husband's." Sorrowful and dismayed was the dame when she heard these words. But she rose out of the bed, and gave the Clerk a new and well-made pair, and she besought him for the love he bore her to give all his outer garments. This he readily agreed to do, and dressed himself in a suit belonging to the good man. After that they exchanged kisses, and he took his leave.

Now the dame was full of tricks, and as wily as a fox. As soon as it was broad daylight, she went to a Franciscan Friar and confessed to him all that had passed, and prayed him to aid her. "How can I do so, dame?" he asked. "Only tell my lord when he comes to you," she replied—for he will deem me a wanton—that you had lent me your breeches to place under my pillow, for that I had dreamed of a truth, that if I had in my bed the breeches of a Franciscan Friar, I should surely conceive. Sir, say to my lord that such was my belief." Then he cheerfully promised to do so with a hearty good will, and the dame returned home relieved and easy in mind.

Meanwhile the citizen had arrived at Meun,† and I know not how many more with him. Having brought his business to an end, he went to break his fast, and when he came to pay the reckoning‡ he thought to take out his money, but found only the writing case, the parchment, the pens, and the knife, belonging to the Clerk. Little was he short of going mad, for he judged of a certainty that his wife had played him false. So he straight turned back to his own house, greatly amazed and confused at what had happened. And when he saw his wife, he cried aloud; "By my head, dame, I have found you out." The dame who was bold and not easily abashed, spoke out hardily; "Do not bear anger in your heart. I know what is the matter with you, but do not yet understand the truth of what you have found. Soon will I prove to you that I am not to blame, so be not troubled in your mind, but come with me into my chamber." Then he followed her, and she told him all as she had before planned it, and he took off the Clerk's breeches and put on his own. And she besought him to go to the Convent, and ask for a certain Franciscan. And when the Friar, who had agreed to save the dame from open shame, heard the other call for him, he began to laugh; but nevertheless he arose and drew the other aside, and whispered in his ear all that had been concerted.

* *Issir;*—Latin *exire*

† A little town on the Loire, about four leagues from Orleans,

‡ In the original *escot*, and in modern French *écot;* hence the English word "Scot" as "Scot and lot," "scot free, &c."

Greatly then did the citizen rejoice, and, when he had returned to his home, he promised his wife never again to suspect her.

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## St. Peter and the Juggler.*

Many years ago there was a dissolute fellow at Sens, whose name I have forgotten, nor does it much matter, who gained a scanty and precarious livelihood by jugglery and sleight of hand. If perchance he earned at any time a few pence by his expertness, he lost not a moment in squandering them with the loose companions one meets with in taverns of the worst description. The consequences of such a life were to be seen in his threadbare garments, his coat out-at-elbows, and his shoes full of holes. At times he was so reduced as to be obliged to part with, or to pledge, the very instruments on which he depended for his daily food. But little he risked of his outer man, provided only he could find means to indulge his favorite passion. Crowned with a garland of green leaves, like a Bacchanalian of the olden times, he might be seen day after day hanging about the lowest pot houses, or rattling the dice-box within. He loved not, however, fighting, or drunken brawls and no man's enemy was he but his own. People therefore gladly welcomed him, and few passed him without a friendly greeting, for his easy good humoured disposition caused him to be more pitied than despised.

But even the life of pleasure must have an end. So he also died and was buried. Now it happened that a lazy good-for-nothing imp, who had been wandering to and fro at least a month without success, was passing at that moment. He therefore instantly pounced upon the escaping soul, and made his prize. No saint or angel appeared to oppose him, for the poor juggler had no friends in the earth or out of it. Thus the exulting demon made away with his booty. His companions, who left the infernal regions at the same time with himself, had enjoyed far better sport, and they returned to their master with well filled bags. One brought in a tempting lot of jolly priests; another had gleaned the convents and monasteries, and poured out his fattened monks and naught-denying nuns; a third had not feared to grapple with puissant lords and belted knights; while thieves, bishops, and burgesses were thrown down in heaps by the others. Lucifer grinned with delight when he beheld the goodly crop. "In truth, sirs," said he, "I see that you have not been idle, and yet methinks you are not all returned." "Fair sir," they replied, "one only is missing—a poor stupid devil, who never entraped any thing." While they were yet speaking, the laggard came in sight, leisurely, carrying on his back the shivering soul of our friend the juggler. It would be hard to say who was the worst clad, the bearer or the borne. Curiously eying the bundle of rags, Lucifer thus addressed the mortal. "Vassal, hearken to my words. Wert thou a reveller, a traitor, or a thief?" "Nenny, may it please your Honour. I was a juggler, and I bring with me all the goods I ever possessed on earth. During my life time much did I suffer from cold, and many a harsh

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* De Saint Pierre et Du Jongleor, 418 lines. The *Jongleurs* were wandering minstrels who recited the poems of the Troubadours and Trouvères, and were usually looked upon in a very low light, though occasionally they sang verses of their own composition. The *Jongleor* of the present tale appears to have been a very sorry specimen of the class. In the translation I have taken great liberties with the original as it would otherwise have been quite unintelligible to most modern readers.

word was addressed to me because I was poor. But now that I am comfortably lodged here, I will sing to you if you please." Lucifer smiled disdainfully, and replied: "We have no time for singing here. Other work have we to do. As you seem so miserable and so wretchedly clad, you may attend to the fire beneath yon furnace where those souls are broiling." "Right gladly will I do so, fair sir, for much need have I to warm myself." Then he seated himself beside the fire, and piled on more fuel and heated the furnace to his heart's content.

Now it fell upon a day that the evil spirits were gathered together, for their master was preparing an expedition against the souls of men. Before setting out, he called the juggler to him and said: "Hearken to my words, friends. I commit to your safe-keeping all the souls you see before you. At your hands I shall require them and be assured that if one of them be missing on my return, I shall put out both your eyes, and then hang you by the throat." "Great, sir, replied the juggler, go forth without fear or doubt. Loyally will I guard your souls, and will return them to you without fail." "Then will I entrust them to you, rejoined Beelzebub. But remember that, if one escape, you will certainly be eaten up. At the same time I promise you that, if I find them all right when I return, you shall not want a juicy morsel of a fine fat roasted monk *à la sauce Usurier*, or, if you prefer it, *ā la sauce Debauché*."

After this Lucifer departed with all his hideous route, and the juggler remained behind to tend the fire, and in this he was by no means remiss. While he was setting before the furnace warming himself in its ruddy blaze, St. Peter entered Hell, disguised as a gentleman, and walked straight up to him. His bushy black beard was carefully tr mmed, and his moustaches were twisted and turned up in the extreme of fashion. In one he held a dice-box, which he rattled with an air of easy assurance as he sauntered up to the juggler, and seated himself beside him on the same bench. "Fair friend," said he in his most winning tone, "will you play? I have here three dice, and why should you not win a few of these broad pieces?" And at the same time he chinked the money in his purse. "Sir," replied the juggler, "I swear to you without deceit, that I have nothing in the world but one shirt; so pray, be off. I have not a silver groat left." Saint Peter rejoined; "Fair sweet friend, stake five or six of these souls." "Sir," cried the other, "I dare not; for, if I lost only one of them, my master would cruelly punish me, and would eat me up alive." "Who will tell him?" said the Saint. "He would never miss twenty of them. Look here. See how bright and true is this money. Come, gain these pieces from me. I will give you twenty sous if you will put these souls up at their worth."

When the juggler saw how rich he was, he longed to get hold of some of his pieces. So he took the dice and shook them, and said, "Let us play then for each spot a single soul." "Nay," answered Peter, "you are too timid—let it be two, and you shall choose them; it matters not to me whether they be dark or fair." "Be it so, then," quoth the juggler. "I am content," cried the Saint. "Stake your money then, devil, before we throw." "With all my heart, by Heavens!" Then they seated themselves at a low table in front of the furnace. "Throw you, first, juggler," said Peter. He threw only six. "Faith!" cried St. Peter, I have eight; four souls are mine." The juggler threw again three, two, and ace. "You have lost again," quoth the Saint. "Four before and two this time make six." Next throw Saint Peter got twelve. "Now you owe me ten. Verily my joy increases." "'Tis true, I have lost. Will you double the stakes?" "Willingly," answered the other. "And see—you owe twelve more." "Never before did such ill luck befal me; but come play me with four dice,"

"Friend, I will accede unto all your wishes. Let it be as you desire. Shall it be one throw, or the best of three?" "One is enough." St. Peter threw seventeen. Then the juggler threw. "You have lost," cried the Saint, "for I can count only fifteen." "'Tis true, and never did I see such luck. By all the Saints that are at home, I don't believe that you are a man, since you are able to place so well all your throws. Certes, you must have been a great cheat, seeing that you are still so full of guile, that you cannot help changing and turning the dice." When St. Peter heard these words, he waxed wroth, and answered in anger; "You lie, so help me G—— ; but it is the way with rogues, when they lose, to say that the dice are changed. You are a thief yourself, if you take me for a cheat. I have a great mind, by St. Marcel, to anoint your muzzle." "Of a truth," cried the other, who had listened with impatience, "you are a thief, sir greybeard, for you do not play fair. But I will take care that you don't walk off with all this money."

So saying he made a grab at the stakes, when St. Peter, without delay, seized him by the groin, and the money fell to the ground, for sore did it pain him. Then he caught St. Peter by the beard and pulled him towards himself, but the other rent his garments asunder, and much did it grieve him to see himself naked to the waist. Long did they drag each other about, and beat and scratched and kicked until the juggler perceived right well that his strength availed him nothing, and that he was not a match for his enemy, for if he struggled much longer, his clothes would be all torn off his back. So he cried aloud, "Sir, let us make peace. Well have we wrestled. Let us now play again in a friendly way, if thus it meet your pleasure and good will." Then St. Peter replied: "Much do I feel hurt that you blamed my play and called myself a thief." And he answered: "Sir, I spake foolishly. I am sorry for it. And truly you have wrought me much evil in that you have torn my garments into shreds. Do you then cry me quits, and I will you." "I consent," quoth Peter. And they kissed each other in pledge of good faith. "Friend," resumed the Saint, "you owe me sixteen souls." "'Tis true, by St. Germain. But let us go on, if it seem well to you. Let it be thrice or quits." "By Heaven, I accept," cried Peter, "but first tell me, fair sweet friend, will you pay me truly?" "Yes," said the other, most faithfully, "choose for yourself, knights, dames, canons, thieves, champions, or monks, freemen or base-born, priests, or chaplains." "Friend, you speak fair. Throw the dice without further dispute." This time the juggler had twelve, while St. Peter threw a five, a four, and a three. "Avoi! Avoi! cried he. If Jesus have not mercy on me, this last throw will put me to shame." Then the juggler threw two fives and a two, but St. Peter got two sixes and an ace. "Well indeed have I thrown," he shouted aloud, "for I have passed you a point." "Ah, see," groaned the other, "he has passed me a point. Never at any time was I fortunate, but always an unlucky, miserable, and unhappy creature, both here and on earth."

When the souls who were in the furnace understood that St. Peter had won, on all sides they cheered lustily. "Sir, we expect every thing from you, and your servants are we." "I am yours," cried the Saint, "and you are mine. To save you from this torment I staked all my money, and had I lost you would not now be going forth with me. As it is, before the night close in you shall all be in my company, if it please God." The juggler for a long time held his peace. At length he exclaimed; "Sir, there is no help for it, but to play quits or to lose all: my shirt as well as the souls." St. Peter again threw and won all the souls, and he drew them out of hell-fire and led them up to Paradise.

And their keeper remained all amazed and sorrowful and angry.

Just then the evil spirits returned, and when their lord had come into his mansion, and looked about on all sides, he saw no souls either before him or behind, or in the furnace. So he called the juggler and said; "Fellow, where are all the souls I left with you?" "Sir," he answered, "have pity on me, and I will tell you all. There came here an old man, and money he brought with him. Truly I thought to win it all. So we played, he and I. Greatly he wronged me, for he cozened the dice—the traitor, the cheat—and thus I lost all your people." When the master heard this, he hardly refrained from casting him into the fire. "Rogue and knave," he exclaimed, "thy jugglery has cost me dear. Let him step forward, who brought you here. By my head he shall answer for it." Then all flew at the unlucky wight who had brought him in, and they so beat, and pulled, and pushed, and evil entreated him, that he pledged his word never again to bring in rogue, or libertine, or juggler, or any other man who played at dice. And the master said to the minstrel: "Fair friend, leave my mansion. Ill befal thy jugglery, which has lost me my household. Get thee gone. I have no wish for such a servant. Never more will I have any thing to do with jugglers. Leave my house this instant." So he fled away apace, being chased out of Hell by the tyrants, and in his wanderings he came to Paradise. When St. Peter saw him from afar, he ran to open the door, and richly lodged him within. And they all feasted him, and made him merry according to their means, for no more did thy fear the torments of hell, since he lost them at dice.

# INDEX

TO THE

## First Six Numbers of Volume I.

[*It having been suggested that a whole year's issue of* SAUNDERS' MAGAZINE *could not be conveniently bound in one volume, the subjoined Index only refers to the first six numbers of Volume I. Our next issue will give an Index for the other six numbers, and Subscribers are recommended to instruct their bookbinders accordingly.*]

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# HEALTH FOR ALL!!!

THE time has now come when the public health in India must be more attentively considered with a view to its preservation and improvement. Notwithstanding the number of Medical Gentlemen employed in the Country, it is a well known fact that hundreds of our Countrymen are annually consigned to an early grave, or compelled to return to England with shattered constitutions; no class of people on earth are so physicked—aye—and physicked with *poison* too—and yet with hundreds of Doctors within the three Presidencies—and medicines innumerable—the mortality in India is greater than in any other of our Colonies. The average age to which persons live in this country is 40 years. Another startling fact is, that one-half of all the children born of European parents in India, die before they reach their fifth year, and in many unhealthy Stations a large portion of these die within the first year.

What can more clearly demonstrate the fact, that while the Residents in India have been physicked by a large standing Army of Doctors, they have not been taught the best mode of preserving their health. One truth must be clearly understood and consistently acted upon, namely, *that all the diseases to which the human frame is subject, arise from an impure state of the blood.* Let this vital principal be freed from impurities, and disease cannot take place.

## PURE AIR AND PURE BLOOD.

The relationship between pure air and pure blood is very intimate. The office of the lungs is to decarbonize the blood. Previously to its passing through those organs it is of a dark black colour, in consequence of its being charged with Carbon ; it is then termed *venous* blood When it comes into contact with the oxygen of the atmosphere, it is purged from the Carbon and changed to a beautiful crimson ; it is then termed *arterial* blood. If the surrounding air be foul, charged with miasma of Carbonic acid gas, which has escaped from the lungs of individuals or from putrid matter, it is impossible that the blood should be changed from venous into arterial. The object of the blood is to convey a *replenishing* principle to every part of the human frame for the purpose of repairing the waste which is constantly going on. But if it has come in contact with impure air, it gallops through the system, charged—not with health and vigour—but with a *disease-engendering* principle : hence low, intermittent fevers, dysentery, cholera, and other fearful diseases.

## AN EFFICACIOUS REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES.

Now if disease arise from the cause thus described—who can question the philosophy or doubt the efficacy of the 'Hollowayen System." Unlike Doctors in general, he shows how disease may be prevented, or if its presence be detected, he shows them what is the cause. Of course, he says, "If you are suffering from disease take my Pills." For while Professor Holloway's Pills are perfectly free from *poison*—they are at the same time charged with a powerful disease-exterminating principle. Being taken into the system—they assimilate with the blood, and the vital fluid is thus charged with an element, which wages war with every unhealthy obstruction—a work of emancipation commences and most pleasuring are the results.

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PRICE TWO RUPEES.

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# SAUNDERS' MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. II.] DECEMBER, 1852. [Vol. II.


## IDONE; OR, INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A DREAMER.

"Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep."
MACBETH.

"A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye."
Castle of Indolence.

### PART III.

"He'll be hanged yet '
Though every drop of water swear against it."—Tempest.

Some time after the events just narrated, I was sent abroad by Government on a particular duty.

About a month after we had weighed anchor, our slumbers were, late one night, disturbed by the ominous cry of "Breakers ahead!" All hands rushed on deck. The ship had struck on a coral reef, fortunately not far from land. The ship's boats were quickly got out, and our small company soon reached the shore in safety. We all slept together that night in a deserted hut, which happily was discovered to us by the uncertain light of the setting moon.

On awaking in the morning, I was deeply impressed with the solemnity of the scene—the rude huts, (the sometime abode perhaps of the turtle fisher,) the dense low brushwood, interspersed with dwarfish Palmyra trees, the long line of golden sands on which the crisped waves were rippling, and the solitary sun rising in unclouded splendour from the bosom of ocean! The old brig was rolling heavily amongst the breakers, and we were sufficiently near to hear the measured flapping of its bleached sails against the masts.

Our frugal breakfast consisted of biscuits, which we ate under a canopy formed by the national flag hastily stretched on four upright spars.

From a lofty range of mountains, which we observed in the

distance, it was evident that we were not, as at first supposed, on a small island, and in the course of the day we ascertained that there was a large town about twenty miles to the westward.

---

THERE is society where none intrudes.
CHILDE HAROLD.

NEXT day having procured a guide, we left one of our party to watch the few articles which we had saved from the wreck, and proceeded to the town. There we called on the Chief Magistrate, who with great humanity gave us a temporary asylum in his own house, and supplied us with every necessary. I was fortunate enough to ingratiate myself into the favor of this civic dignitary, and, as in the course of conversation I had often mentioned my predilection for a country-life, he very considerately bestowed on me the appointment, then vacant, of Steward on his estates in the mountains.

These estates were situate on the northern slopes of the mountains, and although of no great value, yet they afforded a pleasant retreat from the sultriness of the plains in summer.

The scenery is magnificent! Precipitous rocks clothed in the richest verdure, and embellished with flowers of every hue, tower far above the circuitous pathways, while on the other hand are fearful precipices and wild ravines, in whose depths the scanty streams are scarcely heard to murmur. Far below are the plains, and beyond them the horizon is bounded by the wide expanse of ocean.

A mountain life is full of pleasing natural incidents, and in the solitude of these elevated regions the ideas seem almost to partake of their loftiness; they become more abstract and independant, an influence which has often been observed in the general characteristics of mountain races.

But I felt the necessity of companionship, even in these beautiful sanctuaries of Nature. The mind becomes fatigued, in the absence of a congenial friend, with sustaining a monologue in the fantastic dramas which it creates.

---

" THERE the most dainty paradise on ground,
Itself doth offer to his sober eye."
SPENSER.

DESCENDING into one of the valleys, or rather ravines, I soon lost sight of the hardy fir trees, but their place was well supplied by the richer foliage of the walnut and the apricot. The narrow footpaths were now bordered with violets, strawberries, potentillas and other charming little plants. Here and there a silvery spring would gush forth from some ferny cleft in the rocks, and tumbling along in miniature cascades at length subside into quiet streams that murmured soothingly as they glided away, and were lost amongst clumps of the beautiful 'Marvel of Peru.' These tiny streams were often shaded by the willow, and the wild musk rose and the graceful narcissus still drooped on the margin at the reflection of its tender blossoms.

What with the murmur and tinkling of brooks and rills, the pure azure of heaven, the warbling of birds, and the faint breeze that scarcely had strength to turn an aspen leaf, I almost ceased to remember that I was one of the world's busy denizens, and might have fancied myself in the Garden of 'Armida' dreaming away existence. But a change

was at hand. The sky became overcast. Heavy clouds began to gather about the mountain peaks. A dark mass, like a pall, unfolded itself in the North. Smaller clouds, like couriers, scudded hither and thither in the wildest disorder. The mountain above me was soon enveloped in a dense mist. Large thunder drops began to fall. Then arose a furious squall, and the rain descended in torrents. Thunder reverberated from rock to rock, and the most brilliant flashes of lightning shot through the gloom. Occasionally through a break in the clouds, might be seen the distant slope of some mountain bright with the beams of the sun, and showing like some precious emerald set in heaven!

For a few seconds there was a lull, and light wreaths of mist again began to rally in the valleys and rush up the distant peaks, as though preparing for farther strife, but it was now near sunset. The storm had exhausted itself, and the sun burst forth in the West from a bank of golden clouds; a perfect rainbow spanned the valley and painted the rocks on either side with its brilliant tints. It was a solemn sight. Nature seemed to have wept herself to repose. What a contrast to the fury which had so late possessed her!

Though dripping wet, I lingered until the shades of evening had begun to fall.

There is one particular peak in this mountain range which, owing to its being cut off from its neighbours by deep ravines and perpendicular rocks, had never been explored.

I had lost my way on my return home, when on rounding a corner, I was arrested by this formidable object. I appeared to be miles above the vast plain that lay stretched out beneath me. *There*, large forests seemed no more than patches of green moss, and noble rivers were dwindled into skeins of silver thread. While gazing at this wondrous carpet, an aged man approached, and asked me to assist him in ascending the rocks on the other side of the ravine. I did not altogether relish the proposal, but as he appeared somewhat offended, and began the task alone, a feeling of shame as well as of compassion induced me to follow him. I required all my nerves for the occasion. I grasped at every little projection in my perilous ascent. Whenever I saw the yellow-rock-rose had found a home in some crevice in which the drifting dust of years had lodged, I fastened my nails and clung on, scarcely daring to breathe. Several times I felt my nerves tremble; but I shook off the dangerous symptom, for any hesitation would have proved fatal to me, as my safety depended on my rapidity and precision of movement. At length I reached the summit, and as I flung forward my body on the withered turf, and slowly drew my legs up after a shudder passed through me, and I crawled from the brink of the precipice. The old man was beside me, and was smiling complacently. On the summit, with a small piece of table-land in front, was a cave temple, which we entered. To my surprise and chagrin it contained nothing but a "swing."

"Time has wrought a great change on me since last we met," said my companion, with a sinister smile.

"I cannot remember ever having seen you before," I replied; "and, moreover, I am a stranger in this country."

"Well, well! It matters not. I am old now, it is true, but I can still enjoy the diversions of my youth." Saying which the old man seated himself in the "swing" with very unbecoming levity, but hastily getting off, he asked me to take his place, while he should go and procure some wild raspberries and milk for supper. With a smile I humoured his whim, but I had hardly been seated, when my treacherous companion, with furious energy, seized the "swing," and propelled it with such violence, that I was alternately lost in the farthest gloom of the cave, and then launched forth above the awful abyss. My life was in jeopardy. A sudden dizziness came over me, and unconsciousness at length secured me from further suffering.

---

"He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn."

"Ancient Mariner."

I know not how long a period had elapsed since my adventure on the isolated peak. The first thing I recollect afterwards was being borne along on a rude litter by some mountaineers, to a small inn, where a clumsy old carriage having been procured, I was conveyed to the neighbouring town of B. On the road I was scarce able to open my eyes, for the glare and heat were intolerable. Towards evening, I began to feel better, and asked for water at one of the stages. It was brought to me in a clumsy earthen pot, and was by no means cool, yet I never relished anything more.

It was a clear moonlight night. The breeze was cool and refreshing, and I fell into a gentle slumber. When I awoke it was nearly dawn, but the moon was still shining, and I perceived that we had entered the town. The battlements of the fort, the old castellated mansions and ruined towers and domes of this ancient suburb, stood forth black and boldly in the pale moonlight. In the hour and scene there was something striking. The city lay hushed in repose, and its inhabitants were probably indulging their vagaries in the mimic world of dreams! The only wakeful creature which I saw was a lean dog, who, on hearing our approach, skulked away from some unsavoury repast.

At sunrise my conveyance drew up at the door of a small hotel. I alighted, and retired without delay to a private apartment, and was in the act of undressing to go to bed, when my attention was attracted by persons in the adjoining room conversing with great earnestness.

"Why this mysterious persecution?" said a soft female voice.

"The trials of virtue," replied her interlocutor, "are not persecution. Because a shell is placed in the way of a youth, there is no reason why he should cut short his journey, and stay to listen to its murmurs."

"No: but can you blame the thirsty Arab who goes astray to reach the illusive water of the desert?"

"True," rejoined the harsh voice; "but to this foolish youth is left a choice. Yet, instead of adapting himself to the happy circumstances in which fortune has so often placed him,

he exhausts all his energies in the unavailing pursuit of the phantom 'Idone,' whom he fondly believes to be no other than 'Zoe.' His love is now only a combination of curiosity, vanity, obstinacy, and selfishness. His principles are the bastards of circumstance. His religion a metaphysical patchwork. His love is merely the selfish desire of engrossing the affection of another, and therefore he meets his reward in a shadow! Great souls do not build their hopes on the vanities of life, or make the pursuit of pleasure their business. It is not in the rose-bush that the eagle's eyry is found!"

"He may yet see his errors," said the softer voice. "There is a secret integrity, a moral palladium in the human heart, and until he parts with *that*, no man is irretrievably lost."

I was much surprised, for there was no doubt that I had been the subject of this strange dialogue. I called a servant, and enquired what persons occupied the adjoining apartment; but servants, unless paid for their information generally are ignorant, or cannot understand one; consequently all that my questions could elicit was that the old gentleman and young lady had just departed in their carriage.

"How infinitely preferable," I mused, "instead of this life of constant turmoil, were it to live in peace and content, even in the humblest capacity in one's native place, watching with delight the familiar change of seasons, and waiting for the attendant flowers, as though they were our own children, returning home at the holidays! But roaming from place to place, although it may expand the intellect, contracts the heart. We become sad or sarcastic; we never act on impulse; our passions lose their force. We analyse our emotions ere they are developed, and the mere common capacity of pleasure may give so false a colouring to our ideas, that what seemed at the moment an all-absorbing passion, may after all prove to have been the most ephemeral. Experience and melancholy are twins!

---

"Farewell! a word that must be."

BEING now quite recovered from my late accident, I returned to my friend, the Magistrate, at D——. My former mess-mates regarded me as one risen from the dead, and embraced me with every demonstration of joy. I had just arrived in time to embark with them for our original place of destination. I made a few necessary arrangements for the voyage, and devoted the remainder of my time to the society of my good friend and patron the Magistrate.

We left with a fair wind, and arrived in due time at the capital of the colony to which we were bound. This unhappy country was reduced to a desert by a war which was still raging. I was well received by the authorities, and had apartments assigned me in a large quadrangular barrack, which stood on the left bank of the river, which flowed past the town some miles higher up.

---

"The Angel pity shuns the walks of war."

DARWIN.

I HAD not been here long when early one morning I was aroused by the booming of Artillery. I attired myself hastily, and rushed forth sword in hand. I perceived that we had been surprised by the enemy. The combat raged

until the sun was high, when both parties, by tacit consent, mutually retired to their respective quarters. In the afternoon our troops again advanced, and drew up in order of battle. Our right flank rested on the river, and our left was protected by garden-enclosures filled with our rifles. The enemy now threatened our centre with heavy masses of Cavalry, yet neither side was willing to strike the first blow. A death-like pause ensued. A bell tolled! It was the pre-concerted signal for the garrison to retreat to the shipping in the river, covered by a small detached force which I joined. On observing this movement, the enemy opened on us with round shot. The action then became general, and raged with great fury until night, when, finding that our right flank had been turned, and our communication with the shipping cut off, under cover of the darkness, we retired before the overwhelming numbers of our foe, and took up a favorable position to the left.

The following day was passed in skirmishing. Unfortunately myself and some others were separated from our comrades by a party of the enemy's horse. We succeeded, however, in escaping to a cave, which we prepared to defend in case of necessity. This cave had three outlets, and from it was commanded a wide view of the country around.

Towards evening the enemy having evidently lost trace of us, my companions ceased to watch, and soon fell sound asleep. I was reclining drowsily, my head resting against the rock at one of the entrances of the cave, when I was startled by the apparition of a horseman in the act of pointing a pistol at my head. I had barely time to spring up and dash the fatal weapon aside. It went off; I seized the horseman by the arm: the report of the shot had aroused my companions. The horseman succeeded in wresting away his arm and galloping off, but we sent a bullet after him, which brought him to the ground.

Next morning we succeeded in re-joining our friends. They had been re-inforced during the night, which now swelled their numbers so considerably, that the enemy retreated with precipitation.

---

" The heart that broods o'er guilty woes,
Is like the scorpion girt by fire."

The Giaour.

I went one day to visit the prisoners whom we had taken in the late encounters. They were a squalid, ferocious-looking set, and amongst them I thought I recognized one whose features were not unfamiliar to me. Care and hardship had left deep furrows on his brow, but his eye was still bright, and his countenance, if not handsome, had a peculiar individuality, which rescued it from being classed with vulgar physiognomies.

" Friend," said I, accosting him, " I believe we are not altogether unknown to each other."

" Perhaps not," he replied in a dull tone, eyeing me askance, and munching some hard biscuit. I was not satisfied, so I continued—

" Did you ever lose a manuscript wrapped up in green silk?"

" Humph," was all the reply I could draw from him. I still persisted.

" Perhaps you never lost anything but your liberty !"

He seemed startled, and exclaimed, " Lost ! yes ; I have lost much indeed that I valued, and

nearly lost my life too the other day near a cave !" It was indeed that cold-blooded horseman !

"Let us come to an explanation," said I, "in some more private place, for I am curious to know your history."

I conducted him to my room. Here his manner entirely altered, and was perhaps rather too haughty to please me. He opened the conversation by remarking that my suspicions were correct.

"The small bundle which you saw me bury contained a human body—start not. The manuscript which you found was mine. You read it, *that* was ungenerous, and now your sickly curiosity seeks to worm from a prisoner his secrets."

I acknowledged my error with regard to the manuscript, but assured him that I had only read a small portion of it, and that the whole was in my writing-case at his service.

"I shall meet you half way," said he, "and in return for the manuscript give you some advice which may prove useful. Listen ! You can never enjoy peace nor happiness in this world, while your lost ring remains with its present possessor."

"And who may that be ?" I asked.

"Bestir yourself to *discover*," he replied, "and do not trouble others. Fate has made us enemies, yet I pity you."

"*Pity* me !" I exclaimed with ill-disguised contempt.

"Yes," he repeated calmly, "I pity a man whose life has passed in a dream !"

"And I one," I rejoined, "whose life has been no better than a nightmare !"

There was a pause ; I felt irritated, but he continued without emotion.

'Human errors, like noxious weeds, may be permitted to flourish in the moral world, and a superior wisdom may find them useful, as we cultivate those plants for the medicinal virtues which may be extracted from them.

"Our destinies," pursued the prisoner, whose mood was now becoming more communicative, "have hitherto been singularly interwoven ; we have both loved the same woman, you as a boy, I, in maturer life. There are two "Zoes," one of whom is called Idone. The true Zoe betrayed me into guilt ; the false Zoe has led you to the perpetration of a thousand follies, scarcely less criminal, for you have wasted in frivolity those gifts which Providence intended should be cultivated.

"As for the true Zoe she had, perhaps, no heart, and yet, from the fullness of my own, I formed one for her, and it was with it that I held communion. By seeking to raise her above the standard of her capacity, I snapped the social link. I longed to renew it ; I became the minister of her evil passions ; she perceived my weakness, and instead of my elevating *her*, she debased *me*. I left her though I still loved her, and she wedded another ; and yet, believe me, the ties that bind us must vitiate in the eyes of Heaven the sanctity of any merely ceremonial union.

"I left her, but it was with the heavy load of disappointed hopes. I could not weep, for I felt the iron hand of adversity on me. We may shed tears at first, but time and grief soon render the heart incapable of soft emotions.

There is truth in the story of Niobe.

"My dreams were inexpressibly mournful, and when I awoke and saw the joyous sunshine, I closed my eyes against its blessed light, and turned my face to the wall. On the first moment of awaking I felt refreshed, but the next would bring the consciousness of my sorrows. In vain, for me, did the busy sparrows sing their gladsome matins; in vain the sun pierce the bright green foliage round my windows with his slanting beams. I felt that I *had been* happy, and my thoughts turned to the days of my childhood, when I used to experience such pleasure, on awaking and finding the gaudy flowers on my chintz bed curtains illuminated by the same light, which was now to me so oppressive."

This strange person became affected, and as I was somewhat displeased to hear another express himself so warmly concerning the woman whom I regarded above all others, I requested that our interview might be terminated.

I did not believe all that he had told me about "Idone," and I felt annoyed at his attempt, as I thought, to deceive and confuse me.

---

"Was it a vision, or a waking dream?"
Keats.

Having transacted the business for which I had been sent abroad, I returned home, but new sufferings awaited me. During my absence I had contracted a strange and terrible disorder, which now rendered life almost insupportable. My breast was filled with small venomous reptiles, which were continually leaving their home. I sought the advice of the first physicians, but none knew any remedy to prescribe, and I was in a manner obliged to lead the life of an outcast. I was reduced to despair, when, as I was wandering about in a neighbouring forest one morning, I was accosted by an aged man, who, on seeing the extremity to which I was reduced by my malady, in a compassionate manner thus addressed me.

"There is but one cure for this disorder, and that is to allow me to strike you on the chest with this heavy mallet which you see. The reptiles within may be dislodged by the concussion."

Imprudent as it may seem, I consented to submit to this uncommon operation. As the old man stood over me to inflict the blow, I recognized in his hard pale features, those of the person with whom I had conversed in the hall of phantoms. The mallet descended. As I lay almost insensible, the old man strode away with a smile of infinite contempt—the meaning of which I faintly guessed, and the conversation which I had overheard at the hotel at B—, occurred to me.

---

"Thus like a living dream, apart from men,
From morn to eve, he haunts the woods and glen.'
R. Montgomery.

I was proceeding along the streets to chapel, to return my thanks to Providence for my wonderful cure, when I was interrupted by a dissipated-looking ruffian, who informed me that he was an escaped prisoner, and asked me to sign a paper, which he presented, to enable him to elude the police. He appealed to my generosity, but seeing me still hesitate—"Go

then," said he disdainfully, " you may yet learn to compassionate the guilty as well as the unfortunate. I shall await you at yonder elm tree." I glanced suspiciously at the stranger, and passed on.

" Don't be afraid to meet me," said he tauntingly.

I entered the chapel and approached the altar. A crowd of recollections rushed on me, and my limbs shook. I felt almost ashamed thus ostentatiously to offer up before all this pageantry of gold and velvet, those expressions of gratitude which had perhaps already been accepted from the silence of my heart.

At that moment the doors were thrown open, and a man of venerable aspect, attired in the richest sacerdotal robes, advanced, and taking me by the hand, led me to the altar. I involuntarily looked round, when I observed the ruffian whom I had left in the street, as I believed, leaving the chapel with a scowling expression of disappointment.

On leaving the chapel I proceeded to the place of rendezvous, at the elm tree, merely to show the ruffian that I did not fear him, but he was not there, so I returned home.

His lost wife, it was rumoured, had been restored to my hospitable friend Mr. G., and as his residence was at no great distance from my own, I purposed, as soon as my strength should be sufficiently recruited, to pay them a visit, and endeavour, if possible, to ascertain from Mrs. G. herself, the secret of her former intimacy with the stranger, whose manuscript I had found.



" Les premières folies, mènent à d'autres."
De Puisieux.

" My husband is no more."
" Zoe."

Such were the contents of a note which I received, as I was preparing to pay my long-deferred visit to the writer and her husband. I saw in this event one of those strange combinations of circumstances which rule our destinies. It was in vain that I endeavoured by re-calling Mr. G.'s past kindness to controul the hasty desire I conceived of making his widow my wife. The idea of our union seemed also to have occurred to her when she wrote.

I hurried to meet " Zoe," forgetful of all the warnings which I had received.

The reception which I met was not what I had anticipated. Instead of throwing herself at once into my arms, I overheard her reprimanding her maid in an adjoining room for some neglect at her toilet. Those minutes which I waited for her threw a singular damp over my passion, and when she at length made her appearance, we were both embarrassed. I perceived that although years had embalmed my affections, they had worn away hers, but I still clung to the hope of a renewed intimacy restoring them. I tried to conceal from myself the pang of disappointment which I experienced, but my silence and averted eye must have betrayed the bitterness of my emotions to her. All my romantic notions were destroyed, and matters progressed smoothly, as is always the case, when neither party feels much interest; and after the settlement of some preliminaries the day was fixed for the solemnization of our nuptials.

> "The funeral baked meats
> Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables."
> Hamlet.

As I was placing the ring on my bride's finger, I started, for one of those old men whom I believed to be my Protean evil genius, and of whose presence I had not been aware, stepped forward, and substituted my own long lost ring. There was a murmur of surprise throughout the company. "Zoe" turned pale. "What means this, thou wicked old man?" said I.

"I am your friend," he replied. "You *may* be happy, but the cup may yet be dashed aside." Just then there was a bustle amongst the by-standers, and as I gazed at the old man's retreating form, Zoe, with a shriek, fell into my arms, and her blood streamed over me. A stranger closely muffled up had suddenly darted forward, and accomplished his dastardly purpose. During the confusion the assassin made his escape, but I felt assured that he was no other than the perfidious owner of the strange manuscript.

"Zoe" seemed to be deeply troubled. Twice she essayed to pronounce some name, but the sounds died on her lips; then crossing her hands on her bosom, she turned her eyes to heaven and calmly expired.

I know not whether I felt more sorrow or satisfaction at this tragical catastrophe. I felt that I could never have been happy, and seen Zoe another's, and yet I was too proud to have felt contented with her myself. Now she was no more, all my early affection returned with greater intenseness. Her faults were beyond the censure of the world, and I felt that there was no dishonor in loving one who was no longer of this world.

Beloved "Zoe!" Thy dear remembrance will cling to my heart through all the vicissitudes of life, and perhaps at the final hour, when all mortal passions shall cease, that first pure love which was lavished on thee may linger to mingle itself with my first dawning perceptions of Eternity!

---

> "And thou, though strong in love, art all too weak
> In reason, in self-government, too slow."
> Laodamia.

I was now a widower. I shunned society, and found much greater pleasure in taking solitary rambles, in the course of which, while my eye was pleasingly occupied with surrounding objects, I used to reflect on the events of the past—

> "I loved not man the less, but nature more."

Sometimes as a change, I would idly saunter along the streets, and moralise in the vein of the "melancholy Jacques" on the busy world, of which I had ceased to be a member. One bright summer's afternoon, as I was thus ruminating, I felt some one pat me on the shoulder, and on turning round I perceived an old man somewhat grotesquely attired in an antiquated riding suit. "Young man," said he, "you must forgive the liberty I take, for time is precious. It is now sunset, and as you seem to be an idler, I can give you some occupation, which may not prove altogether uninteresting. Take this fishing tackle and follow me!" I did as he desired me, and all the way he so engrossed my attention by his singular and interesting discourse,

that I never once gave a thought to where we were going, until he paused, when to my surprise I found that we had arrived at a swampy part of the country which was unknown to me. Here there appeared to be nothing but rushes and water, and the pale moon shining above. Before us flowed a dark sluggish stream, bordered with sedges and rank vegetation. There was something chilling and dismal in the aspect of the place. It seemed the abode of Death and Desolation, and "all the infection that the sun sucks up." Even the moon shed a peculiarly ominous light. I experienced an oppressive sensation of loneliness, as if I had seen daylight and friends for the last time. Fitful currents of damp and poisonous air swept past and chilled my very vitals.

"Cast in your line," said my eccentric companion, authoritatively. I obeyed him mechanically, and with gloomy forebodings I stood almost unconsciously holding the line in my hand. At length I felt something heavy on my line, and concluding it to be a fish, I turned round to my companion. He was gone! Alone in a strange place, and at such an hour, without any chance of finding a guide, it is not surprising that I should have felt uneasy, however I still held by my line, and in the attempt to pull out the fish I began to walk backwards, but my line, instead of being run out, continued most curiously to increase in length. Still I persevered, and in this retrograde movement, I am sure that I must have traversed leagues. My line was still increasing, although the river was now out of sight. I began to feel extremely cold, and on turning round to learn the cause, I found that I was close upon a bleak shore strewed with fragments of ice, beyond which was a dark and stormy ocean, in whose leaden-hued waves strange monsters were disporting themselves. As the first ripple of the fretful tide swept over my foot, my line broke with a sound resembling the vibrations of harp strings. At the same moment, with a howl of anguish, a monster sprang from the waters. He was a Merman of gigantic proportions, and the colour of the sea—even to his hair, which was matted with sea-weed and ice. His parted beard flowed solemnly over his breast.

I fled, the monster pursued, and as I was well aware that he was gaining on me, I turned round and stood at bay. He continued to approach with menacing gestures, on which I determined on taking the offensive, and suddenly snatched from his hand a Narwal's horn. It was now his turn to fly, which, as soon as I perceived, I considered it prudent to retreat also. To my infinite dismay, however, I saw several other monsters, and among them, one in shape like a woman, (was it that mysterious Idone or Megueline?) preparing to pursue me, and accordingly continued my retreat, with my face turned towards the foe. My object was to reach a vast flight of steps which seemed to lead to a table-land above the beach. My pursuers gained rapidly, and I began to feel my strength failing me. Happily I found a sword lying on the ground, and with it I resolved to defend myself to the last. I maintained

a running fight until I had reached the steps. Here I stumbled backwards, whereupon the most forward of my pursuers endeavoured to seize me—but recovering myself, I dealt him a heavy blow, and continued to retreat up the steps—once I nearly lost my balance on delivering a cut—on which I heard behind me the rustling of wings, and a voice whispering—" Strike not until you reach the second last step, and *then* strike home !—strike not before, or you are lost."

On receiving this warning I retreated more cautiously. At length, evidently aware that I could not be pursued beyond the summit, the largest of the monsters dilating to a tremendous size, and collecting all his energies, made a sudden dart at me, but to my infinite joy I had gained the step on which rested my fate, and with all my remaining force I dealt a furious blow at my adversary. He recoiled, and thus addressed me—

" Behold in me one of those INFLUENCES that rule the fate of man. Thou hast past the Southern pole. Trodden where man's footstep never was before. Forgotten the appointed sphere of your duties, and profaned the eternal sanctity and solitude of the land of shadows. Dare not our wrath again, but return to the world, and live as a man ought to live—not in the vain pursuit of objects beyond your reach. Receive the long lost ring which was left on the finger of your bride !"

The spirits rolled away like heavy clouds in winter, and kneeling down, I confessed my gratitude for my wonderful restoration to this world.

I deplored that my past life had been only a dream, and that I had suffered without an aim, and loved without an object; that I had wandered through scenes which had no actual existence, and had made friends and enemies, who were equally shadows. Such is the life perhaps of many a man !

# A DREAM OF LIFE.

*(Written in the Album of a Friend.)*

I.

THE Pencil, Muse, and Song,
By turns enchant a wanderer such as I :—
Though had not such a wish as thine been strong,
Fair Ladie,
I fain had left to others—minstrelsy,
An abler touch, a softer finger prest
To play the heart-strings of the human breast,
Fair Ladie !

II.

When blood-red sinks the sun
O'er the wild world of waters roaring round,
Tempestuous midnight, and the ship-wrecked one,
Despair's ideal !
Hath agony with hope no blessing bound,
Or gushing gladness told its touching tale
Of morrow's dawning on a rescuing sail :—
Is such joy real ?

III.

Hath lover e'er turned cold,
A life's devotion for *one* look been rent,
And maddening jealousy revenge enrolled,
Instead of bliss.
Hath conscience on her holy errand bent
Ne'er whispered "Peace," and to her blooming face
Locked the coy lovers in life's sweet embrace
With such a kiss.

IV.

Doth not the young bride cling
Like ivy round her spouse, as if he shone
A [illegible] earth's tempests—promising
Celestial Love :
Doth not her first born's smile, how much her own,
In speechless ecstacy bright joys attest,
And sport, how choice an emblem, on her breast
Of nuptial love.

V.

Hath mother watched her child,
Touched the pale Hectic of its darling cheek,
And sobbed, and kissed it, till her brain grew wild.
Heart-broken,
Can consolation in none other speak
Than prayer; and has *it* quenched the deadly strife
Of demons, and restored her babe to life,
Love's token!

VI.

Morn on its blushing rose,
The lark's shrill carol in Spring's azure sky:
Noon by the shaded brook which, placid, flows
In sylvan dress:—
Eve, with her crystal queen, her dulcet lay,
Her fairy minstrel's dream-bewitching song
Of hallowed forms, loved voices; such belong
To happiness.

VII.

Ah! when the lamp of age
Burns dimly in its tenemental shell,
And cruel fate seals up life's solemn page
On deeds writ down!
Say, doth religion shudder at its knell?
Hath death no terrors in the clay-cold sod?
None. The unshackled spirit leaps to God
For glory's crown.

VIII.

Fair Ladie! would ye more?
Know then thy bosom homes beatitude.
Why will a mortal *other* realms explore
When peace is *given*?
Here darkest passions, brightest hopes intrude
By sorcery's magic wand—The human heart
Conjures up hate a hell, while love can start
A perfect heaven!

T. A.



# MEMORANDUM ON INDIAN IRON.

BY MAJOR H. DRUMMOND.

*(Forwarded by the Supreme Government to the Court of Directors, Nov. 1850.)*

I HAVE endeavoured, in the following remarks, briefly to draw attention to the fact, that India may become a great iron manufacturing country, capable of supplying the growing wants of her vast population. I have contrasted her resources with those of Great Britain, not in a spirit of rivalry, but to illustrate the value of what, at present, is locked up, and comparatively unknown.

If it can be proved, that the native of India might supply himself with so necessary an article as iron, at a much less cost than he now pays for foreign metal, and that, uninstructed, he cannot turn this source of prosperity and comfort to account; to furnish him with the knowledge he requires, will manifestly conduce to the best interests of the country.

1.

The centre of India, from the Nerbudda to Assam, abounds in coal and iron-stone formations, capable of yielding iron similar to that of Great Britain. The ores, as will appear by the foot note,* contain from 30 to 50 per cent. of metallic iron.

I am not aware that clay iron-stone† is ever used as an ore of iron in India.

1.

In Britain, the clay iron-stone, from which the great mass of iron is produced, yields on an average 30 to 33 per cent. In the principal mining district, South Wales, poor ore yields 31, and rich ore 42 per cent. "Every feruginous clay-stone is regarded as an iron ore when it contains more than 20 per cent. of metal.‡"

2.

The Himalayas,§ Gwalior and other districts possess in great abundance the richer ores, capable of yielding the superior iron of Cumberland, Sweden, and other parts of Europe.

2.

The richer ores, such as the red hematite of Cumberland, and magnetic of Sweden, yield from 50 to 70 per cent.||

3.

Accompanying these last are extensive forests, from which can be obtained in profusion the fuel necessary for their reduction, namely, wood charcoal.

3.

From the scarcity of wood in England, there are only two or three charcoal smelting furnaces, and these, from the same cause, can only be worked for a few months in the year.

* Coal occurs extensively in eight provinces, namely, Tenasserim, Arracan, Orissa (Cuttack,) Bengal Proper, Burdwan, Sylhet, Assam, Rajmehal, Behar, and Nerbudda. In every instance, iron ores, either the common clay iron-stone, or red or yellow iron-stone containing from 30 to 50 per cent of iron, occurs with the coal or extensively in the same district—*Dr. J. McClelland, Secy. Coal Committee.*

† It is largely used for macadamising the Grand Trunk Road.

‡ Dr. Ure's Dictionary of Arts and Manufactures. Page 693.

§ Iron may be said to constitute a considerable part of the country either as a constituent of rocks in the form of iron-stone, or in the numerous and extensive beds of the better defined ores.—*Captain Herbert on the Mines and Minerals of the Himalayas—Asiatic Researches, Vol.* 18. The extensive and important class of iron ores, which abound almost every where and in greater variety, than perhaps is to be found in any other country.—*Mr. Calder on the Geology of India—Asiatic Researches, Vol.* 18.

|| Smelted with charcoal. Great quantities of this description of iron are annually imported into England from Sweden and Russia.

The above will sufficiently establish the extent of the iron repositories of India. Their value will be further determined by ascertaining the cost and quality of a given quantity of ore and fuel, in one or two mining districts in both countries:—

## COST OF THE ORE.

KHETSARI IN KUMAON.

Red iron ore 2s.* per ton.

| *Tons.* | *Cwt.* | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 3 | 7 ... ... ... | 0 | 6 | 8 |
| | | £ 0 | 6 | 8 |

At Khetsari one man digs out from 8 to 12‡ maunds of ore in the day. At Gwalior, the cost of raising 100§ maunds (or nearly 4 tons) is from Re. 1 to Re. 1-13½, or 2-1½ to 3-8.‖

MERTHYR TYDVIL, S. WALES.

Clay iron-stone 10s. per ton.

| *Tons.* | *Cwt.*† | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 3 | 7 ... ... ... | 1 | 13 | 6 |
| | | £ 1 | 13 | 6 |

The average price of ore in Wales is 8s. 6d. per ton;¶ in Staffordshire 12s. The Gubbin or Dudley** ore fetches so high a price as 16s. and 17s. per ton.

## COST OF THE FUEL.

KHETSARI IN KUMAON.

Charcoal, 11 per ton.

| *Tons.* | *Cwt.* | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 2†† | 0 ... ... ... | 1 | 2 | 0 |
| | | £ 1 | 2 | 0 |

According to the native miners, a man can make in one day 1½§§ maunds of charcoal. This, as the rate of labor is 2 annas, makes the cost of one ton 4-8 in the jungle. This is conveyed to the works in loads of 25 seers‖‖ at an average; which is the cause of the great enhancement in price.

MERTHYR TYDVIL, S. WALES.

Coal 6 per ton.

| *Tons.* | *Cwt.* | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 2 | 16‡‡ ... ... | 0 | 16 | 6 |
| | | £ 0 | 16 | 6 |

At Domlais coal costs only 2s. per ton, at Cyfartha it is worth from 2s. 6d. to 5s. From 3½ to 4 tons of coal, inclusive of the coal of calcination, are required in Staffordshire to obtain one ton of cast iron, and the expense of workman's wages is about 15 on that quantity.¶¶

NOTE.

From economy in the quantity of fuel, as well as from its cheapness, and that of the iron ore; the iron of South Wales can be brought into the market at a much lower rate than that of any other district.***

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* The expense of excavating the ore is 1s. I have allowed 1s. extra for carrying it out of the mine.

† Estimate by Dr. Ure of the Ore, necessary for producing a ton of cast iron. Page 719.

‡ Specimens of the working ore from both these districts, were lately assayed by the Chemical Examiner, Calcutta, and found to contain from 65 to 66 per cent. of metallic iron.

§ Report of Mr. Beckett on the Khetsari Mines.

‖ When cleaned reduced to 80.

¶ The mean richness of the ores of these coal basins is not far from 33 per cent.

** Containing about 40 per cent. of metallic iron. Page 693.

†† In Wales 2 tons of coke are found to correspond to [illegible] of coal; what I have allowed here is therefore rather above the mark. The heating power of charcoal is greater than that of coke.

‡‡ The quantity allowed for producing a ton of cast iron.

§§ Some of them say they can make 2 maunds.

‖‖ Per man.

¶¶ Dr. Ure.

*** In the Soane district near Mirzapore, coal is brought to the surface for 1 pice per maund, including superintendence, 1 pice more. This makes the cost at the pit's mouth 1s. 9d. per ton.

It appears then that a given quantity of ore costs at Merthyr Tydvil five times what it does at Khetsari, while the latter yields double the amount of metallic iron. Thus 3 tons 7 cwt., which yields *one* ton at Merthyr Tydvil, should, from the ore of Khetsari, produce *two* tons. Again, the common ore of Staffordshire is six times, and the rich eight times the cost of the ore of Khetsari—the comparison with Gwalior being equally striking. In the estimate regarding the fuel, it will be observed that the cost of the charcoal at the works is more than twice what it is in the jungle; and that this is occasioned by the mode of transport. Instead of a net-work of railway, as at Merthyr Tydvil, the charcoal burner at Khetsari goes in the morning from 3½ to 6 miles to the forest, cuts down and converts into charcoal a certain quantity of wood, returning at night with as much as he can carry. When the extent of the forests is taken into consideration, it will scarcely be doubted that the supply so cheaply obtained might, by a proper arrangement, be as economically applied.

The next point for consideration is the way in which the manufacture is at present carried on by the natives. Throughout the country the metallurgic processes are of the rudest description, and the waste of materials and labor, in consequence, almost incredible: by a couple of air bags made of skin, and a common blacksmith's hammer, is every ton of Indian iron produced; except when varied, as at Singrowlee near Mirzapoor, by an air bag made of leaves, with a bamboo nozzle. In a recent report by Mr. Beckett, on the Khetsari works, he states: "The produce of 100 parts of ore is nearly 84-5th parts* of marketable iron." At Gwalior, according to information afforded by Sir R. Shakespear, 100 maunds of ore, as brought to the surface, or 80 ditto cleaned, yield 18½ maunds of malleable iron: now the ores from both these districts give, on assay, 65 to 66 per cent of metal. The immense loss which the above returns display, proves the truth of the following remark of Mr. Bald, Mining Engineer:—"It is evident that whatever quantity of the ore is submitted to the fire for reduction, a small proportional part of the iron contained in the ore, is brought to the state of useful malleable iron." On another occasion he observed, with reference to the same processes: "They are the

* The ore of Khetsari is evidently more refractory than that of Gwalior, and, as is often the case with the red oxides, requires a very powerful heat, with skill in the management of fluxes for its reduction. This accounts for the difference in the quantity of metal extracted, as well as for the prices of both—that of Gwalior selling at the mine for about one-half the cost of the Khetsari.

Mr. Trail writes—"The common produce at the different mines is from 40 to 50 per cent. So imperfect however is the smelting, that from 1¼ to 1½ is subsequently lost in working up this iron."

I am at a loss to reconcile this with Mr. Beckett's report. Mr. B. states:—"I witnessed the whole of the operations from beginning to end, carefully measuring the quantities of ore and charcoal used, and their produce ***** 936 seers of ore yield 327½ seers of bloom metal, which in its turn produces 81¾ seers of marketable bar iron."

Writing on the Wootz or Indian Steel, Dr. Ure gives the proportion of iron extracted from 100 parts of ore as 15 parts. This is from the magnetic ore, which when pure contains about 72 per cent. of metal.

most expensive that could possibly be employed."

Again, as regards the preparation of charcoal, Mr. Beckett thus graphically describes in a note to myself the way in which the natives set about it: "Three or four men usually join together to collect the wood, and when they have collected what they guess will make charcoal equal to the load they usually carry; they set fire to the heap, sit down, and take their ease while it is burning." The reckless waste that takes place may be judged of by the words of the late Mr. Lushington, Commissioner of Kumaon: "The extensive pine woods of the Doorgadhee and Gowrassee range are beginning to experience indiscriminate havoc at the hands of the charcoal burners, who cut down and leave to rot on the ground thousands of fine trees, merely consuming the smaller branches (to save themselves the trouble of splitting the large trunks) while no provision is made for the renewal of the forest."

It is not easy to make very precise calculations from the data before us, owing to the slovenly and irregular manner in which operations are carried on, the natives paying little attention to measurements of any kind. What, however, in the present state of things, they can or cannot do, is of little moment, except to show how much they need instruction and guidance.

The great point to keep in view is *what materials there are to work upon.* India possesses, in this respect, peculiar advantages over perhaps every other country; namely, a *profusion of the very best*, combined with *extraordinary cheapness* of labor. Properly to economize, and usefully to apply these, will alone render them what they ought to be, a source of wealth and prosperity to the people at large. To effect this, art must be added to nature, mechanical power to manual labor, and the eye of the European must direct the hand of the native.

I now venture to suggest the expediency of commencing an improvement in the manufacture of Indian iron.

It appears to me that for this purpose an iron work should be erected in an eligible locality, on as small a scale as is consistent with efficiency, and an establishment of head workmen be brought from Europe. The province of Kumaon presents the following recommendation for a new undertaking of the kind.

1.—Abundance of the richer iron ores.

2.—Inexhaustible supplies of forest fuel.

3.—Command of water power, obviating the expence of steam.

4.—Limestone, and other facilities for working.

5.—Salubrity of climate for Europeans.

6.—The high price of foreign iron in the adjoining markets.

It is a point of considerable importance to have a precedent, and that a successful one. As a guide I therefore beg to draw attention to an iron work erected in Persia, about 12 years ago, by Mr. Robertson, Mining Engineer, now Manager of the Shatts Iron Works,

Scotland. Mr. R. went to the mountains of Tabreez under the protection of the British Government, and to use his own words: "At the end of two years, including the journey there, had erected a well-arranged iron work and foundry; and succeeded in making good castings of machinery, besides great quantities of shot and shells."* He was then in a position to undertake the manufacture of bar or malleable iron for £5 *per ton.*† The expence of a similar work in the Himalayas, with an establishment such as he had under him (12 English head workmen,) he estimated at £10,000.

As, however, economy combined with efficiency is a primary object, a small establishment of German smelters, with two or three experienced English miners, would, in my opinion, be well suited to this province for the following reasons:—

Englishmen are high in their demands, and Germans could probably be entertained for one-third of the expence.

Foreigners are accustomed to charcoal smelting, and would manage the furnaces better in the first place, than our own countrymen.

The English miner, on the other hand, is superior to the German in point of energy. An admixture, therefore, of both, would be advantageous.

Professor Jameson, who was scientifically engaged for several years in the mines of Freyburg, considered Germans‡ the best suited to these mountains; particularly recommending the Saxons for skill and steadiness.

The expence would be still further diminished, if the iron work were on the principle of those in Sweden, where one can be erected for rather less than £2,000. The furnaces in that country are very simple, and much ruder than those of Britain; plain wooden bellows are chiefly used, and the blast urged directly by a small water wheel. All the iron is tilted by a common spring forge hammer impelled by water. A commencement on this small scale taking the place of the miserable works now in use, would be a great stride for the native, and in emerging from semi-barbarism to attempt perfection at once would not be desirable. For the same reason, in introducing a new system in the preparation of charcoal, I would suggest a very simple one, mentioned to me by a gentleman from Vienna, as that in use in Austria, Silesia, Styria, &c. The method is as follows: Stems of every description are placed in a triangular pile, covered with the green branches of the same trees, sand and charcoal dust. There is little access of air, and they burn slowly for 12, 16, or 24 hours, the charcoal stems remaining in their original forms. A few strokes of the hammer brings them to a convenient size for transit.

On the work progressing, any desired alteration can be gradual-

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* M . R. was thrown entirely on his own resources, and every article had to be made under his own immediate direction.

† "The present price of Scotch pig iron is £4-10, and of Scotch bar £9 per ton; while I was in Prussia, Russian bar iron cost about £8, and I calculated that I could produce it for £5 per ton; in fact I offered to contract with the Persian Government at this price, but they rather wished me to conduct the manufacture at their risk."—*Letter from Mr. R.*

‡ Mr. Robertson subsequently expressed the same opinion.

ly introduced. When the natives are thoroughly initiated into operations suited to their comprehension, the energy of the Englishman might be still further applied in carrying out the undertaking on an extended scale.

I will now advert to difficulties which have been started, as likely to affect the success of the improvements suggested.

1*st.*—*Difficulty of Transport.*

It is not strange that a want which exists all over India should present itself as an obstacle here. To form a fair estimate of the expence of making roads, would of course require a minute examination of the iron districts, but keeping for the sake of brevity to the two already mentioned, Gwalior and Kumaon, I give the opinion of parties qualified to judge.

Regarding the first, Sir R. Shakespeare writes:—"There is no difficulty whatever in making a road: the expence would be very trifling, even if a tram road was laid down of slabs of this white stone."* On road-making in Kumaon, Major Glasfurd, Executive Engineer, observes:—"Depend upon it a road can be made anywhere, when commerce calls for facility of approach."

In Sweden charcoal is frequently carried thirty miles to the furnaces on sledges. In Austria and Styria, I have been informed, it is sometimes conveyed a distance of sixty. India is not the first country in which engineering difficulties have been encountered, and here, as every where else, good roads must have a beginning. Let it be allowed that in the Hills at least, the expence of these will be considerable. I would answer, in a *new* and *great* undertaking there is always some obstacle to surmount. Again, in this, as in other respects, improvement should be gradual. In Kumaon, for example, the forests and mines are generally contiguous, and roads cut along the vallies fit for bullocks, mules, &c., is all that would be wanted at the outset. The transit, to the plains, of the manufactured article is the only point on this head that requires any consideration. On this account, the iron country on the Cossillah river affords a more favorable starting point than Khetsari, the distance of the former to the foot of the Hills being a day and a half's journey for mules. According to Major Madden, brown iron ore occurs at Dhan Dhoonga, in the Terrai itself.

When the work begins to circulate a first-rate metal, we shall hear no objections made to the difficulties of transport.†

2*nd.*—*That English iron is landed in Calcutta for little more than the price it realizes in England, and that the native article could not be made to compete with it.*

To admit the weight of this argument would be to limit the consumption to the coast alone.

* Probably sandstone.

† It is generally thought easier to go down hill than up: but here we find the case reversed. No one sees any obstacle to roofing houses at Nainee Tal with *European* iron, or erecting bridges of the same metal, much further in the interior.

The subjoined table, exhibiting the prices in up-country markets, will show that the case is altered in the interior :—

PRICES OF IRON IN APRIL, 1850.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Calcutta, | English iron,............................ | Rs. | 2-8 to 2-10 per md. |
| | Swedish ,, ............................ | ,, | 4-12 to 5-4 ,, ,, |
| Mirzapoor,... | English ,, ............................ | ,, | 5 per local maund.* |
| Moradabad,... | English ,, ............................ | ,, | 8 per local maund.† |

" The price of English iron in the bazar (Calcutta) is at this time very low * * * * ; but when any sort falls short, a rise from 50 to 150 per cent. will take place in the course of a month."‡ Consequently, when prices are high in the home markets, they will be correspondingly so in this country. Iron for Bridge-work may be purchased at from Rs. 80 to 90§ per ton. In Kumaon 13 suspension bridges have been erected, the transport alone of the last of which from Calcutta cost Rs. 80, or £8 per ton.

Now taking the Persian experiment as a criterion, and considering the cheapness of both ore and fuel in Kumaon, with the richness of the former, rate of labor two annas per day, &c., we may safely say, that the best description of malleable iron ought to be produced in these hills for Rupees 50 or £5|| per ton.

I am sorry I have no reference by me of the prices in Great Britain at the present time. At Cardiff, the chief shipping port of South Wales, it can be produced, under favorable circumstances, at from £5-15 to £7. In 1845, the prices in Scotland were as follows :—

| | | | £ | s. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Cast iron, per ton, ........................................ | | | 4 | 10 |
| Bar, or malleable do........................................ | | | 9 | 0 |
| In 1837 :— | | | | |
| Cast iron, per ton, ........................................ | | | 5 | 0 |
| Shortly before this,........................................ | | | 7 | 0 |
| Best Staffordshire malleable iron, | | ........................ | 16 | 0 |
| Common Welsh | do. | do. ........................ | 13 | 0 |
| Common Swedish | do. | do. ........................ | 20 | 0 |
| Blistered Steel | do. | do. ........................ | 60 | 0 |
| Cast | do. | do. ........................ | 112 | 0 |

*3rd.—The superiority of English Iron.*

Any contrast between the two articles, as at present in the market, is out of the question, the one being fabricated with the aid of science, capital, and mechanical power, and the other without the aid of any of the three.

That English iron is superior for many purposes there can be no doubt. But in what does its

* Equal to 48 Calcutta bazar seers.

† 40 seers. The seer 96 Rupees weight.

‡ Mr. Gilbert, Calcutta Mint.

§ In Calcutta at present.

|| Under all the disadvantages of the present system, Gwalior iron is manufactured for about £6 per ton.

superiority consist? Simply, in being presented for sale in bars, rods, sheets,* wire, &c., while a rough and shapeless mass is turned out of the Indian forge. It cannot be expected that the native, by the labor of his hands, is to effect all that is done by machinery in more civilized communities. With every variety of ore, and fuel of both kinds, we should manufacture in India every description of iron. Even at the present time we find various qualities produced. There is the iron from the magnetic oxides, and in the two districts alluded to, the metal differs considerably. The Gwalior is very much used from its peculiar softness and ductility, and the Hill iron, again, when a harder metal is required, as shown by foot note.† In this province alone the following varieties of ore are formed: Brown iron ore occurs in many places. In Chowgurkha (near Almorah) the hydrated oxide contains a small proportion of manganese, and sometimes crystals of magnetic iron ore; from this good steel might be obtained; black oxide of iron occurs in Ghurwal, which should afford the same description of metal as common Swedish bar. The prevailing ore is the red oxide and its varieties. Compact red iron ore at Khetsari, micaceous at Ramghur, Chunowlee, &c., and red hematite at Dhuniakote on the Cossillah. This last is the same which at Ulverstone is noted for yielding a superior metal of great tenacity, and much used for drawing into wire: steel also is made from it for secondary purposes.

We now come to a point on this head, which must not be passed over; namely, the native blacksmith invariably prefers his own ill-smelted iron to the English, from the greater facility with which he can work it up. This arises from the inferior character of all iron prepared with coal, which is more or less contaminated by the presence of sulphur. Dr. Lardner observes: "As iron smelted with charcoal undoubtedly works the most kindly, so it is certainly the best, when the same description of fuel can be used during the working of it." So long then, as charcoal is the fuel exclusively used by the native blacksmiths, it is evident that the proper description of iron to commence an improvement in, is the *charcoal smelted.*

*4th.—That in the mineral districts of the Himalayas there is no coal.*

Were the absence of coal really a want, surely 6,000 square miles of forest (which may be termed coal above ground) as in

* European iron is used for every thing, the shape and form of which accords with the description of iron exported from Europe. The object is plain, saving of labor and fuel. For instance, if I wish to make a long crow bar 5 feet long, it will cost me, though the two sorts do not differ in price, four times as much if I make it of native iron instead of English bar iron. This is the cause why so much sheet iron is used in India.—*J. C. Wilson, Esq.*

† "Gwalior iron is used in Moradabad for making the following—12 inch nails, and nails of every description, chains, screws, clamps for boxes, phourahs, koolharees, &c. &c., and all things requiring soft iron, such as horse shoes, horse shoe nails, &c."

"Kumaon iron is used for making sledge hammers, common hammers, phourahs, koolharees, pick axes, hoes, iron spikes for ploughs, and all things requiring hard iron."—*J. C. Wilson, Esq., Moradabad.*

Since writing the above I have been informed by an Engineer Officer that the best iron he knows for toughness and ductility is the Kumaon iron.

Kumaon, might suffice to supply the deficiency.

To quote again from Dr. Lardner: "The best fuel is undoubtedly charcoal, and this is known to consist almost entirely of carbon." Did coal therefore exist on the spot, to apply it to the reduction of these richer ores, would be to depreciate their value.* Instead of the superior metal obtained from smelting with wood fuel, an inferior article would be produced as stated above, the result of the presence of sulphur in the coal.

The scarcity of wood fuel in England made the discovery of coal of the first importance. In India the case is widely different. Her boundless forests, with extreme rapidity of vegetation, only require a regular system of cutting and planting, to render them inexhaustible.† We may reasonably suppose, that these do not encircle the iron districts to so vast an extent for nothing, and it may be inferred, that by making use of the one to develope the other, we shall turn each to its proper account. The same design which placed the coal and iron-stone in juxta-position, has here placed together the forest fuel and rich ores, which, with abundance of limestone, present so valuable a combination.

NOTE.

Though not exactly a part of my subject, I cannot wholly omit to mention how materially the well-being of the people would be affected by furnace operations causing a judicious cutting of the forests. At present what might be rendered a blessing to the country, is too often the reverse; the harbouring of wild beasts occasions the loss of about 100 lives annually in Kumaon. The heaviness of the Terrai jungle and lower ranges is well known, but I allude here as well to the whole country extending from thence to the high mountain or snowy range.—*Vide Extracts from Settlement Reports of J. H. Batten, Esq., Commissioner, Kumaon.*

"The sudden or gradual desertion of villages, owing to the loss of life and bodily injuries inflicted on the inhabitants by tigers, bears, and leopards" *** "Though Government has been liberal in the matters of rewards for the slaughter of wild beasts, the people of some parts of the Province, even far removed from the plains, are dreadfully harassed by the animals enumerated."—*(Gurhwal.)*

The exceeding heaviness of the jungle tends to perpetuate the animal scourges of the hills in the shape of tigers, bears, and leopards‡ —" both these districts, and a large portion of Uttagaon and Kumseear, are excessively jungly, and harassed by the visitations of tigers. In some of the tracts near the rivers notorious "man-eaters" are hardly ever absent, and at times the loss of human life is considerable."§

When real difficulties present themselves, to be prepared to meet them is right and proper. That imaginary ones should be started is a proof of the necessity which exists for acquiring a more accurate knowledge of what the country *does*, as well as what it does *not* possess.

In conclusion, I give one or two opinions from scientific and practical men in corroboration of

* For the reduction of clay iron-stone with coal or coke, very large furnaces and powerful steam engines are used. The charcoal furnaces are about half the size, hence, where materials are abundant as here, to obtain the same amount of iron we have only to look to the *number* of furnaces and not to their *height*.

† "I understand that hard wood of the consistency of oak, which forms the best charcoal, can be had in abundance in the Himalayas, where the mines are: this will give the manufacture of iron a decided superiority as to the fuel employed compared with Sweden, where the light charcoal of the fir tree only is used, oak and hard wood being very scarce in that country."—*Mr. Bald.*

‡ Danpoor (Kumaon)

§ Gungollee Nath and Burhaon.

the views advanced in the foregoing memorandum :—

"Iron to any extent might be obtained from the great beds and veins distributed throughout the country, and sold at such a rate, as to banish all foreign competition." "The mining and metallurgical operations in use are on a parallel with those of Europe during the dark ages." "No mine can thrive in our Indian possessions, until well instructed mine-masters and experienced miners are sent out from Europe." —*Professor Jameson.*

"Here, therefore, are all the necessary materials and living principles for the production of iron, and that to any required extent, with water for a moving power. Hence all that is now required is the application of scientific and practical principles for the working of the mines, the erecting and conducting the working of the blast furnaces, with the necessary machinery combined, and the making of roads and railways to transport the iron and other metallic produce to water carriage." * * * * "It strikes me that if an iron work is begun in the Himalayas, iron could be afforded to India at a rate lower than at present to a great degree, and at the same time afford a large profit per ton." * * * "I consider the establishment of iron works in the Himalayas as the basis of great super-structures of various kinds, and that they will directly aid the working of all the other metallic veins found in that country." "It is evident that the fabrique of steel will follow that of iron, and may we not hope, that from such materials, which by all accounts are the very best, a very superior steel may be produced ?" —*Mr. Bald, Mining Engineer.*

"Looking upon the Himalayan range as an extensive and almost unexplored district, teeming with mineral riches, possessing exuberant stores of vegetable fuel, ample water power for driving machinery, and blessed with a most salubrious climate, it appears in every way suited for the Establishment of a normal engineering and mining colony, which will no doubt, in future years, spread around, and ramify its off-shoots to every district where enterprize has a chance of success.*—*Mr. Robertson, Manager of Shatts Iron Works, Scotland.*

I have no statistical notice by me of the produce of iron in European countries at the present time, but according to Mr. Virlet's table, we have the following :—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| England, | (1827) | ... | †7,098,000 |
| Russia, | (1834) | ... | 1,150,000 |
| Sweden, | (1825) | ... | 850,000 |

The iron of Sweden and Russia, so far as is known, is all charcoal smelted. The latter country exports annually from 100 to 120,000 tons, a portion of which finds its way to India. Now if the reports of scientific men are to be depended on, India appears capable of producing iron, equal both in quantity and quality to England and Sweden combined. To stir up the productive industry of this people, by

* Letter dated May 20, 1846.
† The annual value of the iron of Great Britain is estimated by Mr. Tennant at £8,400,000.

rendering available the iron of the country, cannot fail to have a highly beneficial effect. I may conclude in the words of the late Captain Herbert, whose ability and intelligence are well known: "To her repositories of these metals (copper, lead, and iron) of tin, and mineral coal, is England mainly indebted for the unexampled wealth and power to which she has attained. Why they should not here prove equally mines of wealth, if properly managed, appears difficult to understand."

H. Drummond, *Major*,
*3rd Lt. Cavy.*

P.S.—I have not referred in the above memorandum to the Porto Novo Iron works near Madras, having understood they were erected on an expensive scale, for the purpose of competing in the London markets with a powerful English Company, who have the monopoly of the Dounemora Iron mine in Sweden, from which the cast steel for the superior cutlery of Sheffield is obtained. My wish is to show, how easily and advantageously improvements of the kind might be introduced, so as to meet the wants of the country itself, and that they might be on a *progressive* plan, commencing with *small out-goings*.

I have also avoided any allusion to railroads, their success being still a question, though it is evident, that to be supplied with cheaper iron on the spot, would greatly facilitate their introduction.

## MEMORANDUM.

During my residence in Kumaon, I have had occasion, in the execution of my public duties to use a number of tools, more particularly picks and mamooties; and owing to the wear and tear of these articles of iron work, which at present are supplied to the Department of Public Works, from Magazines, at a cost much beyond what tools of the same description could be made up (of a much superior metal) at Almorah, I had some of each kind made, which have been in constant use for some months past, and I find they are now in as serviceable order as when first put into use.

The Europe tools are evidently prepared of a very inferior iron, to that procurable in Kumaon, which is much superior to any I have seen in India, with the advantages of being reasonable in price, and the supply abundant. During the progress of the annual repairs to roads, &c., a considerable sum is expended in coolie hire, in bringing in tools to be repaired, and sending them out again to the works, in fact the Europe tools do not stand two days' work in the Hills, until they become unserviceable, and numbers get broken, thus causing considerable delay in the execution of work at any distance from the station.

The tools made up of the Hill iron have, as stated above, been in constant use, and it is my firm belief that they will last for a length of time before any repairs are required to be made to them.

The comparative cost of the Europe tools, and those that could be made up of Hill iron, is, to the best of my knowledge, as follows:—

*(Vide next page.)*

*Europe Tools.*

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 Pick at 3-11-9 each, or per 100, ... ... ... ... | Rs. | 373 | 7 | 0 |
| 1 Mamootie, at 2-10-1 each, or per 100,... ... ... | ,, | 263 | 0 | 4 |
| Total, Rupees ... | ,, | 636 | 7 | 4 |
| Add Coolie hire from the foot of the Hills, 20 men at 1-2 | ,, | 22 | 8 | 0 |
| Total cost of 200 Tools, ... ... ... ... ... ... | ,, | 658 | 15 | 4 |

To the above, the cost of conveyance (unknown to me) from the Magazine to the foot of the Hills is to be added.

* *Tools made up of Hill Iron.*

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 Pick at 1-12-4, or per 100, ... ... ... ... ... ... | Rs. | 177 | 1 | 4 |
| 1 Mamootie 1-4-3, or per 100, ... ... ... ... ... | ,, | 126 | 9 | 0 |
| Total, Rupees ... | | 303 | 10 | 4 |

Thus making a saving in two hundred tools of rupees 355-5, so that the Hill tools can be manufactured at a saving of more than one-half the cost of the Europe article.

It may be urged, that the above saving is too trifling to cause any change in the present mode of supplying the limited number of tools required for Almorah. But I see no reason why they could not be prepared in any quantity, and forwarded to distant stations, and at a much less cost than the English article can be supplied for, with the advantages of obtaining a much superior implement, and at a less expence.

Of late I have directed my attention to testing the different qualities of the Kumaon iron, and having tested the comparative wear and tear of tools made up of it, with the English made articles—and having found the former so much superior to the latter, it is my intention to forward a copy of this memorandum (through the office of my immediate Commanding Officer) for the consideration of the Military Board.

(Sd.) J. WALLACE, *Conductor,*
*Dept. P. Works.*

*Almorah,* 1*st November*, 1850.

# LINES,

*(Written on a Lady's having enlarged a pair of Wool-worked Slippers for a Gentleman.)*

---

Yes, here I am assailing you again,
But thank the goose my weapon is a pen,
And thank it inasmuch as you may wield
That same, and beat me fairly off the field.
Tho' you and I are very well aware,
Letters in rhyme involve no end of care,
Racking of brains and rummaging about,
Lest rhyme or reason shove the other out;
This and much more than I can name beside,
Makes Pegasus an awkward beast to ride:
Well may you stare to see me on his back
At all, as an epistolary hack.
Now for the slippers I have been expanding,
To the proportions of your understanding;
Pray don't mistake—because what woman can
Make any thing to suit the mind of man;
Tho' mine has been a pleasurable task,
One compensation at your hands I ask,
Which is, that you will never more declare
War against canvass worked by fingers fair;
Never on our embroidery look down,
With every feature drawn into a frown,
Nor sit upon our ottomans and find
A verdict of "vacuity of mind;"
By which we feel our sex to be maligned;
Nor calculate our groups or count our flowers
As sad memorials of wasted hours,
As if we sent our wits to gather wool,
Each time we need another needleful.
No, let the flowers upon those slippers fade,
Till their bright hues become one dingy shade;
Let them out-last long years of daily wear,
Till every stitch of canvass is worn bare,
Then share the fate all worn-out slippers share;
Let even the remembrance be no more
Of her who gave them, and the gift, before
You bring yourself to hint in conversation,
Our work is other than our recreation,
From deeper studies needful relaxation.
Let common gratitude the claim decide,
And justice waver to the fairer side.—F. W.

ANSWER.

My sombre musings and my prosy slumbers,
Waked by the music of your slippery numbers,
Have fled my brain, but left me still to chime
My prosy answer in far prosier rhyme.
I can command no Pegasus—that soon
Would fling such riders somewhere near the moon;
No—if *I* venture on poetic steed,
It must be one of very humble breed,
And while you gallop 'tis my joggier lot,
To mark your track and follow in a trot.
Thus then—accept my thanks most warmly due,
Both for your verses and the slippers too,
The latter, token of a kindness done,
The former, full of sparkling wit and fun;
In one you've quite succeeded in expanding
The narrow limits of my understanding.
No longer likely to be cramped, but finding
Scope for the soul within your ample binding;
And in the *other* all that *art can do*
You've done to make a fallacy as true,
As that plain black if really seen aright,
Would most assuredly be found pure white.
Say, can you really for a moment think,
That "three of black" and "two of blue and pink,"
That skipping, "counting," "taking up," and shading,
Which like the rainbow borrows light for fading;
That yellow, lilac, scarlet, blue and green,
And those eternal hollow squares between,
That things like these from hour to hour should bind
The mighty movements of a human mind;
Should waste those precious moments past recal,
In light wool-gathering—unoriginal,
And raise in after-years a haunting ghost,
Of talent wasted and reflection lost!
Where no idea oozes from the brain,
But *one, two, three*, and *stitch* and *stitch* again;
Its canvass ground fit type of science shallow,
Void, blank, monotonous, transparent, hollow,
A rage of fashion—nay, almost a crime,
Being a new way of killing poor Old Time,
With such material say what woman can
Make anything to fit the mind of man?
But when herself by fashion unconfined,
She brings both mind to man and heaven to mind.

In sphere of usefulness for ever found,
She keeps the tenor of her daily round,
With mind well stored from learning's goodly page,
To lighten life amid the shades of age;
With soul redeeming time so briefly given
By looking onward to the life in Heaven,
Consult your conscience and your strong good sense,
You'll see the wooling is without defence,
Being only fit for man when fast asleep,
'Mong waking animals alone for sheep,
Yet grateful truly shall I ever be,
For your late kindness and civility;
But for the *system*—only think and pause,
Ere you assume you have the *fairer* cause,
For common gratitude would ill decide,
If justice shifted from the juster side.

E. H. S.

# THE CHANNEL ISLANDS, AS PLACES OF RETIREMENT FOR OFFICERS OF THE INDIAN ARMY.

To the old Indian officer, tired of tropical climes, and eagerly looking forward to that retirement in a better land, which is the ultimate object of nearly all who have quitted it in youth to seek their fortunes in remote and ungenial countries, yet hesitating lest such small means as he is likely to have acquired at the end of even a much lengthened service should prove inadequate to the accomplishment of his ardent desire, some information regarding a locality where his small and hard-earned income may suffice for all moderate wants; where it may be in his power to bestow on his family a sound and fitting education, and where, with the climate of his native land, he may enjoy such society as becomes his birth and position; and as previous habits render necessary and congenial to him, may be of no small interest and importance. For the benefit of any of his *confreres* so situated, a short account of the advantages to be found in our privileged Channel Islands is offered by a brother officer, who, having resided in them during a considerable part of his furlough, has experienced and can appreciate the value of the inducements they hold out as places of settlement for those in his own circumstances; who has had opportunities of comparing with them most parts of England, as well as the greater number of the places on the continent of Europe most frequented by his countrymen; who eagerly anticipates the happy day when he shall be able to prove his sincerity in advocating their merits, by selecting them as his own resting-place, so soon as the required period of his Indian service shall have elapsed; and who, while not professing to describe with the precision of a Guide book, will answer for the general accuracy of the account here given from his own observation, limiting himself to such particulars as are likely to prove serviceable to the class for whose information it is written, and with the remark, that those requiring a full and minute acquaintance with the subject may refer to Inglis' work, to which the writer has not access. In the great number of cases the means of the retired Indian officer will scarce enable him to live on the mainland of England in the comfort he requires, and is entitled to expect; while, after a life of exile, affording no opportunities for acquaintance with continental society or familiarity with continental habits, the banks of the Rhine or Moselle—the numerous watering places of Northern Germany—the many thriving towns or pretty villages of the South and West of France, which, from their excessive cheapness, beautiful scenery, and other advantages have become the retreat of [illegible] many of his countrymen, much as they may please him for a passing visit, are little likely to possess for him the attractions he would require in a permanent resting place; but to those in his condition, belonging to the better classes of society, yet depend-

ent on small pensions or annuities, perhaps encumbered by large families, or otherwise limited in their means of living, the Channel Islands, may be looked upon as most eligible places of residence. Though these Islands are strictly speaking six in number, Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, Serk, Herme and Jetou, it is to the two first named only that our subject relates, the third being so little the resort of the English as to require but small notice, though it may be observed, *en passant*, that out of its population, consisting of 1500 or 2000 inhabitants, there is to be found some small proportion of our countrymen, attracted solely by its exceeding cheapness, while the importance of its Naval and Military position, as situated immediately over against the celebrated French Naval Arsenal of Chesbourg, having led to the erection of fortifications and establishment of a post for troops, it is far from improbable, that in the course of a few years it may rise to an equality with the larger neighbouring islands as a resort for visitors and settlers, more particularly should the latter be burdened with a surplus settler population, as from their increasing popularity may well be anticipated. The three last-named of these islands are mere rocks inhabited by a few fishermen, and little likely to become more than what they are at present— places of curiosity for a day's visit. Guernsey and Jersey, lying between the west coasts of England and France, carry on their principal communication with the former country, through the packet station of Southampton, from which they are situated at the respective distances of about 100 and 130 miles, while their proximity to the nearest English coasts, those of Dorsetshire and Devonshire, is greater by many miles. The Channel Islands steamers being among the best of any leading English harbours, the distances above given are performed in fair weather in six and eight hours, while smaller steamers running from Jersey, to the Ports of Granville and St. Malo, (three and a half or four hours being the time occupied), complete the communication with the Coasts of Normandy and Brittany. There is also steam intercourse between the Islands and Plymouth, Torquay and Poole. Guernsey, the smaller Island, possesses over its neighbour the advantage of proximity to England greater by 32 miles, or two hours' journey; its country is pretty, its country-houses and those bordering the town are neat and convenient; it has great educational advantages in an excellent College, where the sons of gentlemen not over-burdened with the goods of the world may be brought up at an expense commensurate with such circumstances. On the other hand the society to be met with is said to be formal and unsociable to an extreme, prone to dispute and suspicious towards strangers; and its principal town, the only one on the Island entitled to be considered a town, St. Peter's Port, built on the double ridges of a steep hill, is small, dirty, dull, narrow in its streets, and otherwise inconvenient. In its environs reside the greater number of English settlers. The town possesses a harbour deficient in space, and of faulty construction, guarded by an ancient fortification, called "Cornet

Castle," which a very few guns, and those of very small calibre, would make short work of toppling into the waves beneath. The Island has a garrison of infantry and artillery, besides its native militia. In its government, constitution, laws and language, it so closely resembles its neighbour, as to render a more particular description unnecessary; and the larger Island having decidedly the preference as a residence for our countrymen, we will, in giving a minute account of the advantages offered by Jersey, as a settlement for Indian Officers and others of limited income, leave it to be borne in mind, that in many essential particulars the same remarks may be applicable to Guernsey, and that their propinquity renders it at all times an easy matter for the visitor to one Island to judge by comparison how far either may be the more worthy of his selection. The exemption from Customs duties, and every other taxation which these Islands enjoy, is the main cause of that economy in all necessaries of life which is among the first of their attractions as a settlement for the Indian officer. The house which he will here rent for, say £30 a year, will cost him, *bonâ fide* that sum, while in England the Government and parochial taxes would increase his rent to £40 or £45. His cellar may be stocked with wines of every description at about one-half of the English cost, and his tea will be consumed at an equally reduced price. Every exciseable article of consumption he will find lowered in a greater or less proportion. His carriage and horses, if he be able to indulge in such luxuries, indeed, whether private property or hired, will, in the absence of the tax both on vehicle, cattle, and servants, cost him to maintain, a sum infinitely below English rates; and let him drive where he may, he will encounter no Turnpike Gates to try his temper and his purse, for that "amari aliquid"—the Toll—in short, from his Doctor's Bill to his Washerwoman's he will find, in every article of necessity, comfort or luxury, that he may here enjoy on a *small* income all that it would require a something more than *moderate* one to procure for him in England, to exemplify which it may be as well here to furnish some particulars of rates of expenditure and lists of prices, all given from experience, and calculated in British or Jersey currency, as the custom of the place prevails, the latter being at the rate of 13 pence per English shilling, or somewhat more than 8 per cent. below the former.

Rent of a large house, unfurnished, in the best situation in the neighbourhood of St. Heliers, £40 to £50 per annum, British or Jersey.

Do. of a smaller, do. do. do. £30 to £35, do.

Do. of do. do. do. in good, but not the best situation, about £25 do.

Do. of a large house in the country, about £20; and smaller houses in proportion.

Do. of lodgings for a family, comfortable and well situated, 30*s*. per week, British.

Do. of do. for a Bachelor do. do. 10*s*. to 16*s*. do. do.

Do. do. in the country very low, say from 7*s*. upwards do. do.

Hotel charges very moderate. Charges at a good Boarding House for a Bachelor, 25*s*., Bri-

tish, per week, exclusive of wine, &c., and for a family in proportion.

*Wages of domestic servants.*—Female £6 to £8 per annum, British, and male at a slight advance.

*Coals.*—18*s.* to 24*s.* per ton; washing 1*s.* per dozen of all kinds, British.

*Coach-hire.*—8*s.* or 10*s.* per day; saddle-horses 5*s.* per day, British.

*Clothing of all kinds.*—15 to 20 per cent. below English prices.

*Physician's fees.*—Much below the English. It is the custom with the profession here to contract with families for visiting them, when required, at so much per annum, usually at a very moderate rate.

*Drugs.*—Very cheap in comparison with English prices.

*Wines.*—From 6*s.* per dozen for the commoner kinds of Spanish, French and Sicilian. Marsala is much consumed, and can be had *good* at 9*s.* to 12*s.* per dozen, but the best plan is to purchase in England in bond, and it is then cellared at English prices *minus* the duty.

*Teas.*—Good 2*s.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* per lb.; inferior 10*d.* to 1*s.* 6*d.*

*Sugar.*—Refined 7*d.* and 8*d.*; Raw, 3*d.* per lb., Jersey currency.

*Bread.*—6*d.* to 8*d.* per qr. loaf; Butter 8*d.* to 1*s.* per lb. according to season, Jersey currency.

*Meat.*—Beef and mutton 6*d.* to 8*d.*; pork 3*d.* to 5*d.* per lb., Jersey currency.

*Poultry.*—Best fowls and capons 3*s.* per pair; eggs 4*d.* to 6*d.* per dozen, Jersey currency.

*Fish.*—Dear and scarce. Though there is plenty round the Island, it comes chiefly, "mirabile dictu," from Plymouth, the Islanders not liking the *exertion* of piscatorial pursuits; oysters abound, and this fishery is protected by a Queen's ship.

*Game.*—None on the Island, but an occasional woodcock or snipe, brought chiefly from France, and at times very cheap, though the market in this respect is uncertain.

Beef, mutton, eggs, poultry, &c., are also principally from the neighbouring French coast, which being situated at a distance from any of the larger markets of the country, and having very indifferent communication with the interior, finds the best outlet for its produce in these Islands.

Fruits and vegetables are produced in the Island of all kinds, and are very cheap and plentiful; the Chaumontel pears of Jersey are in particular celebrated throughout England, and exported thither in great quantities. Apple orchards abound, and a great deal of cider is made here: flowers also flourish in every variety.

The greater portion of the English settlers in Jersey have their residences in the immediate vicinity of its principal town, St. Heliers, which is surrounded by hills affording most eligible sites for dwelling houses, and commanding an extensive sea view.

The town itself is replete with all the conveniences of civilized life, and is scarcely to be surpassed in the accommodations it affords by any place equally distant from the metropolis: it possesses numerous Churches, several Hotels, an excellent market, Assembly Rooms, a Club, a Theatre, without a resident company, but regularly visited by the celebrities from London and elsewhere. French and English shops, where the latest novelties from Paris and London are to be obtained, a fine Pier, forming a delightful prome-

nade, and public gardens, which are much frequented. There is also a College newly erected, and schools of all kinds are numerous. Races are held annually at Goree.

St. Heliers is computed to contain 60,000 inhabitants, English and Native. It has a fine and commodious harbour, protected by the strong fortification of Elizabeth Castle, at about a mile from the shore, with which it communicates at low water by a Causeway, which becomes covered at high tide. There is also a fort on land commanding the sea approach and town, but the Island's chief protection is in its iron-bound coast, rendering navigation most perilous to a stranger, and safe to its native marines and pilots only in clear daylight. The garrison consists of the depôt of some regiment on foreign service, and a detachment of artillery. There is also a large Island militia, which is periodically called out for exercise and inspection. Mails from and to London arrive and depart three times weekly by the Southampton steamers, and the Islands are included in the penny postage.

Jersey itself is about 30 miles in circumference, contains a population of about 120,000 (which, it may be observed, is double that of the Isle of Wight, the latter Island being double the size of the former), and its towns are three in number, St. Heliers, St. Aubins, and Goree, the two latter being, however, but large villages: the smaller villages are numerous, the country houses extremely pretty, and the Island is surrounded by numerous bays, St. Brelade's, St. Catherine's, Bouley Bay, Grêve de Lecy, &c. &c., which in summer are much resorted to as places for bathing and recreation. The roads throughout the Island are good, the largest being that from St. Heliers to Cape Grosnez, distant nine miles, where a fine view of the French coast is obtained, and at all hours of the day there is communication by coach and omnibus between St. Heliers, St. Aubins and Goree, each of the latter distant about five miles from the principal town. The country is hilly, and has pretty scenery, but is wanting in large trees, all it possesses being small and stunted. In St. Heliers English is the language universally spoken, except perhaps by the saleswomen from Normandy, whose national head-dress has so picturesque an effect in the streets and markets; in the country, however, a vile patois French prevails, about as difficult to comprehend as the French of Strasbourg. Chief among the show places of the Island, and the favorite resort of pic-nic parties are Mont Orgueil Castle and Prince's Tower, the former a fine old building, erected some centuries ago, and situated at Goree, the latter a high tower surrounded by a grove, and from its summit commanding a fine and extensive view of the island, sea, and French coast. The history of this building is involved in obscurity, but among the Islanders the following is the legend attached to it:

"In ancient times, this island was infested by a fierce and fiery dragon, by whom the inhabitants were much molested and destroyed, when, to relieve them from the monster, a valiant Norman Knight sallied forth from the mainland, accompanied by his squire, who had formed an improper attachment for the lady of his lord. The said Knight having

slain the dragon, was on this spot himself slain by treachery by his follower, who returning to his country, endeavored to impose on the widow, with a statement that his master had lost his life in the encounter with the beast, recommending him with his last breath to the future affections of the lady: but his falsehood being discovered, he was delivered up to the laws, (if there were any,) while the disconsolate widow erected a tomb to her husband on the spot where he had fallen, and of such height as to be always in her sight from her dwelling on the coast, where she mourned him with a constancy not often exhibited by widows of modern times, and hence " La Hougue Bie," or Prince's Tower, the former name being supposed to be derived from the residence of the heroine. Poetically this Legend might be thus rendered :—

I.

On Jersey's Isle, in ancient times,
There roved a Dragon savage,
Who swallowed little children up,
And all the land did ravage.

II.

Until a valiant Norman Knight,
Of high renown and name,
To free the Island from this scourge,
And slay the monster, came.

III.

And with him 'cross the waters wents,
The squire he trusted well,
But whose base heart too late was found,
In treachery to excel.

IV.

Dire conflict soon began between
The Knight and savage beast,
Till by the prowess of the man,
The brute became deceased.

V.

The valiant Knight, with toil o'erwhelm'd,
In heavy slumber lay,
The faithless squire seizing his sword,
Forthwith his lord did slay.

VI.

And hastening to his master's halls,
This false tale did relate:
" Fair lady! from yon monster fierce
" Your lord has met his fate;

VII.

" Great tho' the valor of the Knight,
" And great the deeds he did do,
" 'Twas all in vain, my lord was slain,
" And you're a *pretty* widow.

VIII.

" He charged me with his latest breath,
" To take you for my bride,
" So here I've sped, with you to wed,
" And by his will abide."

IX.

Indignantly the widow spurn'd
The proffers of the knave;
The truth to find, made up her mind,
And sailed across the wave.

X.

And having reached the fatal Isle,
The fact did there discover—
Just was her cause—She to the laws
Consigned her would-be lover.

XI.

And mourning for her murdered lord,
The flames of grief she fanned,
And would not be to any he,
A wife at second hand.

XII.

The memory of her early love,
Firm in her heart did lodge—
Best of her sex! she never tried,
The husband hunting-dodge.

XIII.

But to commemorate his deeds,
A Tower forthwith did build,
Erected on the fatal spot,
Where he was basely killed.

XIV.

And as her Knight's last resting place,
This Tower she raised so high,
That from her home in Normandy,
Its summit she might spy.

XV.

Retiring to her native land,
From lattice of her bower,
Until her death, her eyes she fixed,
Upon her dead Knight's Tower.

XVI.

Ye Widows! seeking to replace
Dead husbands, think how she
Was faithful to her lost bold Knight,
This heroine of "Hougue Bie."

The steamers from Jersey communicating with the French coast afford opportunities for many delightful tours at small expence, and a few months of the summer may be very agreeably passed at many pretty places in Normandy and Brittany: in the former country Avranches is the favorite place of resort for English visitors, and is reached by Diligence in a few hours from the port of Granville; in the latter St. Servan, a suburb of the port of St. Malo, is sometimes used as a place of occasional residence, but the pretty village of Dinan, on the river Rance, to which a steam-boat runs from St. Malo in about a couple of hours, and through the prettiest river scenery, is most frequented. At both these places are English boarding houses, and lodgings may be had on very low terms. They are much resorted to by the English residents of the Islands, and their vicinity as agreeable places for occasional change and recreation is a great recommendation to the latter. Extended tours may be made to Caen, Havre, &c., on the one side, and to the pleasant towns on the Loire, or further southward, on the other, all travelling and hotel charges in those parts of France being at a very low rate. With regard to society, there is little mixture between the English settlers and native islanders. A few among the old families of the latter are occasionally to be seen in the houses of the former, but the present large English population affords an exclusive society to those who prefer it as most are found to do, and from the main portion of the English residents being people similar in class, confined to moderate incomes and of known circumstances, there is in their association a degree of freedom, and an absence from that competition for appearances so often observable in our own country, which tend to render society highly agreeable to those unaccustomed as are old Indians to its formalities and restraints. The natives, generally speaking, cannot but be considered an inferior race. Intermarriage to a degree elsewhere unheard of has been accompanied by its inevitable results in physical and mental disease, unfruitful unions prevail to an immense extent, and among the lower orders, the wretched diet in use, consisting principally of vegetables and Conger eel, which is here found in the greatest abundance, must tend greatly to physical decay. The climate of the Islands is milder than that of England, its chief agrémens are an early spring and late autumn, both delightful seasons here, shortening the winter, which is too wet, with less frost and snow than is the case on the mainland, while the summer is too hot, and is the time of year best adapted for some pleasant excursion to either side of the channel. In the Government of the two Islands there exist some

trifling and unimportant differences. Both are ruled by the ancient Norman laws, are unrepresented in Parliament, have a Governor nominated by the Crown, who being a Military Officer, has also the chief command of the troops, the legislative authority being vested in assemblies called "The States," presided over by the "Baillie," and composed, in the case of Jersey, of the Dean of St. Heliers, the Vicars of the principal rural parishes of the Island, which are many in number, and other ex-officio members. The prevailing laws must be admitted to be as imperfect as from their antiquity may well be supposed, but they little concern the English inhabitants who are not engaged in trade or agriculture. Those of debtor and creditor are considered especially nefarious, it being in the power of the fraudulently disposed, by a trifling legal process, to become separated from their wives, "quant aux biens," as regards their property, and the continued announcements in the Government Gazette of the place shew how freely advantage is taken of such power to evade the claims of creditors. The laws regarding lands and tenements are likewise founded on principles in which justice seems to have little concern, and the stranger will do well to enter into no transactions in such matters, but with the advice of his lawyer on the spot, with which precaution he cannot go far wrong. The police regulations and arrangements were lately most notoriously inefficient, though strange to say, acts of robbery and violence were of no common occurrence, but it is believed that during the last few years an improved and additional police establishment has been forced on the islanders by the Home Secretary. During a long residence on the island, the writer never once encountered that nuisance of all the world civilized or uncivilized, a beggar, but whether owing to native charity, universal prosperity, or stringent laws, he cannot tell.

The coinage of the islands consists of copper only, pennies, half-pennies and farthings, coined in the name of the "States," and passing at the rate of 13 pence per English shilling. All English coins are likewise current at the same rate, as well as French franc and five-franc pieces at a variable exchange. There are numerous town as well as parochial Banks, all issuing their £1 notes and mostly considered sound and solvent. The stranger in receiving money will be astonished at the various descriptions of paper currency, much of it years and years in circulation, in which he will be paid.

The above description being drawn from personal observation, during a somewhat lengthened residence in the places to which it relates, and with such minuteness as the object of this paper appears to render necessary, it is hoped that sufficient has been said to enable those who may be seeking a pleasant and economical locality for their retirement from active service, to form, *prima facie*, such judgment as can be arrived at without personal observation of the recommendations which the Channel Islands possess. That the main land of old England will have the preference with those to whom an odd hundred or two are of little consequence in their yearly expenditure there

cannot be much doubt, but with how few among Military men is this the case! With many the choice must lie between India, a continental residence, or a retreat, such as has been here described, and to such the advantages detailed may be well worthy of consideration.

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## THE DUKE.

We may not mourn for Him—
His was a soul too noble to be mourned;
Of God's nobility—not that of men;
He is not lost to us, although returned
To regions more congenial; even then
His spirit and his influence still are ours,
For ever shrined 'mid earth's undying powers.

No, we may mourn for those
Upon the top of our society;
The weeds that float upon the social pool,
When it is stagnant, they are born and die,
The Profligate, the Ruffian and the Fool;
And we *may* mourn, that ever such should find
The means to cast dishonour on mankind.

But not for *Him* we mourn—
*That* spirit may be reigning in a Star,
Where free from all alloys that dimmed it here,
Its glorious brightness may shine out afar
Diffusing splendour through a loftier sphere;
Death could have been release alone for Him,
Not for such parting should our eyes be dim.

Yet mourn we for the Earth,
That of such spirits there should be so few,
Such slender hope of one to fill the space,
And stand forth leader of the meaner crew,
When *He* hath sought *Above*, his native place!
Hero! we mourn for Earth, and not for Thee,
Thou hast gained Rest, the Earth but Memory.

# SIR THOMAS MUNRO AND HIS TIMES.*

It was not a Dilettantism this of Abbot Samson. It was a Reality, and it is one. The garment only of it is dead; the essence of it lives through all Time and all Eternity.

CARLYLE'S "*Past and Present.*"

WHATEVER else of real or fancied significance may be thought to separate this nineteenth century in any moral or social view from this or the other of its elder brethren, one at least of its distinguishing features will hardly be ignored by the most perverse or careless of modern thinkers. We allude to those signs of quickened mental activity which the least reflexion must force upon our notice in rather a tumultuous way. For thought in these later days has indeed been advancing with strides considerably swifter than heretofore. Its apostles are no longer to be counted by twos and threes amidst the surrounding swarms of thoughtless humanity. Its circles are widening daily as man's intercourse with his neighbour becomes daily closer and more sustained. In many strange unspeakable ways are the great inventions of modern science redounding here and there to the mental wakening of thousands, who had otherwise been like to live and die as ignorant and brutish as the generations they are following to the tomb. The thirst for knowledge has of late been growing upon the world at large in a tenfold ratio, one might almost say, to the development of new means for its diffusion. The efforts we are daily re-doubling to supply the wants and stimulate the workings of the merely physical man serve, each in its own degree, to bring out the slumbering energies and inform the shapeless instincts of the mental man. The railway booms its warnings of a new intellectual avatar upon the ears of a multitude waxing continually denser and more wakeful. There are thousands of human hearts beating everywhere in hopeful answer to the message which thrills along the electric wire. Wherever commerce stoops to refresh its wings, there, you may feel certain, will be dropped some seeds of intellectual life, fated in due season to bring forth their manifold harvest out of a soil whose native fruitfulness has been choked and seemingly destroyed by the silent overgrowth of past ages. Wherever the soldier has left his desolating track, even there may we count on seeing the barrenness of present havoc re-placed eventually by the warm fore-shadowings of an epoch far richer in mental fruit than that which had been so rudely swept away. Ignorance and barbarism must assuredly recede in time before the approaches of civilization, come in whatever guise it may.

And the Press too—that hardy offspring and staunch champion of modern freedom, which tyrants,

* Life of Sir Thomas Munro, by the Rev. G. R. Gleig, M. A.—London: 1849.

great and little hate as they do justice, and despots like Louis Napoleon obey their truest instincts in striving to put down—is not the Press too a powerful engine? Is it not rather the powerfullest of all for shedding the light of knowledge on the nations that sit in darkness? Has it not opened out to the popular mind a rich Hesperides-Garden of intellectual wealth, of which the priestcraft and pharisaism of former days had no fit conception, even while they sought to guard its avenues from the approach of vulgar enquirers? Truly the art of Fust and Guttenburg has wrought no common marvels in the cause of human enlightenment. With the aid of machinery surpassing the wildest dreams of Fust and Guttenburg that art has so multiplied and cheapened the written products of human thought, that nearly all who choose may now drink more or less deeply at the well from which so few of their forefathers were permitted even to draw their modest thimblesful. As much as Art can ever be expected to do for Nature, is the Press beginning to do for human intellect. It cannot anyhow create the spell with which it works so ably. You cannot ask it to furnish new elements of mental activity, or strike out new roads to intellectual greatness. Shakspere and Bacon are essentially the children of Nature alone. No amount of modern learning could make a Stephenson out of Colonel Sibthorp, or raise a Cottle to the height of Milton. No art as yet revealed to us could ever fill up a vacuum in the mental world, or turn a born idiot into a genius of the first water. But the Press can wield an empire over the mental world only less supreme than the empire which Nature wields over all created things. If it cannot arrest the law which called it into existence, it can at least elicit the inherent resources of human intellect to a most incredible degree. If it cannot control the course of Nature, it can at least display in their full activity the more hidden wonders of Nature's handiwork. It is already beginning to create a new world of thoughtful progress and intellectual yearnings out of the rude materials provided by former ages; to give new zest and wider scope to the discussion of philosophic problems, and the ventilation of note-worthy ideas; to rouse the mouldering souls of untaught millions to something like a clear sense of their actual deficiencies, and an earnest desire to rise up from the Lethe of ignorance wherein they have so long been content to wallow. Every-whither, to the farthest corners of this earthly globe, the Press has begun to cast forth its endless stores of mental nourishment, all too slowly as yet to satisfy the hungry multitudes who are crying aloud for deliverance from the bondage they never felt before.

The increased facilities for acquiring knowledge have acted in their turn upon the general character of our popular literature. The wants of the unlearned many have fairly carried the day against the formal requirements of the learned few. Mere massive erudition, long-winded treatises on matters of doubtful moment, bulky quartos of cut and dried morality, elaborate dust-heaps of useless speculation, no longer form

the staple of our literary food. The general reader will have nothing to do with viands of that undainty sort. His mental yearnings are only to be soothed by the greatest possible amount of picturesque matter compressed into the smallest possible compass. Novels in ten volumes or so have long ceased to fill the book-shelf or grace the breakfast table. We doubt if one in a hundred of those who know Richardson by name have ever had the courage to read 'Clarissa Harlowe.' Still less popular now are the voluminous utterances of Baxter and Jeremy Taylor. The only histories we care to read now, are those which shew us in the reading some glimpses of an evident design to please the many rather than to instruct the few. The author who would make his way to present distinction must learn to consult the tastes of the general reader, or count on being at once left behind on the road to present distinction. The author who writes to live must write also to win the attention of those on whom he depends for the means of living. Eager for novelty and thirsting after miscellaneous knowledge, our reading public has seldom much leisure for the perusal of bulky tomes, while it has plenty of spare half hours to devote to reading of a compacter sort. In the steady growth of our periodical literature we trace accordingly the peculiar out-flowings of the popular mind. Our best writers now begin by catering for the newspaper press, writing pleasant articles for popular journals, or condensing into the pages of a quarterly review the information they could otherwise have diffused over the ample range of a pro octavo. Owing to the same taste for light desultory reading, historical research has generally forsaken its ancient garb to appear in a critical or biographical form. We are not inclined to murmur at the change. Much sound and useful knowledge is thus imparted in a lively piece-meal way to a wider circle of learners, than the same knowledge worked up into a form more strictly historical could ever in all likelihood have secured. Does not a single page of minute picturesque Froissart, historian though he was, delight us more than whole volumes of formal Smollett? Clio in the biographer's green-room will evolve more points of true human interest, display more curious touches of human character, than Clio strutting it in her overdone bravery before the foot-lights of a thorough-paced historian. We like to catch some glimpses of the domestic comedy which goes on behind the scenes, remote from but really linked in rather a curious way with the events and characters of the pure historical drama. We like to see the great men come down to our common level; to catch Cæsar basking in the smiles of his Egyptian enchantress; to hear Cromwell joking with his friend Harrison, or speaking tender words to his daughter Elizabeth; to see how bravely Bolingbroke can bear himself amidst the trials of his later years. We like to trace political movements up to their hidden sources; to mark the petty influences which often determine the course of great events; to observe the steps by which men have risen to the place they held among their cotemporaries, or that which they are permitted to hold among ourselves.

If only as an aid to our appreciation of historic facts, the biographies which issue daily from the Press may be reckoned among the greatest boons which the spirit of modern literature has yet conferred upon the reading world. But biography does more than this. It supplies details of greater or less interest, suggests ideas of greater or less moment, from which the future historian may learn to evolve something like a faithful estimate of the times he has undertaken to chronicle. And it also sets before us in their own distinctive characters some noteworthy scenes and humanities of no common order, on which the historian is content to touch lightly or refrain sometimes from touching at all. It shews us, as Mr. Gleig has done in his pleasant memoir of Sir Thomas Munro, how much of quiet greatness and genuine worth may escape detection in the bird's-eye view which history is fain to take of human affairs.

Among the great men of an age which produced some of the greatest men that India has ever seen, the hero of Mr. Gleig's biography claims no undistinguished place whether as a soldier or a statesman. For a great man we must assuredly deem him, however narrow the circle in which he moved compared with some of his more shining cotemporaries, and however doubtful may be his title to a lasting place in the ranks of history's great men. It is not chiefly by the accidents of his public career that a character like that of Sir Thomas Munro can be fairly estimated. The extent of his real worth must be viewed by circumstances less obtrusive than those which form the ground-work of all historic narration. His greatness belonged to a very different type from that which made Cæsar prefer being, if he had the choice, 'the best wrestler on the green' of his native village, to holding the second place within the walls of Rome. His better nature alone would have forbidden him under any circumstances to think of rising to the doubtful eminence of a Napoleon. But it is hardly too much to say that circumstances alone debarred him from aspiring to the juster fame of a Wellington or a Wellesley. Acting as he did a rather subordinate part in the great political movements of his day, he yet managed to display a degree of natural ability sufficient to have carried him with much éclat through any part he might have been allowed to bear in the great political movements of his day. His greatness lay less in what he actually did, than in the promise he gave of talents equal to whatever he might under luckier circumstances have found himself in the position to do. Be it remembered also that Munro's Indian career was marked from beginning to end, by the presence on our Anglo-Indian stage of men whose fame has spread far beyond the scene of their first or greatest achievements. The names of Hastings, Wellesley, and Wellington suggest a galaxy of merit bright enough to throw a world of lesser celebrities altogether into the shade. Comparing Munro with such a triad we are almost fain to allow that

"——— micat inter omnes
Julium sidus, velut inter ignes
Luna minores."

Mr. Gleig has little to tell us on the subject of Munro's boy-

hood. Of that little still less is worth retailing here. Young Master Thomas gave none of those remarkable signs which biographers are apt to discover in those who grow up to be remarkable men. There was nothing in his mental growth to distinguish him greatly from other lads of his own standing. He was not remembered for his precocity like many who come to nothing after all. Nor was he an idle hopeless 'neer-do-weel' like young Clive. Nor did his temper prove, like that of poor young Shelley, uncongenial to the atmosphere of a crowded school-room. Young Munro was fond of his book. But he was also fond of out-door sports and manly exercises. At the age of thirteen, when he entered Glasgow College, we find him described as "a tall, "robust, and somewhat awkward "looking lad; indifferent rather "than otherwise to the niceties "of costume and manner; but "his disposition was manly, his "heart good, and his forbearance "and powers of self-denial re-"markable." On the whole he seems to have been a kindly, right-thinking, clever youth, much liked by his companions and giving no trouble to his masters. It is pleasant also to learn that his parents were happy in the knowledge of their son's affection, and that a deep sense of filial duty persuaded him on one occasion to decline the offer of a Lieutenant's commission, in order that he might fulfil his father's hopes of seeing him realise a fortune through the counting-house. Such traits of boyish character contain no very clear foreshadowings of the destiny which awaited the grown-up man. But the general likeness they bear to similar traits in the portrait of the grown-up man, stamps them at once as truthful indexes to the later growth of a nature peculiarly strong and self-relying. A warm heart and indifference to personal graces were qualities just as characteristic of the soldier-politician of later days, as they had formerly been of the awkward-looking Glasgow scholar.

Happily for himself however, the young clerk was not doomed to many days of reluctant drudgery. He had just entered his eighteenth year when his father's bankruptcy left him free to accept a Cadetship in the East India Company's service, but too poor withal to pay the expenses of his passage out. There were no friends at hand to help him through such a strait. His father had enough to do in shifting for himself and the rest of his helpless family. But young Munro had not been studying self-denial for nothing. Making a virtue of necessity he worked his way to India before the mast, and arrived at the scene of his future command with an ill-stocked purse, but with a heart of hope and a firm resolve to do his duty by his masters, come what might. When forty years later Sir Thomas Munro stood once more upon the old remembered sea-beach, a Governor full of years and honors, with what a thrill of proud yet mournful satisfaction must his thoughts have glanced back through intervening years to the hour when he first landed, a penniless but stronghearted youngster, in the country which afterwards witnessed the gradual fulfilment of his

youthful dreams, and was destined a few years later to become his grave !

It was not long before the quality of Munro's firmness was exposed to rather a trying ordeal. A "griff" of the present day would perhaps be inclined to laugh at the credulity which entailed the trial. But Munro's credulity resulted from his native guilelessness, and few griffs of the present day would have met the consequences as unflinchingly as he did. On reaching Madras he had been led to engage the services of one of those plausible knaves who infest the landing-places of other towns beside Madras, and speak in other tongues besides the Hindustani. The hopeful servant straightway began his trade by advising his master to get rid of nearly all his English clothes as things quite useless or out of fashion, and replace them with furniture of a more essential sort. Beguiled by counsel seemingly of the soundest and thinking no evil of one who had brought him such flattering credentials, our honest young Scotchman fell at once into the snare. He entrusted the rascal with the condemned clothes to barter for new ones, and with a few guineas—the whole of his scanty savings—to expend in the purchase of whatever he deemed essential to the bare requirements of a subaltern's outfit. The man departed with his burden, but to poor Munro's disgust and wonderment he never returned. It was a ruinous blow for our young Ensign. But the manner in which he repaired it brought out his natural strength of character in a very remarkable way. He made the best shift he could with his few remaining clothes, gave up visiting his friends in great measure, and stinted himself not only of every luxury but even of many a poor comfort, until he had managed to scrape together a sum sufficient to replace what he had so rashly lost. Yet, for all his painful economy, it was near six months—he writes to his mother—"before I could save money enough to buy me a few suits of linen." Such instances of self-denial are worth recording; for it was chiefly by his habits of self-denial that the penniless young soldier fought his way to whatever of worldly distinction he subsequently achieved.

It was a fine time for hopeful Ensigns when young Munro set foot in Madras. The beginning of 1780 ushered in a dark and stormy prospect for the powers and principalities of Southern India. Disgusted with the shuffling conduct of his English allies and charmed by sounding assurances of aid from their French rivals, Hyder Ali was already concocting that vast scheme of aggressive warfare which ended, years after, in the total downfal of the Mysorean power. A little later he was pouring his relentless hordes upon the Carnatic, and carrying fire and sword far into the very heart of the British Presidency. The Madras Government was taken wholly by surprise. It was only when the smoke of Hyder's invasion had become visible from the ramparts of Fort St. George, that its eyes began to open to the full extent of the impending danger. It was late in autumn before a body of British troops was ready to take the field against our whilom ally. But the danger was not fairly grappled

with even then. The movements of our Military leaders were quite of a piece with the blunders already perpetrated by the civil powers. While Hyder with his countless swarms was raging almost within sight of the British capital, Sir Hector Monro insisted on concentrating his troops at a point some fifty miles away from the British capital. The consequences of his rashness soon disclosed themselves in rather a painful way. On its march to the rendezvous at Conjeveram a large detachment under Colonel Baillie was surprised and utterly annihilated by the troops of Hyder. A few only of the survivors were taken and carried off to Seringapatam, to endure a life of suffering compared with which the fate of their slaughtered comrades would have been deemed a mercy. Scared by this great disaster the main army under General Monro began its hasty retreat from Conjeveram to find its only shelter in the immediate neighbourhood of Madras. The strong fort of Arcot surrendered after a weak defence to the forces of the Mysorean conqueror. Wandiwash, Vellore, and other strong places in the Carnatic were closely invested; and the British troops looked on powerless and inactive at the ravages which Hyder was everywhere dealing upon the fair lands of their unfortunate ally. A French fleet was already on its way to encourage the efforts of the Mysorean ruler. French troops led by first-rate officers had already placed themselves under Hyder's colors. It seemed as if nothing but a miracle could save our power in Southern India from utter extinction, towards the close of that disastrous year.

Happily for the British name, the destinies of British India were lodged in the hands of one who had already proved himself equal to any need. Warren Hastings was then in the full swing of his memorable career. He saw at once the urgency of the danger and lost no time in devising measures to repair the mischief already done. The Madras authorities were superseded in the functions they had shewn such small ability to discharge aright. The Governor himself was suspended. Brave old Sir Eyre Coote was shipped off without delay to conduct the war against Hyder. A choice body of good British troops accompanied him to the scene of action. A large sepoy force was ordered to follow him with all possible haste by land. These were arbitrary measures; but Hastings was not the man to stand on punctilios when the safety of an important province, perhaps the very existence of Anglo-Indian rule, was staked on the course he might elect to follow.

The results answered his expectations. In the middle of December the hero of Wandiwash had taken the field with such forces as he could muster. The name of their General gave new courage to troops who only required good leading to beat any number of their enemies in open fight. A series of exploits always brilliant, generally most successful, proved that age had done little to cloud the intellect which shone out so clearly many years before in the campaigns under Lord Clive. Pressing close on Hyder's retreating footsteps Coote forced him to raise the sieges of the principal strongholds in the Carnatic; baffled his attempts

to take the English by surprise or bring them to battle on disadvantageous terms; and signally defeated him in the general action at Porto Novo on the first of July, 1781. Turning again upon his bold pursuer with all the confidence derived from his strong position and overwhelming numbers, the redoutable Sultan was again defeated after a desperate struggle at the very spot where he had annihilated the troops of Colonel Baillie but a few months before. Once again the dashing old General surprised his boastful antagonist into an action which resulted in the crowning victory of Sholinghur, and enabled Coote to relieve the garrisons of Vellore and Tripassore. Before the close of 1781 the force of Hyder's invasion was fairly stemmed, and the British arms with hardly one exception had re-asserted their old ascendancy over the barbarous nations and ill-ordered armies of Southern India.

The next year saw Hyder again descending on the Carnatic, strengthened with new detachments of his French allies, but unwilling for all that to try new conclusions with his old antagonist in the open field. He preferred harassing our troops with occasional skirmishes and wasting an impoverished country with continual forays. But the success he thus achieved was rather trifling on the whole. He never recovered the ground he had lost during the previous year. As a set-off against his capture of Cuddalore and the defeat inflicted on Colonel Braithwaite's detachment, he was brought once more to battle by Sir Eyre Coote and defeated with no little slaughter at Arnee. The vantage thus gained was followed up with praiseworthy resolution. In spite of the difficulties raised by the outbreak of a war with Holland, the British hastened to assail the Mysorean power on the side of Western India, while another force was sent to make head against the Dutch settlements on the Eastern coast. Meanwhile the efforts of Warren Hastings had succeeded in removing another formidable thorn from the side of British India. He patched up a treaty with Hyder's Mahratta allies, by which that monarch's power was materially weakened, while the English were left free at a critical moment to employ their whole resources in the struggle with their ablest and most determined foe. The death of that foe however towards the close of the same year seems to have inspired our countrymen for a time with even greater hopefulness, than all the commanding statesmanship of Hastings or the military prowess of Coote had hitherto availed to do. Men ventured to breathe more freely now that their evil genius had gone to his last account.

But quite as determined and hardly less able was the foe they had yet to deal with. The rightful claimant of his father's throne proved also the rightful inheritor of his father's ambitious schemes. The Hydra had only lost a head or two as yet. We had scotched the snake, not killed it. While the English were idly rejoicing over the news of Hyder's death, Tippoo was preparing to carry on the war with all his father's energy, if not with all his father's genius. The first days of his sovereignty seemed to promise a repetition of Hyder's earlier successes. A change for the worse

began about this time to influence the course of British destinies. Coote had returned to Bengal, and his place was filled by leaders of a very inferior stamp. Disunion among the ruling powers was again the order of the day. While the Madras Government was quarrelling with its officers on the one side of India, General Matthews was throwing away a fine army on the other. The surrender of Bednore by the latter left Tippoo predominant in Malabar. On the Madras side General Stewart's ill-timed inaction kept the game yet a little longer in suspense. Eventually however the fortune of war began to incline again towards the side it had so often favored before. In the teeth of circumstances which foreboded an issue far less fortunate, British valor succeeded, after a hard day's work in storming Bussy's lines in front of Cuddalore; and Stewart was pushing the investment of the town itself, when tidings of a peace with France suspended further hostilities against an enemy whose power for mischief had not been thoroughly quelled by his late defeat. Deserted by his old allies, driven gradually back from his favorite battle-ground, his very capital threatened by our troops, Tippoo was only too glad to conclude a peace which deprived him of no substantial advantage, and left him free at any future period to renew on precisely the same terms as before a contest from which his adversaries had come out, in honest parlance, decidedly the heaviest losers.

It was during this eventful season that young Munro took his first lessons in the art of war. Joining the army before its retreat from Conjeveram he bore his part in most of the subsequent operations. First as a simple ensign, afterwards as a staff-officer, he shared in all the fatigues and nearly all the glories of Coote's brilliant campaigns. Following the fortunes of Coote's successors he served as aide-de-camp to the officer who led the British centre in the hard-fought struggle at the lines of Cuddalore. Wherever there was work to be done, Munro was lucky enough to be in the thick of it. Such a course of military training could hardly fail to leave some transient impress even upon the least reflective mind. On that of young Munro it was calculated to produce an effect as lasting as we know it to have been intense and salutary. The stern realities of those boisterous times must have given the young soldier what years of theoretical schooling could hardly ever give, that practical insight into the science of warlike systems which enabled him, some years after, to turn his abilities to such good account upon a wider and more practicable field of personal exertion. In the letters he wrote home during this period we see how clear and correct a judgment he had learned already to form on the acts and movements of his military leaders; how readily he could give his reasons even then for defending an apparent blunder or finding fault with a measure which had led to apparently complete success. In those letters we see the writer much as he was seen at the time by his nearest friends; much as his warmest admirers would have wished him to be seen at all times by the world at large. We admit that a man's letters are not al-

ways to be viewed as faithful manifestations of his real character. There are some men whose habit of acting a part will affect their private correspondence no less than it affects their public behaviour. There are men of intellect who find it a sore puzzle to answer a tradesman's dun, or write two lines to a friend on ordinary subjects. There are some kindly true-hearted beings whose letters read as if they had been written on ice. In these days of railroads and daily posts a man may have written whole volumes without leaving his mental mark upon a single line. But posts in Munro's days were few and far between. A correspondent writing from India thought himself lucky to get an answer from England within the twelvemonth. To write an epistle then to a dear friend at home was indeed a labor of love, requiring many days and not a few sheets for its completion. There was a host of tidings to be imparted to the object of an intercourse exchangeable hardly once a year. There was a world of tender utterances to be compressed into a document which took six months to reach its destination. And Munro's letters were necessarily not of the shortest in those stirring times. But they are full of matter well worth the perusal, breathing much of that kindly affectionate spirit which marked his boyish days, and displaying much of that strong clear-headed thoughtfulness which pervaded the statesman of days to come. They read to our thinking like a series of youthful portraits of the friend we knew so intimately in his maturer years.

The peace of July 1783 broke up the army which had invested Cuddalore, and sent Munro back to his regimental duties. The next few years passed over him in a peaceful but far from profitless way. For there was that in the prudent young soldier which ever spurred him to keep his mental acquirements from running to seed. It was the fashion in those days for officials of every grade in the Company's Services, to affect an ignorance of Eastern languages which would be deemed unpardonable in the lowest subaltern of the present day. The results of such affectation were striking enough in the abuses which then disgraced the working of our administrative system. That it led to much needless suffering in aggravation of sufferings already hard enough to bear, to much wanton violation of prescriptive rights and social decencies, to much serious abatement of the practical blessings of civilised rule, we need not stop to demonstrate now. That the evil has since been acknowledged in the measures taken to prevent its recurrence, was owing less to the consideration of its moral enormity than to a growing sense of the results it was fast entailing upon the sources of our financial wealth. Against such affectation Munro had set his face from the first. He was not one of that numerous class who go through life without a notion of the objects for which men should pray to live. Nor was he one of those selfish few whose idea of the *summum bonum* consists in the delight of ministering to their own selfish desires. He felt that he had his allotted part to play out in the world's comedy: a part which however

humble required some little earnestness to play aright. He had the sense to perceive and act upon the fact of his true importance, as a unit in the mass of outer agencies whereby the fate and character of a countless people was already shapening for future weal or woe. He saw how much of profit to himself might be gained by a line of action redounding more or less directly to the happiness of his fellow men. Even during the war Munro seems to have found time to prosecute his Eastern studies. With the return of peace he set himself with redoubled earnestness to a task which his natural aptitude for mastering languages must have made sufficiently light, however little he cared to pursue it for its own sake. The self-taught Spanish scholar of an earlier day could not have found much to puzzle, if there was little to attract, him in the ruder elements of Persian and Hindustani. Certain it is that in spite of his growing disrelish for the vaunted beauties of eastern literature, a disrelish not seldom felt by those who have dived deep into the exhaustless treasures of western lore, Munro's proficiency was rewarded in 1788 with a place in the Intelligence Department as junior to Captain Read, one of the ablest members of a corps which gloried in the number of its able members. What sort of duties devolved upon him in this new capacity, we are not very clearly informed. That they included more than could be guessed from their nominal import, may be gathered from the share he seems to have taken in the political arrangements which crowned the compulsory surrender of his Guntoor Circar by our dear friend and useful neighbour, the Nizam.

It is curious to turn from Munro's position as a rising public character to his manner of living during these earlier stages of his Military service. The Indian officer of those days was decidedly a less luxurious animal than his representative at the present day. In so saying we would be understood to cast no injurious reflexion upon the latter. We merely assert a difference which implies virtually nothing more than the difference in outward seeming between the social life of the present day and the social life of sixty years ago. Sir Charles Napier's notions of a model officer, with hardly a change of linen, with his two towels and his solitary cake of soap, are not much in keeping with the social requirements of his refined and comfort-loving age. But they would hardly have been thought preposterous by a veteran, who had fought at Porto Novo, or entered the breach at Seringapatam. To the officer of sixty years ago many of our modern luxuries, some even of our modern comforts, were either quite unknown, or, what was much the same, entirely impracticable. His peculiar manner of life simply took its tone from the peculiar habits of the society in which he lived. It was clearly no merit of his if he seldom drank beer, if he kept no expensive Arabs, if he could carry his wardrobe upon his back, if his monthly expenditure seldom exceeded his monthly pay. It was hardly possible for him to live otherwise. With equal justice you might praise him for abstaining from iced champagne, or eschewing the luxury of a spring mattrass. Whatever temperance

he may have shewn in particular points was mainly if not quite owing to circumstances very different from those through which his modern representative is compelled to pursue his way. To charge the latter with indulgence in particular luxuries, is one question. To blame him for indulging in luxuries unknown to his predecessor, is entirely another. And to ask him to prune his outward appurtenances into exact or even partial conformity with the social usages of half a century ago, is tantamount to expecting nature to retrace its course, to undo all that science and commerce have lately been doing for us, and to bring back our boasted humanity exactly to where it was standing half a century ago.

But Munro's temperance and self-denial were of no doubtful or accidental sort. Always free from any proneness, natural or acquired, to extravagant courses, he was led by his strong sense of filial duty to a length of patient self-forgetfulness such as few men under like circumstances would have shewn the courage, even if they had felt the call, to emulate. His subaltern's pay as apart from the Indian allowances was no more than the present pay of a subaltern in her Majesty's service. How wretchedly small that is, whoever has tried to live like a gentleman upon a hundred a year can easily imagine. It was on such a pittance that Munro was for many years content to work his way, while the whole of his Indian batta was sent home to relieve the wants and cheer the spirits of his impoverished family. It is pleasant to see him about this time discussing with his brothers Daniel and Alexander, who had followed him to India in search of a livelihood, the yearly sums they were to club together for the support of their struggling parents at home. Brother Daniel, whose military duties seem to have been no bar to the business he had begun doing on his own account, promises largely; more largely than shrewd brother Thomas deems quite consistent with his actual prospects. Brother Alexander has less to offer, but what he offers goes punctually home. What sort of privations brother Thomas himself could suffer in the common cause, are best discernible in the following passages of a letter he wrote his sister at the commencement of 1789. To see how lightly he draws the picture, you would think that want and suffering were the merest jokes in the world, jokes which any one who had witnessed the mishaps of a pic-nic party could easily appreciate.

"......I have often wished that you were transported for a few hours to my room, to be cured of your Western notions of Eastern luxury........ You may not believe me when I tell you, that I never experienced hunger or thirst, fatigue or poverty, till I came to India—that since then I have frequently met with the first three, and that the last has been my constant companion. If you wish for proofs, here they are:—I was three years in India before I was master of any other pillow than a book or a cartridge pouch; my bed was a piece of canvas stretched on four cross sticks, whose only ornament was the great coat that I brought from England, which, by a lucky invention, I turned into a blanket in the cold weather, by thrusting my legs into the sleeves, and drawing the skirts over my head. In this situation I lay, like Falstaff in the basket—hilt to point—and very

comfortable I assure you, all but my feet..........This bed served me till Alexander went last to Bengal, when he gave me an Europe camp-couch. ......I began to grow proud, and resolved to live in great style: for this purpose I bought two table-spoons, and two tea-spoons, and another chair—for I had but one before —a table, and two table-cloths. But my prosperity was of short duration, for, in less than three months, I lost three of my spoons, and one of my chairs was broken by one of John Napier's companions. This great blow reduced me to my original obscurity, from which all my attempts to emerge have hitherto proved in vain.

"My dress has not been more splendid than my furniture. I have never been able to keep it all of a piece; it grows tattered in one quarter, while I am establishing funds to repair it in another; and my coat is in danger of losing the sleeves, while I am pulling it off to try on a new waistcoat.

"My travelling expeditions have never been performed with much grandeur or ease. My only conveyance is an old horse, who is now so weak that, in all my journeys, I am always obliged to walk two-thirds of the way; and if he were to die, I would give my kingdom for another, and find nobody to accept of my offer.......I have often walked from sunrise to sunset, without any other refreshment than a drink of water......

"My house at Vellore consists of a hall and a bedroom. The former contains but one piece of furniture— a table; but on entering the latter, you would see me at my writing-table, seated on my only chair, with the old couch behind me, adorned with a carpet and pillow; on my right hand a chest of books, and on my left two trunks; one for holding about a dozen changes of linen, and the other about half a dozen of plates, knives and forks, &c."

Verily, for all the writer's pleasantry, there is much of hard soul-wearing discomfort suggested by such details as these. But Munro was not the man to grumble at hardships he had forechosen to incur. To him his mind was indeed 'a kingdom.' His cheerful temper could find much of happiness and amusement in a life which few would have encountered willingly, and not many would have endured without repining. He was not without friends either who could return the love he himself conceived for them. The hours he spent in study seem to have given him all the keener zest for the pleasure he derived from "visiting the ladies," or "playing cards at the commanding officer's." On the whole we must look upon him as eminently one of those fortunate beings who live on in the sunshine of their own strong unconquerable hearts, caring nothing for "fortune's frown or smile," and happier with a wretched crust of bread than thousands who have never known the want they could not straightway satisfy. It is chiefly out of stuff like this that the world's true men are fashioned into the noble shapes they eventually assume.

Munro was now in a fair way of rising to certain eminence in that branch of public service which every ambitious subaltern thinks to enter at some future day. But a new change in the posture of Anglo-Indian affairs was soon to enlist his services once more in the humbler field he had so lately quitted. The renewal of war with Tippoo was the signal for Munro to rejoin at his own request the regiment from which he had parted only two years before. Early in 1790 our troops were again assembling to repel their old enemy. After whetting his religious zeal upon the uncircumcised Christians of Canara,

and repelling a formidable inroad of his Mahratta neighbours, the restless monarch of Mysore had thought fit to turn his arms against the dominions of our Travancore ally. His attack on the fortress of Cranganore, in the teeth of strong protests from the Madras authorities provoked a departure from that peaceful policy which Lord Cornwallis had so often promised to uphold. With all his avowed reluctance to engage in warlike measures, the Governor General at once accepted the challenge thus boldly offered and prepared for warlike measures of the most effective sort. Wisely to our thinking he felt that the question of peace or war had now been virtually decided by Tippoo himself, who seemed bent on arguing out the graver question, whether Mysore or Britain was eventually to take the lead in the game of Eastern politics. With reference merely to our political standing, a breach with Tippoo might be deemed an evil not lightly to be incurred by a power which had lately begun to pride itself on its efforts to keep the peace with its warlike neighbours. But there was a limit to such forbearant policy, beyond which it degenerated into utter feebleness. It was folly to maintain a peaceful bearing, when every circumstance of our position cried out so strongly in favor of immediate war. It was idle to think of keeping terms any longer with a neighbour whose respect for treaties vanished with the first blush of a pretext for breaking those treaties without hindrance or seeming fear of any. In wantonly attacking our ally Tippoo had shewn how little he recked the consequences of our just resentment. Those consequences it behoved us to make him feel with the least possible delay. Accordingly General Meadows was at once commissioned to teach him anew the lesson he had hitherto conned to such little purpose. Some minor arrangements for securing the end in view were concluded at the same time. The Nizam was made a party to the scheme for humbling his old assailant. Purseram Bhow agreed for a suitable consideration to aid us with a suitable quota of his wild Mahratta horsemen. The terms of future peace were only to be settled under the walls of Seringapatam.

But the premiss so fairly laid was not carried to its widest conclusion. The war indeed was urged on with a vigor almost worthy of old Coote himself. With some allowance for the usual drawbacks our armies met on the whole with singular success. After six months of steady fighting Lord Cornwallis took the field in person, and drove Tippoo back upon his capital. Forced to retire for a while from the want of sufficient means for striking the final blow, he was enabled by the timely appearance of his Mahratta allies once more to break ground before Seringapatam in the beginning of 1792. Driven from every point of vantage without the walls, and closely invested in his last remaining stronghold, the baffled Sultan was fain to surrender on whatever terms his pursuers would give him. Those terms were galling enough to a soul of Tippoo's calibre. But they were milder than any Tippoo had reason to count upon; far milder than those which Lord Cornwallis had the best possible

reasons for exacting. Unhappily, the latter was afraid to complete the work he had begun so well. He shrank at the last moment from accepting the very solution he had just been trying to prove the only correct one. If Tippoo was rightly punished for breaking the peace, it was right that he should be effectually disabled from all power to break the peace thereafter. It was mere waste of time to shear him of some present power, without plucking out the germs of its future resuscitation. The course actually adopted could only cripple him for a time. Sampson's hair was sure to grow again. What power was still to be reserved to him was quite sufficient to encourage his future schemes for regaining the power he was about to lose. It was certainly with no feeling of satisfaction that the troops before Seringapatam heard how the enemy, whose capital they were on the point of storming, had been let off with the payment of a heavy fine and the forfeiture of half his kingdom to the allied powers. It was with a similar feeling, caused by circumstances nearly similar that, more than fifty years later, men heard of the treaty which Lord Hardinge had just concluded with his Sikh opponents under the walls of Lahore. In both cases it was easy to perceive that the terms imposed on the conquered were precisely of that equivocal sort, which puts off to a future day the reckoning that sound policy would have insisted on settling finally upon the spot.

Resuming his old subaltern's work with the first sounds of coming strife, Munro bore his allotted part in some of the most striking incidents of these campaigns. He saw, though his regiment was not actively engaged in, the gallant moonlight assault which crowned the fall of Bangalore. Accompanying the army to Seringapatam, he joined in echoing the regret which generally prevailed at the announcement of an issue so different from what most men had hoped to see. Munro was deeply disappointed at results which seemingly fell so short of the objects for which our troops had avowedly taken the field. There was nothing of the mere soldier's thirst for glory—one might rather say for blood, in the motives of our hero's lament over the peaceful upshot of so promising a campaign. His letters give you far too high a notion of the man's mental stature to warrant the assumption of such a weakness as that. The chagrin he really felt on the occasion arose from motives infinitely purer and less impulsive. It flowed from a good understanding, not from a narrow heart. Munro had long since learned to view passing events in all their manifold bearings, by the light of his varied knowledge and calm judgment; and his critical eye at once enabled him to foresee the consequences in which our ill-timed compromise with haughty Tippoo would inevitably explode. His reasonings on this occasion might be taken for the reasonings of a historian writing many years after all Munro's forebodings had been amply verified.

Of the territory resigned by Tippoo to the allies a large fraction of the British share was comprised in the Baramahl district, on the western frontier of what was then our Madras Presidency. Lying in the direct

route to Seringapatam, the Baramahl had suffered severely from the presence of our armies during the late campaigns. It had also suffered, we take it, more than slightly from the previous misrule of Tippoo's officers. Its actual value at the time of cession was infinitely less than the value it was made to bear in Tippoo's rent books, or the value it has since acquired under the milder régime of its British masters. Its people had not been happy under the yoke of their Mussulman conquerors. But they were yet new to the sight of European faces, and had yet to become acquainted with the peculiar blessings of European rule. In settling the affairs of such a district it was held expedient to enforce a principle which had hitherto been slighted in rather an astonishing way. As usual 'competent' men were required for the work in hand; and as usual the Madras civilians were ready to perform the work of competent men. Some of these had talents of no common sort. Many of them could boast that amount of personal influence which serves to make talent visible, and sometimes compensates for the want of any talent at all. But the usual claims were doomed to a most unusual rejection. To their extreme surprise the Madras civilians suddenly found their views of competency no longer squaring with the views enforced by their superiors. They suddenly found themselves declared incompetent for the task of governing a people whose language they could not, or would not, understand. The Madras authorities looked elsewhere for the men they wanted. Among the few whose qualifications came up to the requisite mark, there were none more thoroughly competent than Munro and his old superior Captain Read. The preference given to these able men, distasteful as it was to those they virtually superseded, was amply justified by the amount of good they achieved themselves, or left in course of future development, during many years of patient usefulness and daily toil.

The life Munro had now set himself to lead in accordance with the view he took of the work entrusted to him, was one which peculiarly demanded, along with some other noteworthy requisites, "a sound constitution, capable of bearing heat and fatigue." Of this however Munro was naturally possessed to rather an enviable degree. Few men have ever braved the worst terrors of an Indian climate as successfully as he had hitherto done. This was owing partly to his habitual temperance, partly to that love of healthful bodily recreation which gave him in his boyish days as marked an ascendancy in the play ground, as his talents gave him in the school-room. But essentially and above all was it owing to that happy union of bodily with mental soundness which few men have ever displayed in such large and equal proportion as did Munro. His powers of endurance were astonishing, and he took care to tax those powers to the utmost. In a country peculiarly trying to the Saxon frame he managed to get through an amount of bodily exertion which many of his countrymen would have been sorry to emulate even in their native land. He thought nothing of walking for hours together under a sun far

fiercer and far more dangerous than that which drives the Italian homewards to the scene of his afternoon siesta. The wasting heats of May seemed to play upon his stout muscular frame almost as genially as the bracing cold of December. As little was his health affected or his range of exercise narrowed by the drenching rains of July or the leaden fever-teeming vapors of September. No change of weather seemed ever to punish the hardy Scotchman for the rashness with which he exposed himself in all weathers to the proverbial dangers of one of the worst climates in the world. Whatever troubles he had to bear, one blessing, enough to compensate for a world of troubles, had always been his to enjoy. Poverty, hunger, fatigue he had come by this time to know intimately enough: the sickness they often aggravate or bring along with them he had never tasted as yet. This fact, one might almost say, contained the true secret of his mental robustness. It enabled him at least to make light of hardships which a soul less strongly fortified by outward accidents would scarcely have thought of braving to a like extent, or would have paid the consequences of its rashness in trying to brave at all. It was this too which enabled him in due time to employ his mental energies with such success in various out-door fields of human usefulness, instead of cramping their natural litheness by the wearisome restraints of mere sedentary brain-work. Clearly it was this alone which could ever have borne him, for all his abstemious habits and buoyant nature, so harmlessly along the peculiar path he had now elected to follow in aid of the purpose his Government had thought him worthy, for all his simple presence and lack of the usual back-door persuasives, to carry out. It needed something more palpable than mere volition to defy, as Munro did, the natural influences of a climate which too often succeeds in wearing down the manly hard-working Saxon to the essential likeness of an idle effeminate Hindoo. His bold heart did certainly much for him, but his strong healthy body did infinitely more.

But for that usefullest of all nature's birth-gifts, Munro would certainly have been driven ere long to abate the severity of his bodily labors, or else have fallen an early victim to the reckless spurrings of his official zeal. His views of public duty carried him into a line of action rather different from that which most of his cotemporaries were apt to deem sufficient for the public need. He was not content to dole out his services in exact proportion to the scanty return he was likely to get for them. A mere perfunctory discharge of ill-paid official duties seemed to his thinking but a poor discharge of the higher duties involved in his promotion to a wider sphere of human usefulness. To perform any how the work entrusted to them, was rather a favorite axiom among the public servants of Munro's day. To perform as thoroughly as his strength would let him the work his conscience carved out for a public servant of Munro's ability, was the one pervading motive of Munro's career from the day he landed at Madras to the day which ended his earthly labors. That stern sense of

genuine duty which raises our living Wellington* to a level with the dead heroes of Republican Rome, shone out with at least as pure a lustre in the man whose friendship lends a warmer tone to the earlier history of Wellington himself. With the difference of outward position Munro in the Baramahl was the same active, resolute, true-hearted being as he whose firmness had been so cruelly tried at Madras, and whose first lessons in warlike practice had been taken amidst the accumulated hardships of Coote's glorious but hard-fought campaigns. In the Baramahl as elsewhere he threw his heart into the work before him, and spared no pains to do it thoroughly. Whatever a strong will and a sound body could do in furtherance of sound and upright views, Munro did from the outset in his own active unflinching way. He was not for leaving others to fill up as they best might the outline he had marked for his own guidance. He was not for inspecting accounts already settled, or listening to general reports of measures whose progress he had forgotten to superintend. He was not for living in comparative wealth upon the credit of results which he had virtually done nothing to accomplish. His mode of action tended rather to the opposite extreme. He was all for doing every thing himself, even in cases where much might safely have been done by others. His own eyes followed the least details, his own hands supplied the finishing touches, of designs originally modeled by his own particular brain. Wherever there was work to do, Munro was ever at hand to see it properly and completely done. The poorest ryot who had a cause to plead or a complaint to utter was ushered into his tent with as little ceremony, heard with as patient attention, and answered with as careful courtesy, as the Tussildar who came to plead a remission of the rents he had failed to gather, or the official under-strapper who had his report to furnish on the state and prospects of a district whose revenues had yet to be re-adjusted. Up early and late a-bed, our zealous 'political' seldom found the day too long, though he often found it much too short, for the business which kept ever flowing upon him in the course of it. Head-quarters he had none to speak of. His usual 'cutcherry' was the tent in which he passed the greater portion of every year. His life was a constant pilgrimage from one part of his district to another. No labors were too severe, no sacrifice was too serious, no weather too unkind,

* The allusion to living Wellington may sound strange to our readers *now*. But let it stand. It was written before the tidings of the Great Captain's death had reached India, it may serve us for a fit occasion to add our mite of sorrow to the general burst from every corner and thoroughfare of our English fatherland. And yet in a measure the phrase in question is not less appropriate now than it would have been a few months ago. For is not Wellington still alive to us— perhaps *more* alive to us here than to our countrymen at home? Does he not live and speak to us to-day as he did of old, in a certain great though impalpable way; live and speak in the reminiscences of long years—years which rank among the notablest of our eventful English history? Is not England herself the monument of his ever-living renown, that England which has ere this poured out its parting tribute upon the corpse of the noblest of its many noble men? No. Wellington is not dead, cannot be dead, as long as Englishmen remember his great example, and quote his name as expressive beyond all others of that manly worth and true-hearted greatness which entitles us to say of such an one from whom death may sever us—"This was a MAN."

for one whose sense of duty soared far above every question of mere personal comfort, every prospect of mere personal danger. The elements fought to little purpose against one whom Nature had endowed with so strong a body and so resolute a will. Difficulties which common minds would have deemed insuperable seemed merely to afford Munro a new occasion for shewing the ease with which he invariably conquered them. The impunity with which he pursued his purpose was only less striking than the devotion which set it moving, or the clear practical judgment which marked its progress towards a happy realisation. In all seasons and in all weathers he was ever on the alert to follow where duty might chance to summon him; ever struggling might and main to work out in his own great unselfish way the principles he had brought to bear on the task of putting new life into a perishing system, of organising a new world of peace and order and social activity out of the chaos produced by years of military havoc and Mahommedan misrule. Verily there is heroism enough in such a picture to rank it among the noblest efforts of human nature working on its most heroic scale.

But Munro's attention to the work in hand induced no forgetfulness of what was doing elsewhere. While most engaged on the work immediately beneath it, his sharp eye would throw out its searching glances towards the outer realities of the world's great panorama. While his mind was busied with some point of official moment, his thoughts would wander away to scenes of domestic suffering in his Scottish birthland or signs of political disturbance in foreign realms. His letters to his family were as long, as cheerful, as minute, as frequent as ever. He had always a word of hope and consolation for his struggling parents, of kind advice for sick brother James, of pleasant news or light-hearted raillery for his romantic sister. Full of deep feeling too are the terms in which he writes to one or the other of them touching the death of some of his oldest and dearest Indian friends, such friends as he looked never to make again. Turning to matters less personal, he found room for frequent speculation in the political features of that period. Between the death of Louis the Sixteenth and the rise of Napoleon the aspect of French affairs was a puzzle which our wisest statesmen never succeeded in solving completely; a puzzle which even yet seems hard of perfect comprehension. The social ferment in which all France was then tossed and driven hither and thither was such as baffled the calmest efforts to read aright the social and political future of 'la grande nation.' Into a mystery which Burke himself was not permitted to unravel, a thinker in Munro's position could hardly be expected to penetrate very far. But few men with infinitely better means of doing so could have penetrated farther than Munro actually did. His reasonings on French affairs during that boisterous interval betray a turn for logical reflexion, founded on an insight into the general principles of human politics, worthy of one who could reason to such excellent purpose on matters less

remote from his usual ken. In other fields of political speculation Munro was necessarily more at home. No man had a keener eye for detecting the fallacies of our Indian statecraft, or expounding the shadows which kept flickering dimly upon the face of Indian affairs. No man had clearer reasons for ridiculing our fear of Mahratta encroachment, or condemning the forbearant policy adopted towards Mysore. While his masters were sacrificing the just claims of one ally to their fear of needlessly offending the greedy pride of another, forgetting old engagements with the Nizam to forward their new scheme of conciliating the Peshwah, Munro was eagerly watching the movements of crafty Tippoo, and pointing more and more earnestly to Mysore as the quarter from which real danger must inevitably come. While the Court of Directors were auguring the happiest results from the trial of a policy more just in precept than always sound in practice, Munro was clamoring incessantly for a return to that system of armed defiance which aided the rise and alone could secure the permanence of their political power. He was not to be dazzled by vain strivings for a consummation which certainly was not coming then. To talk of peace and non-intervention seemed to his thinking rather an idle boast, uttered in the teeth of every circumstance which forbade us to think of resting from war and conquest as long as gentry like the Mahrattas dared to insult our dignity, or enemies like Tippoo threatened to work us further mischief in requital for our past forbearance. To fight and conquer was the great condition of a political existence whose foundations had been laid by the soldiers of Clive and Coote.

*(To be continued.)*

# THE "TRUMPET OF ASSAYE."

## A BALLAD.

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"But oh! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,
When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
She saw History write,
With a pencil of light,
Which illumed the whole volume, her *Wellington's* name."

MOORE.

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"And He—yon Chieftain—strike the proudest tone
Of thy bold Harp, Green Isle—the Hero is thine own!"

WALTER SCOTT.

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SEPOYS! amid your village homes
Some old men linger still,
To whose brave hearts a "NAME" oft comes,
With pleasant pridefull thrill;
*Gone now* the Chief! whose voice and arm
Evoked amid the fray,
*Your* charging cheer at Red Argaum,
*Your* Trumpets at Assaye,

Whose deeds, around the midnight fire,
The eager Soldier son
Took in, absorbed from Soldier Sire,
Speaking of WELLINGTON;
And soon to all the world well known,
That Trumpet of Assaye,
Resounding rings with added tone,
On many a glorious day.*

The frozen echoes of the North†
Give back his victories,
The startled falcon flutters forth
From answ'ring Pyrenees:
The dread name sounds through Moorish Spain,
And with new lustre shines,
Reposing above fields of slain,
In Torres Vedra's lines!

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* That the Duke's Indian successes were mainly instrumental in marking him for Military employment in Europe is now matter of history.

† Copenhagen—*vide* Phillip's Life of Curran.

Roliças crest that war-note woos,
  Presaging coming doom,
The ev'ning cannon at Thoulouse,
  Booms o'er an Empire's tomb!
No odds his *Lion* heart dismay
  Through that long hard-fought field;
*Fortune is valour's friend alway*,*
  St. George's Cross his shield!

And so while time and tide shall last,
  Will live his memory too,
And Britons oft call up the past,
  To tell of *Waterloo!*
And how when peace new cares supplied,
  Still watchful at the helm,
*His* wisdom oft was wont to guide,
  The Councils of the Realm.

How when he passed away from earth,
  His Sovereign's tear-drop starts,
And how a Nation shrines his worth,
  Within its heart of Hearts;
Should clouds obscure our brighter day,
  With trouble in their train,
May that old Trumpet of Assaye,
  Give us his like again.

"*God and the Right*"† were all to *Him*,
  His footsteps never failed,
Led by a Lamp that ne'er grew dim,
  A Star that never paled.
May each succeeding age His name
  Transmit through sire to son,
Writ in the roll of deathless Fame,
  The Warrior WELLINGTON.

R. V.

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* "*Virtutis fortuna comes*"—Motto of the Duke of Wellington. A *Lion* rampant, holding a forked pennon charged with the *Cross of St. George*—His armorial bearings.

† "*Dieu et mon droit*"—Motto of the Sovereigns of Great Britain, whose right it is to rule constitutionally, and according to Laws, divine and human, and the Duke's own words are, "I am the last man to wish for war. I have gained all that the sword can give, the Crown excepted; and it is my DUTY to SERVE the CROWN." This is the true soldier subject's application of '*Dieu et mon droit*.'"

## JOSHUA FOXLEY, THE MANAGING MAN.

"By the way, Sloper, have you seen our new Colonel. What sort of a chap should you say he was?"

"Why really, I have not yet seen him to speak to, but I got a glimpse of him when he came in the other night, and to judge from the expression of his palankeen, I should say he is an uncommonly comfortable sort of person; never saw anything so snug in all my life; nice little lamp behind, outside the window, so as to cause neither heat nor smell within, but casting a light neither too much nor too little through a jolly little bull's eye, and there lay the old cock on a sort of spring pillow, which supported his elbows as well as his head and shoulders, so that, however he got jolted, all went together, and he could read his paper in peace and quietness. Capital invention really. Oh! I'll be sworn he is a regular managing man."

And a very managing man did Colonel Joshua Foxley turn out to be!—greatly to the credit of Sloper's discernment, and not a little to his eventual benefit, as you will hereafter see; but very much to the detriment of several confiding persons, who permitted him to "manage" for them. He was never so happy as when he could do something for you in the way of "management;" he would get you a horse, a house, a buggy, a tent, a gun, an introduction or a separation, and if they did not suit, could manage to get rid of them for you again as easily. He always had been a managing man from the beginning. He managed on his first voyage to get possession of the best cabin in the ship; it had been taken for somebody else, but he managed to establish a prior claim, and get it: he managed to be so successful at Blind Hookey with the other griffs on board, as to cover all his expenses at the Cape, besides the cost of a nine-gallon cask of Constantia; on landing, he lived for three months with a Civilian, to whom he had never been introduced, and when ordered up the country, got a free passage in the Budgerow of a General Officer, whose first cousin he had once *seen* at Cheltenham. He found out that a certain staff employment was about to fall vacant, managed to remove out of the way the man for whom the acting appointment had been destined, and stepped into it himself. He had managed the purchasing of several steps, really, as he used to remark, for a mere song, though some of the juniors did think their shares exorbitantly high.

He had managed to become a Director of a Mofussil Bank, and to make a charming harvest in consequence, and more cleverly still he managed to get out of his office and its liabilities just before the whole affair went to smash. He had a great passion for horses, and was never without a score of them in his stables, but as he also loved variety, you would never see the same animals there, for long together, and it was

wonderful how they always increased in value during the short time they were in his possession.

When he joined our Corps, he was a very young Lieutenant Colonel, and we were quite in raptures at the interest he took in every thing that was going on, whether business or amusement. He undertook the Secretaryship of the races, and made all subscribers pay down on the nail, and never were there such races as under his auspices, and never had so much money been laid out in preparing the ground. He got up a whist club, whereat the fast young men did greatly rejoice, but it was really quite affecting to hear how paternally he would advise young Sloper, and a few more of us who had spent already all we ever had, and more; to avoid the extravagance of play. "You know," he would say, "you cannot pay if you lose, why should you subject others to the painful necessity of dunning you, perhaps laying the foundation of permanent ill-feeling, if your credit is not good for the amount." The motive to abstain thus proposed was not only novel and particularly admirable in a moral point of view, but it also really did produce the desired effect, and the whist party remained, very select indeed, the Colonel played exceedingly well, and almost invariably rose a winner.

But the triumph of our Colonel's management was reserved for his maturer years, when a long course of practice had rendered him perfect. We were stationed at a place not very far removed from one of the principal sea ports of India. Obvious reasons prevent our locality being more clearly defined; the other residents were mostly serious, and we had just begun to find ourselves remarkably dull, when *deus ex machinâ*, a celestial visitation came to comfort us, and to change completely our estimate of affairs. Two beautiful women appeared one morning quite unexpectedly upon the race course; both were young, both superbly mounted, the most intense curiosity was excited as to who they could be; all we could discover was that they had taken the best house in the place, and lived in every respect in the most elegant style; they drove out in the evening in a beautiful barouche drawn by two fine greys, and driven by a postillion in faultless uniform. The Clergyman's wife, who alone had been admitted to anything like intimacy, spoke of the exquisite little dinners they could give, and the Clergyman himself became enthusiastic when he told of their musical powers. The glorious voice of the younger, the splendid execution of the elder, the perfect taste of both. It was understood that they wished to live very retired; it was known that several visitors had failed to obtain an entrance, and that the Collector's invitation had been politely declined; it was very provoking; we were all in a perfect fever of curiosity; but looked on their house as an enchanted palace—the access to which was forbidden to man.

Not so, however, our Colonel. He declared he would manage to become acquainted, and he did! He purchased a beautifully embroidered cambric handkerchief, and the very next evening, as the ladies were enjoying their accustomed airing, our gallant Colonel galloped up, and begged permis-

sion to restore what he believed must have fallen from their carriage. The handkerchief was inspected, and declared not to belong to either lady; but the ice had been broken; the Colonel apologized in the most fascinating manner, and retired. Next day he went to call. "Not at home?" No matter, a bowing acquaintance had been established. Time would do the rest.

The Colonel had a Portuguese servant, very confidential. Pedro managed to scrape a close acquaintance with the ladies' postillion, and by a very remarkable coincidence, a few days afterwards the greys took fright, and ran away with the Barouche, just as the Colonel made his appearance round the corner, attracted of course by the screams of the ladies. He galloped to the rescue, easily overtook, and as easily arrested the runaways, and then expressed his concern, lest the ladies should have suffered from the untimely (?) accident, in so very kind and polite a manner, that they could not reject his offer of an escort home; they even asked him to walk in, but the Colonel judiciously declined.

"He knew," he said, "they must require repose; he would not intrude at present, but trusted they would permit him to call the next day, to inquire after their health."

The reply of course was gracious, and from that time the Colonel became a constant visitor, and apparently not an unwelcome one to the fair recluses.

Mrs. St. Maur, the elder, was a superb woman, with magnificent dark eyes and glossy black hair. She would have served as a model for a Juno.

Miss Melville, the younger, was more of a Hebe, lively, laughing, and a trifle malicious, if the evidence of a pair of very brilliant blue eyes was to be trusted. The Colonel felt himself desperately in love; he had never, he said, known before what affection was; he felt that his life hitherto had been a blank, that only in future could he hope really to exist; to know a life that should be indeed a life, and not a living death of objectless despair, if blessed with the smiles of...... He had never been heard to fill up the blank; the fact was, he had still a few dubious points to clear up, and he was always on the look out for some means of managing to do so.

He was calling one day at the house, and was shewn into the Drawing-room; the ladies were not there, the servant requested him to be seated, and departed to announce the visitor. On the table lay a parchment neatly folded, strongly resembling a law deed of some sort or other. Joshua Foxley, from a boy, had never been remarkable for delicacy; he eagerly approached the table, and was just proceeding to examine the document, when he heard the ladies enter. He had time but for one glance, but that glance was sufficient. He had seen, distinctly seen the words—"Estate of John St. Maur, late of the firm of St. Maur Mivins and Tootle of. . . . ." One doubt was solved. Mrs. St. Maur, *was* a widow. A widow evidently of a merchant, probably of a wealthy merchant; to judge by the style of living: there was positively wealth in the family, but possibly it might belong to the Spinster; that was doubt the second; it was

not long to be left unsolved. "I am going over to —— this morning," said he. "Is there any commission that I could execute for you?"

"If you would be kind enough," replied Mrs. St. Maur, "to leave this note at my Agents, Messrs. Grumball and Snarl, I should be greatly obliged. It is of importance, and if I send it by the post, it would perhaps be too late; but if it will take you out of your way: never mind I will send a servant in with it.

The Colonel was delighted to be useful, still more so to find out the address of the fair widow's Agents. He lost no time in seeking them out, and having delivered the note, proceeded forthwith to "pump old Grumball," as he afterwards irreverently expressed himself.

"Devilish fine woman, Mrs. St. Maur."

"Humph."

"I fancy I must have known her husband some years ago."

"Like enough."

"Merchant I believe, firm of St. Maur, Mivins and Tootle?"

"Yes."

"By the bye; how long is it since the old boy went out?"

"Year and a half."

"Lady well off, eh?"

"Snug enough."

"Sister fine girl, must be a great comfort to Mrs. St. Maur?"

"Great comfort! great burthen, great bother, fine girls always are."

"How! is the young lady dependant?"

"Humph."

"No property of her own?"

"Devil a rap."

Now considering the notorious difficulty of ever getting anything in the shape of information out of old Grumball, this short conversation was far from unsatisfactory, and the gallant Colonel at once filled up the blank in his declaration of love with the name of Helen St. Maur. He became most devoted in his attentions. Strange to say however, his progress was far from flattering, he seemed in fact to be rowing against wind and tide, and with a couple of anchors down to boot. He was most assiduous, most indefatigable; he made us give several delightful balls in honor of the fair widow, still he felt there was a terrible obstacle in his way, which must be removed at any rate; he felt sure he could manage it, and the first step that he took was to call on our friend Sloper.

"Well, Colonel," said the latter, "how comes on your suit with the fair Helen, fairest of the name since Ilion fell?"

"Why, my dear boy, as far as the lady herself is concerned, I think I may flatter myself, that is, if the eyes have a language, and I the skill to read it—"

"Wish you joy; of course you will ask us all to the wedding, when shall I require my gloves?"

"Really, I wish I could say, but there is a most annoying obstacle in the way; by the bye, I wish you would give me a little assistance."

"Only tell me how, and I'm game."

"You must know, I am most confoundedly hampered in all my advances by the constant presence of that malicious little lynx, the sister, she has the sharpest eyes and sometimes makes the most unpleasant remarks; she watches the widow like a premature duenna. I don't know whether it is from

envy, or spite, or only a natural love of mischief and teasing, but I can make no way at all for her; she burkes all my good things, parodies my sentiments, distorts my compliments, and puzzles my tender speeches. She never lets me get a moment's tête-à-tête, sticks by us, by Jove, sir, I've no more chance of shaking her off, than Sinbad had with the Old Man of the Sea."

"Well, I dare say, it's inconvenient," said Sloper, "but really, Colonel, I don't see how I am to help you here."

"Why, don't you see," said the Colonel, "the girl has got nothing to do, except to attend to us. If she only had a love affair of her own now, a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind, you know. If you only would try and find her some other amusement than constantly watching me."

"Zounds!" cried Sloper, "there's certainly nothing in the girl to make the task disagreeable, but Lord love you, she would never have anything to say to me."

"Fiddle-de-dee," said the Colonel, "you are not a bad-looking fellow, you *have* called you know; the ladies rather took a fancy to you; I'll give you a lift; leave me alone to manage that, only do you begin making love as soon as ever you can."

"Well," said Sloper, "I don't care if I do. It is slow work being a Bachelor here, and since I lost my poor old dog, I feel I want something to take an interest in. I dare say a wife would answer as well as anything else."

Hermes was the courier of the Gods, and the wings on his heels are a myth of the invention of spurs, but never did Hermes himself fly with more eager haste, than did our gallant Colonel on his return to the ladies, for of all the spurs, material or mythological that ever were, love and avarice have the sharpest rowels. He spoke to them of the Officers of his Regiment, his sentiments did him infinite honor, so kind, so liberal, so paternal; he praised their invariably honourable conduct, their warm and kindly hearts, their talents and accomplishments; he lamented that they should be so restricted by the scantiness of their resources, the value of money had so diminished, and the necessary expences of Officers in India so vastly increased, that the bare pay was really not sufficient; and he regretted to say that he did not believe there were more than two officers in the whole corps, who had anything to depend upon besides their bare pay. There were, yes, he believed young Nobby was well off (he had married about a year before) and there was Sloper, very amusing young fellow, a little wild, he was sorry to say, but then he could afford it, belonged to the Slopers of Bedfordshire, so of course needed not to look on both sides of a rupee.

When Sloper called again, he certainly did not find a cooler reception than usual, and he began to enter into the fun of the thing with considerable gusto; but it is dangerous playing with edged tools. Poor Sloper, who began with only *making* love, was fated soon to *feel* it; and from being the amusement of his leisure, the fair Eliza became the occupation of his whole soul: the sun of Love sheds light on many things which in the dusky twilight of selfishness had been invisible; its rays penetrate many queer

little nooks and crannies of the heart, where admirable virtues have long been sleeping, and when the daylight wakes them up, and they begin to exert their hallowing influences, to alter and purify and exalt, the owner feels delightfully puzzled at finding himself so different a being from what he had thought he was ; so in the case before us, Sloper began to feel ashamed of the part he was playing. In a very few days he looked upon himself as an unredeemable scoundrel, and in a few more resolved to redeem himself, at least his conscience and his honor, by a candid confession. He told the fair Eliza the whole truth, repudiated all connexion with the Slopers of Bedfordshire, and declared that, except a tolerably decent allowance of debts, he was but lord of himself, a heritage of woe indeed, since honour bade him abandon all hope of her smiles. That very eccentric young lady did not appear surprised, but declared that she honoured and esteemed him the more for his true and manly frankness. She spoke so kindly, and what was more important, looked so kindly, that Sloper began to think his succession to his "heritage of woe" not so very certain a thing after all. Miss Melville, in her turn, communicated (in confidence) one or two secrets, whereat friend Sloper did slightly grin, but I give you my honor, reader, that they comprised nothing derogatory to the credit of the fair sisters. The Colonel, though a good deal mystified by the altered tone of his ally, was thoroughly satisfied with the result; if the boy had really got smitten, it was all the better security for his perseverance, and he began to think the sooner matters could be brought to a conclusion, the better ; he found himself certainly received in a more friendly manner than before ; the widow's welcome seemed more cordial, her tone more familiar, her smile more gracious, still he felt there was a reserve ; she would not be called Helen ; she kept herself as it were behind some indefinable barrier which he could not pass. In fact, two women together always presume on the support they mutually afford each other, and gratify their innate love of power by tyrannizing over their lovers. This did the Colonel impress upon Sloper, urging him not to submit to be put off, but to get married as quick as he could, and then thought Foxley the coast will be clear for me, and Helen's loneliness will no doubt pre-dispose her to favor my pretensions. Sloper was nothing loth, he exerted his persuasive powers, and met with fewer difficulties than he had anticipated ; the day for his marriage was soon decided.

It was a very quiet, but a very happy wedding. Old Grumball came out to officiate as "Father," and the Colonel acted as "Best man." He was observed to be very attentive to the service, and looked unutterable things at the widow during the more impressive parts. When the wedding party returned from Church, they found a Buggy at the door, which belonged to none of the invited guests, and when the Colonel escorted the bride into the drawing-room, his eyes be held the stranger.

He was a tallish, good-looking, middle aged man, rather stout than otherwise, and with the

jolliest looking pair of merry eyes that ever were. He took not the slightest notice of the Colonel, for at that moment he caught sight of the fair widow just entering the apartment on Sloper's arm, the stranger caught her in his arms, and kissed her in the most unceremonious manner, while all she could find breath to say, was—

"Dearest Albert, what a surprise."

However, ladies have wonderful power of self-recovery, and in less than a couple of seconds she had released herself from her rather close imprisonment, and with a most celestial rosy blush, and eyes in which happiness and mischief were dancing jigs together, she apologized to her guests, and begged to introduce the stranger to them as—

'**Mr. St. Maur, my husband.**'

We are naturally of benign and merciful disposition, and love not to expatiate on the distresses of our fellow-creatures; we therefore leave to the reader's imagination, the blankness of the Colonel's look, the disappointment of his heart, the humiliation of his vanity. He ascertained from old Grumball, who enjoyed the scene immensely, that the stranger was the real Simon Pure, and that the only mistake about the matter had been his own, no one had deceived him. It was quite true that Mr. St. Maur "*went out*" a year and a half ago, but he only "went out" to Hong-Kong, where he had speculated very successfully in opium; he had also been correctly designated in the deed as "late of the firm of St. Maur, Mivins and Tootle;" still the only dissolution therein implied, was a dissolution of partnership.

The Colonel was very wroth with the fair Helen for having given him "encouragement," but it is but justice to add, that Mr. and Mrs. Sloper always maintained, that the only "encouragement" he had ever received, had been from his own vanity, and over-confidence in his powers of "managing;" however, although he had failed for himself, his management had certainly done great things for Sloper, for he not only gained a beautiful and amiable wife, but Mr. St. Maur took an immense fancy to him, paid his debts, set up his establishment in most liberal style, and gave him to understand that a considerable sum had been settled (he did not say by whom) upon his wife and possible family, the interest of which would make a very comfortable addition to his "*bare pay*."

## ANNUAL FAIRS.

SINCE 1689, the time when it was laid down as a determinate object of policy, that independance was to be established in India, and dominion acquired: and when the Honorable Company informed their Agents, that the increase of their revenue was the subject of their solicitude as well as their trade, the English have been increasing their power, as well as extending the limits of their empire with remarkable assiduity and success; but not so successful have been their efforts with regard to either their trade or their revenue.

Glowing were the anticipations when the trade of India was thrown open to all British merchants alike; extravagant indeed were the hopes of the people of Sheffield on that occasion; yet how comparatively insignificant has been the result!

It was about the commencement of the year 1812, that the opening of the trade of India to British merchants, generally, engaged the earnest attention of the larger portion of the mercantile and manufacturing communities, which looked upon an introduction to the East as a sure passport to the possession of unlimited wealth. In such glowing colours did this field of speculation appear to the imaginations of the good people of Sheffield, as to draw forth an eloquent petition to Parliament, in which the petitioners declared themselves to be fully pursuaded, that—

"If the trade to the East Indies were thrown open to all His Majesty's subjects, such new and abundant markets would be discovered and established, as would enable them to set at defiance every effort to injure them, by that sworn enemy to their prosperity and the peace of Europe, the present unprincipled ruler of France, (Napoleon); and that the petitioners doubt not, if the trade of this United Kingdom were permitted to flow, unimpeded, over those extensive, luxuriant and opulent regions, though it might in the outset, like a torrent repressed and swollen by obstructions when its sluices were first opened, break forth with uncontrollable impetuosity, deluging, instead of supplying, the district before it; yet that very violence, which at the beginning might be partially injurious, would, in the issue, prove highly and permanently beneficial; no part being unvisited, the waters of commerce that spread over the face of the land, as they subsided, would wear themselves channels through which they might continue to flow ever afterwards in regular and fertilising streams; and that to the wealthy, enterprising, honorable, and indefatigable British merchant, conducting in person his own concerns, no obstacles would prove insurmountable, no prejudice invincible, no difficulty disheartening; wants where he found them he would supply; where they did not exist, he would create them by affording the means of gratification."

Now that these "wealthy, en-

terprising, honorable, and indefatigable British merchants" of Sheffield, have had for the last thirty years the opportunity of "affording," or rather of offering "that the means of gratification," they have not as yet succeeded in creating any very extraordinary demand for their manufactures, in either India, Tartary, or Thibet: nor does it appear likely that "the waters of commerce" will ever flow "in regular and fertilising streams," "over those extensive, luxuriant, and opulent regions," until there be established, in accordance with the habits of the Asiatics, annual fairs, both within and on the frontiers of this vast empire.

It does indeed appear strange, that when the peculiar circumstances of this country are taken into consideration, its immense extent and imperfect means of transit, the advantages to be derived from holding these fairs should have hitherto been so slightly appreciated; in fact, we may say, completely overlooked, up to the time of the late Governor-General's arrival in India.

Every country in the world has its peculiar fairs, and in the earlier stages of society, more particularly, and even in inland countries, where the rights of property are respected, such institutions are peculiarly serviceable both to the advancement of commerce and to its natural consequences—the interests of peace. They are not only, as the great political economist of the day has said, the readiest and best means of promoting commerce in countries where the facilities of carrying on commercial transactions are circumscribed, but also of softening national antipathies, and diffusing a knowledge of the products, arts, and customs of surrounding countries.

In highly civilized countries, where such abundant opportunities are afforded for the disposal and purchase of all sorts of produce, and where large towns, with daily markets, are in close contiguity to each other, the utility of fairs has necessarily very much diminished; and though some, even in England, are still sufficiently well attended, yet in that general progress of the arts and sciences, which the present century has witnessed, they have lost very much of their ancient splendour and celebrity.

Every country in England has, however, even at this day, its own peculiar fairs, in which horses, cattle, and the produce of the land are offered for sale.

In France fairs are still held, though they have also much fallen off, in consequence of the general amelioration and prosperity of that country. We are told, for instance, that at the celebrated fair held at Beaucaire, in the department of the Gard, in 1833, there were assembled from 70 to 80,000 persons, and that the business transacted exceeded the enormous sum of £6,400,000!

The German fairs, such as those held in Frankfort on the Maine, Frankfort on the Oder, and at Leipzic, are still numerously attended. There, are said to meet, the representatives of every nation in the world; the merchants of Ispahan negociating with those of Montreal for the purchase of furs, and Georgians and Servians exchanging the produce of their respective countries for the cottons of Manchester and the jewellery of Paris.

In Russia, fairs are most numerous, and as that extraordinary people are still the most backward in all the accompaniments of high civilization, so do they still attach a remarkable importance to the due celebration of their annual fairs. That great empire, already colossal in its dimensions, trusts not merely to her political influence and commercial treaties for the extension of her commerce, but everywhere in her Kingdom, (but more especially on her southern frontier,) establishes and encourages fairs. She has with her wonted energy created a profitable market for her superabundant produce in Central Asia, but where English commodities are preferred to her own, hesitates not to import them, retailing them afterwards, as she does, even after an expensive land carriage of several hundred miles, at a remunerative profit.

Who has not heard of the fairs at Nushnei-Novogorod, the great emporium of her internal trade?

At this market, eastern caravans purchase their supplies, and there, as recorded by travellers, amidst the assembled and busy throngs of Persians, Chinese, Tartars, Circassians, Armenians, Bucharians, &c. have Hindoos been seen. And who has not heard of another equally celebrated fair held at Kiakhta, in Siberia, on the Chinese frontier?

At this spot, which may be considered the centre of political intercourse between the Russian and Chinese Governments, are exchanged the broad cloths of Europe with the tea, silks, porcelains, &c. of China. And though the communication with European Russia, cannot, under the most favourable circumstances, be effected under twelve months, there are ever to be found merchants, in the true spirit of enterprise, willing and able to brave the difficulties of the journey; and caravans direct from China have been known to arrive, after traversing the whole extent of Asia, in a journey of 250 days, on the shores of the Levant.

We will briefly notice here what may be considered, in spite of its declining activity, the most important fair in the Eastern world, that at Mecca, and then turn our attention to our possessions in Asia.

At Hurdwar, from its being one of the principal places of Hindoo pilgrimage, the greatest fair is held, especially at every twelfth recurring year of its celebration. Fairs are also held in other parts of India, but these dwindle to insignificance when contrasted with even the ordinary fairs held at Hurdwar. These have been too often described, and are too familiar to require any lengthened notice. The question, however, which we now wish to discuss is, whether, with our extended possessions, the sites for fairs might not be multiplied, with every advantage to the State as well as to the community.

Before entering, however, into the immediate object of this article, it will be as well to take a rapid glance at the nature of the commercial intercourse held by the Russians with the Chinese, observing at the same time the physical features of the intervening countries, in order to learn what difficulties and dangers stand in the way of its successful prosecution.

In the year 1792, the treaty of commerce between the Russian

and Chinese Governments, first agreed to in 1728, was renewed, and the commercial relations between Kiakhta and Maimatchin, which had been interrupted by the depredations on the frontiers, since the 12th May 1785, were re-established, and have been carried on ever since with remarkable perseverance and success, affording an indubitable proof of the commercial enterprise and mercantile skill of the subjects of the two nations. In fact, to convince ourselves of the difficulties opposed to a profitable intercourse, we have only to take a glance at the map, and examine the route by which all merchandize must be conveyed from Pekin to Kiakhta.*

Kiakhta, situated within the Russian frontier on the banks of the Selinga, and under the Government of Irkoutsk, is opposite to Maimatchin, a trading depôt, as its name implies, within the boundaries of the Chinese Empire.

From Kiakhta through the country of the Kalkas, to Ouber-Oudé, a distance of some 500 miles, we are told that "the road, as in all Mongolia, is in general mountainous, and covered with gravel." From Ouber-Oudé the road passes through the country of the Eastern and Western Sounites to that of the Tsakars, a distance of about 250 miles, and we are informed that "from that place to the frontier of the Tsakars, grass is rare, the water brackish, the road in general sandy." Elsewhere M. Timkowsky says that the Sounites inhabit either the whole, or a part of the desert of Gobi, a sterile tract intersected by lofty, barren mountains.

The third portion of the road, through the country of the Tsakars to the great wall of China, is about 150 miles in length.

"This steppe abounds in pasturage; there are small rivers and lakes."

From Nortian, the first village in China Proper, to Pekin, is rather more than 120 miles, with "a very fatiguing road over the chain of mountains Kinkan Dabakhchan, which separates Mongolia from China." All merchandize, therefore, from Pekin must travel through nearly a thousand miles of inhospitable country, and then after it has safely arrived at Kiakhta, has to be conveyed 4000 miles further before it can reach St. Petersburgh.† The principal Chinese articles of commerce are their teas and sugar-candy, besides a few precious stones, and some metallic ores, which are exchanged for the broad-cloths, woollen stuffs, &c. of Europe, and the furs of Siberia. Camels and a few mules are used to transport the coarser goods, but the fine quality teas are conveyed in carts, each of which is generally drawn by one ox, and they travel at the rate of about fourteen miles a day. M. Timkowsky thus describes them in his journal :—

"The Mongol carts generally have only two wheels, which turn

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* *Vide* Timkowsky's "Travels in Mongolia."

† Kiakhta is more distant from St. Petersburgh than that city is from the centre of the earth! At Tarakanova, which is 60 versts nearer St. Petersburgh, there is a pillar or milestone recording the measured distance from the Russian Capital. "To St. Petersburgh, 5963 versts." Or in English miles 3975!

round with the axle. The wheel is formed of two small square blocks of wood, fastened together in the shape of a cross, and the intervals filled up with rounded wedges, instead of felloes; the axle-tree is fixed in the centre, so as not to project beyond the wheels. The ordinary teas are generally conveyed in winter by camels, because they are made of the leaves in a state of maturity, and cannot be forwarded sooner from the province of Foukian to Kalgan, and thence to Russia. The town known to the Russians by the name of Kalgan, is Tchang-kia-keow,* and is situated a few miles south of the great wall, and about 100 miles from Pekin. Kalgan is the key to the commerce of China with Russia, and in part also with Mongolia. All merchandise destined for the market of Russia is collected there, and conveyed across by caravans.†

It is much to be regretted that the grand and praiseworthy attempt to establish an annual fair at Hooshearpore was so precipitately abandoned, and for no other reason, we believe, than that it was apparently a great failure. But why should that circumstance have discouraged the Governor General and others in authority, from renewing the attempt on the following, and two or three succeeding years? Rome could not have been built in a day; neither can a fair be permanently established in a year. Lord Hardinge was, we believe, considerably disgusted, that merchants and bunneeas from the uttermost corners of Asia, did not rush frantically to Hooshearpore, and yield unconditional obedience to his imperial will and pleasure. But how could he have reasonably expected the contrary? Does not experience teach us to anticipate a result similar to that which occurred? The creation of a fresh channel for commerce is the work of years, the result of liberal protection and encouragement, and never could be called into existence by a simple edict. Commerce cannot be forced like grapes in a hot-house, but like a helpless infant, must be cherished with the most tender affection, with unremitting care and attention; and as the child, when arrived at the age of maturity, so Commerce still requires a fostering hand, and a due regard being paid to 'dis-

* Tchang-kia-keaw means, according to Klaproth, a gate or barrier of the family of Tchang.

† We will briefly notice here a kind of tea, mentioned by M. Timkowsky in his work, "Travels of the Russian Mission through Mongolia to China," which tea might be introduced with advantage to merchants, as well as the poorer classes in this country:—

"The Mongols and most of the nomades of middle Asia, make use of this tea; it serves them both for drink and for food. The Chinese carry on a great trade in it, but never drink it themselves. In the tea manufactories, which are for the most part in the Chinese Government of Fokien, the dry, dirty and damaged leaves and stalks of the tea are thrown aside; they are then mixed with a glutinous substance, pressed into moulds, and dried in ovens. These blocks are called by the Russians, on account of their shape, brick-tea.

"The Mongols, the Bouriats, the inhabitants of Siberia, beyond lake Baikal, and the Kolmucks, take a piece of this tea, pound it in a mortar made on purpose, and throw the powder into a cast-iron vessel full of boiling water, which they suffer to stand a long time upon the fire, adding a little salt and milk, and sometimes mixing flour fried in oil. This tea or broth, is known by the name of Satouran. I have drank brick-tea prepared both ways, and found it palatable enough, at least very nourishing. All depends on the skill and cleanliness of the cook. This brick-tea serves also instead of money in the dealings of this people, as well as in Daouria."

Perhaps this kind of tea, if made in the Dehra Dhoon, might be purchased by the Bhotias for exportation, and be preferred by them to the coarse and common teas which they now readily purchase.

turbing forces,' which otherwise would overwhelm and destroy it.

At the commencement of this article, we endeavoured to shew the importance of, and necessity for, establishing annual fairs on our several frontiers, and now we shall take the opportunity of pointing a few of the most suitable localities, trusting that Government will persevere in a project which, in our humble estimation, is likely to prove an inestimable benefit to the commercial welfare of this great country.

It was under a similar conviction that Lord Hardinge concluded a treaty with the Rajah of Bussahire, having for its object the extension of trade with Tibet, by abolishing all restrictions and duties, and thus attracting its merchants to the annual fairs held at Rampoor, on the Sutlej, where the commodities of Europe might be exchanged for those of Central Asia, or those of northern Siberia. The principal fair is there held in November, we believe, when the foreign merchants are in the habit of bringing Russian false-brocade and leather, tea, China silks and satins, and Tibetan wool. If we can supply our English markets with a sufficiency of that celebrated wool at remunerative prices—and there are reasonable hopes that such will shortly be the case—, our home manufactures, with the powerful aid of machinery of every description, will soon be able to surpass the justly esteemed shawls of Kashmir.

When India can boast of railroads, there can be no doubt that our merchants will be able to supply the inhabitants of Tibet with the silks and satins of Europe, at a much cheaper rate than they can be at present obtained from China Proper, as well as, in a few years, with tea from our nurseries in the Dehra Doon.

We will now again venture, as we did several years ago, to point out Mooltan or Sukkur, or perhaps both, as two eligible spots for imitating the example of Russia. Mooltan is of itself a commercial capital, and conveniently situated on the Chenab, near its junction with the other principal rivers of the Punjab. The Sutlej has been proved easily navigable as far as Hurree-kee-ghaut, and is of course accessible much higher up (indeed as far as Roopur,) to the country boats, which likewise navigate the Beeas. The Sutlej then would afford cheap and easy transport for the produce of the countries north and south of it.

The commercial capital, Umritsur, being nearly equi-distant between the Ravee and the Sutlej, it can hardly be doubted that the latter route would be preferred; the former river being too serpentine for safe navigation, besides being generally of less depth and width.

The Jhelum and the Chenab open out similar facilities for the conveyance of the produce of Kashmir, and of the central plains of the "land of five rivers." By the upper Indus and the plain Mooltan could be supplied with the mineral treasures of the Salt range, (salt, alum, &c.); with European and all foreign goods by the lower Indus; with the various productions of the soil of Hindoostan by the route of the Ganges, by Delhi and Sirsa: with the kincobs of Guzerat, &c. by the way of Palee and Beekaneer. Here the Lohanee and other merchants from the west

could assemble to barter their merchandize, the former returning by Kohat and Peshawur, or by their own more direct route, to avoid the plundering Khaiberees; they may prosecute their journey by first crossing the river Indus, at Kaheeree Ghat (situated a few miles above Leia,) and then going through the Golairee Pass along the Goomul river, reach Guznee and Kabul.

Sukkur on the Indus may be considered the port of Shikarpore, situated on the plain below the Bolan Pass, which place was long, and continues to a certain extent to be, the resort of caravans from Persia and Kabul. The advantageous position of Sukkur is too obvious to need any further illustration. But there is a third route for English goods destined for the central market; viz. that of Kurrachee* to Kandahar, a journey, we believe, of eighteen days.

We are sanguine enough to believe it possible, that merchants from India could successfully compete with the Chinese on their western frontier, in their own peculiar article; for although the Chinese are a singularly crafty and enterprising set of gentlemen, carrying their tea in bags instead of boxes, the former being more convenient for overland journies where beasts of burden are used; still if we brought ours by sea to Kurrachee, and thence had it conveyed in leathern bags, the tea might be sold for a less price, realizing at the same time a resonable profit.

It is well known that the wild Tartars are passionately fond of this beverage, and have made it an indispensable necessary in all their ceremonials.

Attok and Leia are likewise conveniently situated on the left bank of the Indus.

Moreover, at the latter place, if not at both, annual fairs are held, which only require encouragement to render them worthy of such a designation.

Perhaps it would be the better and the easier policy of the two, to develop those fairs which already exist than to multiply their number.

However, nothing can be done on this portion of our frontier until the Trans-Indus territories have been properly subjugated, and the British flag waves triumphantly over the Khaiber Pass. We say the Khaiber, because we think there can be no doubt of the advisability of the British declaring themselves the guardians of all the passes which lead into Hindoostan.†

The late invasion of the Punjab by Dost Mahomed is but the prototype of what will occur again and again, whenever the freak or the rapacity of the ruler of Affghanistan may induce him to attempt its conquest. Besides the political necessity for protecting our territories from the chances of any sudden invasion, the interests of trade require that the limits of our empire should be bounded by the Suliman mountains.

The freedom of the navigation of the Indus, and the protection of caravans from the plundering mountaineers, are stringent rea-

* We published a paper on this subject in Vol. 1, No. 11.

† Since writing the above, we have learnt that Government is attempting to [illegible] annual fair at Kurachee— we wish the project every success.

sons for our holding the passes and the intermediate country.

Mountains, moreover, form better boundaries of kingdoms than rivers, because invading armies meet with greater difficulties whilst passing over the one than over the other.

Now let us glance at our northern and eastern frontiers. From Peshawur to Roopur, on the Sutlej, are many favorable positions for the establishment of annual fairs, but we fear any attempt to do so would prove abortive, so long as the hapless valley of Kashmir remains under its present despotic ruler. However this obstacle does not extend throughout the whole length of this portion of our frontier, for we possess a vast and fertile territory between Kashmir and the Sutlej, the capabilities and resources of which it is both our interest and duty to develope to the utmost, and no better or more enlightened means could be devised than the creating of fresh markets for the disposal of her superabundant produce. For this purpose the town of Puthankot, situated just without the hills, and nearly midway between the Ravee and the Beas, presents a favorable locality. It is situated, moreover, on the Husalee canal; and we believe the head of the great Baree Doab canal will not be many miles distant from it.

Puthankot, likewise, stands on the high road from Umritsur to the hill districts of Chumba and Kangra; by the former exists a route into Kashmir, and by the latter, besides the fertile valleys of Kangra, Joala-Mukhi, &c., those of Sookeyt-Mundee and Kooloo can be easily reached.

Hooshearpore appears another favourable spot, from its central position with regard to the Naree, Chenee, and other Passes, which lead over the Hooshearpore range of low hills into the valleys of Kangra, Kooloo, &c., just mentioned. It is likewise felicitously situated between the Beas and Sutlej, and on the high road from the Kohistan to the plain of the Jullundhur Doab, and which communicates with Umritsur and Lahore in one direction, and with Loodianah and the Cis-Sutlej states in the other. But perhaps Lord Hardinge's failure on this very spot will deter our politicals from renewing the attempt.

However, if such should really be the case, perhaps there may not exist the same objection against Roopur. It stands on the left bank of the Sutlej, where the river leaves the Himalaya and enters the plains. Hence is a road to Bilaspoor, situated on the same river, but in the hills. From Bilaspoor a good road exists to Joala-Mukhi and Kangra, and another to Simla. But the most important route of all is that leading through Sookeyt-Mundee and Kooloo, communicating by means of Lahoul and the Ritanka Pass, with Zauskar and Little Tibet. Besides this, on the eastern confines of Kooloo, and about 30 miles from the left bank of the Beas, stands the village of Manikam, where numerous springs of boiling water issue from the ground. These are objects of great veneration to the Hindoos, thousands of whom annually visit them.*

* For further information concerning this interesting place, we beg to refer the reader to the *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal*, No. 202, April, 1849.

Here then is a promising spot for creating a fair, which may in a few years rival in fame to that held at Hurdwar. Any one of the many towns from Roopur to Sooltanpoor, the capital town of Kooloo, would probably afford a suitable site whereon to start such a glorious institution.

At Sooltanpoor a small annual fair already exists, so perhaps it would be better policy on the part of Government to use its best endeavours to improve that than attempt to establish a rival.

Oh! that we could instil into our countrymen more of that spirit of commercial energy and bold speculation, which characterises our formidable rivals in the United States, who, in the short space of a quarter of a century, have raised the tonnage of their steam fleet to nearly quadruple that of our own country, and who, in a few short months more, will place a steam girdle round the world!* If we had possessed but one-half of their commercial tact and enterprise, Central Asia would not now be such a *terra incognita*.

From the Sutlej if we follow the base of the Himalaya in an easterly direction, we shall come upon Hurdwar, well known as the site of the most important fair held in British India. Proceeding onwards beyond the eastern limits of Nepaul, we arrive at Titalya on the river Teesta, which forms the boundary between the British Hill Territory of Sikkim and that of Bhotan. Titalya being favourably situated on the road from Calcutta to Lhassa, a fair has been successfully established, which promises to increase and turn out a profitable enterprise.

Between this place and Hurdwar, both at Benares and Allahabad, we believe fairs are held, which but require fostering to become of vast commercial importance. We had the honor of bringing this subject to the notice of Government several years ago, and since then we have lost no opportunities of urging its importance on the commercial men of this country. Lord Hardinge was the first Governor General who made it a part of his policy for the extension of commerce, but he was wanting in the necessary perseverance and patience for its successful prosecution.

Lord Dalhousie followed in the wake, and avoiding his predecessor's errors, is likely to carry on the requisite measures with vigour and ultimate success.

But let us now turn to our eastern frontier.

Will not the mighty Bhurrumpootra assist us in conveying our goods to the N. E. of Assam, and enable us to hold a profitable intercourse with our brethren of Tibet? Will no propitiatory offering to the Grand Lama draw forth an edict, ordaining that his faithful believers should furnish themselves with English manufactures, and also to clothe themselves with the purple and fine linens of Europe? When we consider the distance between the frontiers of Russia and Pekin, through Chinese Tartary; and when we also take into account the intermediate sandy deserts and moun-

† The entire steam marine of Great Britain and her dependencies is stated at 1184 steamers, with a tonnage of 142.080 tons; while the aggregate of the steam marine of the United States consist of 1890 vessels, with a tonnage of 427,113 tons!!!—*Vide Evening Mail* of the 27th February 1852.

tainous regions inhabited chiefly by lawless tribes living entirely on plunder, we cannot but feel astonished at the perseverance and enterprize exhibited by those two gigantic empires in carrying on their commercial intercourse.

If Allen's Map of India can be relied on, our district of Munneepoor is only 160 *miles* from China Proper! What then, may it be asked, are the insurmountable difficulties which have hitherto arrested our intercourse with the Chinese by this overland route? Are the mountains impassable, or are the Celestials too jealous? If that nation finds it beneficial to exchange her commodities with foreigners and barbarians on one portion of her extensive frontier, it can hardly be supposed she would object to it on another. Are the various tribes who inhabit the intermediate country so blind to their own interests, as entirely to prohibit the transport of merchandise through their territories on the payment of a reasonable duty? Or are there physical obstructions between the British and Chinese Empires, which preclude all hope of ever carrying on a profitable traffic by this otherwise favorable channel?

But if Russians and Chinese can overcome such difficulties, why should not the British be able to do the same? Who can doubt, that, if either the Americans or Dutch had possessed the advantages that our merchants have enjoyed for so long a time, for extending their commerce, they would, ere this, have had their own agents in every principal town in Asia?

Besides an increase of trade, another object of equal importance would be gained by opening a direct overland communication with China.

It would most probably create a stream of immigration which would flow into districts now over-run with jungle, and convert them into fertile provinces.

That the Chinese would prefer settling in our provinces to remaining in the intermediate tracts, or even their own country, can hardly be doubted, as they would soon learn the blessings of our rule, and its superiority over any others they had ever experienced before. That the Chinese are willing to emigrate, is shewn by the fact of thousands having crossed, and that are still crossing the wide Pacific, on their way to California. When the news of the auriferous wealth of Australia penetrates the boundary of China, no doubt can exist that its towns and cities will pour forth their myriads of human beings to enrich the lands of the "outward barbarians" of Austral Asia. Great exertions are being made by the English colonists of Guiana, and the West Indian Islands, to induce this peculiarly industrious race to make the above colonies the land of their adoption.

Then why should India, and India alone, not improve the advantages of her geographical and political position; and whilst extending her frontier towards the western limit of the Celestial Empire, by slow and cautious steps, why should she not use every legitimate means to entice the subjects of the "Brother of the Sun and Moon," to come and people her wastes, and develop her boundless natural resources? Why should she not avail herself of their skill and industry to the fullest extent? What obstacles

stand in the way of perpetual and copious streams of commerce flowing between the two vast Kingdoms of China and Hindoostan, which cannot be overcome by British skill and energy? But that no such insurmountable difficulties do exist, to obstruct the advancement of civilization and commerce in the direction of the Celestial Empire, we will now proceed to shew by a few extracts,* which we trust will prove interesting to our readers.

"The direct distance between Calcutta and the Chinese frontier of Yun-nan is about 540 miles, nearly the same as that from Calcutta to Agra. The road which we have to travel admits of three subdivisions, part first falling in Bengal, between Calcutta and Sylhet; part second in the dependent states of Cachar and Munipur; and part third in the Burmese Empire.

"Part first, from Calcutta to Sylhet, is known, and for the whole distance river communication is open at all seasons.

"Part second, up the Barak river (in Sylhet called the Surmah) through Cachar. This Cachar, with its capital Khaspur, adjoins Sylhet on the eastward, and is governed by an independent Raja. The Barak river runs through it, and is navigable as far upwards as Kalanaga Ghat, but in the dry season only as far as Talayn, where rapids interrupt the passage.

"The ground rises gradually towards the east to the Khainbunda mountains, which separate Cachar from Munipur. These mountains consist of several chains running from north to south, with a breadth of 40 miles, and are not above 4000 feet high, and over which a road has been made by the Government of Bengal.

"Their eastern foot rests on the table land of Munipur, which has an elevation of 2500 feet above the sea, and which is on all sides surrounded by mountains.

"This territory belongs also to an independent Raja, residing at the principal town of the same name, who, however, like his neighbour of Khaspur, is placed under the inspection of a Company's Resident.

"Our road lies across this elevated plain towards its eastern boundary, which is a range of hills, called by some geographers the Mirang mountains. Over these we have to cross, then to descend, to the Kubo† valley, and to the abovementioned Ningthi river, on which we reach Monfoo, the first Burmese frontier town.

"On our road from Calcutta we have found river communication for the greater part of a direct distance of 250 miles to Silhet, and still further on for 65 miles to Kalanaga Ghat. From this place to Monfoo are only 105 miles, and we have to cross the Khainbunda mountains, having a breadth of 40 miles, on good roads, then to traverse the Munipur table-land 30 miles broad, on more level ground, and finally over the Mirang hills to Monfoo on the Ningthi river, 35 miles.

"The people which we meet on this track, east of Sylhet, differ from each other, according to the nature of the country which they occupy. They are, first, the inhabitants of the low country, the Cacharees; secondly, of the high-

* From *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal.*
† Usually spelt "Kaboo."

er, Munipur; and thirdly, of the hills surrounding that table-land. They are all quite different from the Bengalees, and belong to the same group of Eastern Asiatic races as the Thay and Shan, the Birmese and Siamese; the occupants of the mountains round Munipur are the Nagas or Koolees. They are a free, independent, and very active people, who, poor and separated from all cultivated countries around, have remained unsubdued by more powerful neighbours. They build their villages on the most inaccessible ridges and mountain tops, are of great muscular strength, and indefatigable mountaineers. As such they will prove the best carriers for the transport of goods across their mountains—the baggarees of the east.

"Part third,—from Monfoo, on the Ningthi river further east to the Irrawaddy, are 70 miles direct distance.*

"Of this part of our road we possess no information; and no European traveller has visited this country.

"Yet from the configuration of the whole peninsula, we conclude that it is filled up with parallel mountain chains running from north to south, of no considerable elevation, and opposing no great difficulties to our progress. On the Irrawaddy, about Kutha Mio, under the 24th degree of north latitude, we meet with the great caravan route leading from Ava to Yun-nan. It proceeds up the navigable river as far as Bhanmo, whence the road to Yun-nan runs in the valley of the Bhanmo river, a tributary to the Irrawaddy.† This Bhanmo is the most important town of Northern Burmah; it is the emporium of its trade with China, and annually, twice at the beginning, and at the end of the dry season, a Chinese caravan arrives here, selling all the goods here, whilst only few merchants proceed to Ava.

"This market has been frequented since the earliest centuries, and formerly even to a much greater extent than now, since the comparatively recent invasions and conquests of the Manmas or Burmese, have interrupted the trade. Marco Polo, the famous Venetian traveller, who, as an Envoy of the Mongal Bublai Khan, visited these countries at the end of the 13th century, is the first who gives us some information of this market, and of the road leading from here into Yun-nan. The commerce transacted here is still considerable, and consists principally in an exchange of the various productions of Yun-nan, and neighbouring provinces of China, for those of Burma, and the more northern countries of the Bhor Khamtees, the Mismis and Singphos, as far as Assam and Tibet. The articles of trade, as given by Crawfurd, are the following:—

1. "Exports from China.—Copper, auripigment, mercury, cinnabar, alum, tin, lead, silver, gold, China ware, *pictures*, iron-ware, carpets, rhubarb, tea, raw silk, velvets, honey, musk, paper, fans, &c. Raw silk and tea are the greatest items, the former to the amount of 27,000 bales.

2. "Imports to China from Burma are cotton, upwards of 75,000 bales, edible birds' nests,

* This we believe to be incorrect—about 140 miles is the correct distance.
† The author of this is a German, and his English is sometimes obscure.

ivory, horns, precious stones, and *British manufactures.* The whole exchange is estimated by Crawfurd from half a million to £700,000 annually.

"Looking on the map of this part of Asia, it will at once appear surprising, that a direct intercourse should never have existed on our side between India and China, and that the trade which concentrates at Bhanmo, should not have extended to Calcutta across these countries, which, as we have seen, are in all parts accessible, and which offer even many facilities for the transport of goods; and only the fact that the political state of these countries has been always very unsettled, especially since the Burmese gained the ascendency, accounts for it in some degree.

"Yet is the way which we have described the only one that leads from India to China, and which connects both countries just at the point of their nearest approach to each other; it is thus the only road on which possibly any direct intercourse between both countries ever can take place, since in all other directions they are separated by mountains and far greater distances; and if we look upon a direct trade between India and China as an object of the highest commercial as well as political importance, we will give due weight to the following points, which appear to render it easily practicable:—

1. "That there is water communication for a direct distance of 250 miles from Calcutta to Sylhet, and further on for 65 miles to Kalanaga ghaut.

2. "That from this place to Munipur, &c. a road is made, and that there exist no difficulties in crossing the remaining part of the country to Bhanmo.

3. "That the extensive trade which is carried on at present at Bhanmo, offers a very favorable opportunity for opening commerce with the Chinese, and to extend the same to Calcutta.

4. "That the market place for this new trade would be at Sylhet, consequently in our own territory.

5. "That the land transport from Bhanmo to Sylhet would devolve on the Chinese, and that we only have to go to Sylhet by water.

"The spirit of enterprize of the Chinese is well known; wherever they find security and profit, there they resort; and they will easily overcome the difficulties of the land transport between Bhanmo and Sylhet, in which perhaps any Europeans would be less successful. On this probability, that we need only go as far as Sylhet, and that the Chinese will come there, so that Sylhet would become the market place for the trade, rests the likelihood of success in any attempt to open a direct commerce between China and India; and every Calcutta merchant will enter more freely in this speculation, if he considers that the depôt for his goods will be on British territory, and at a place to which he can transport the same securely by water and at little cost. What articles of trade would be best suited for this commerce, and what profit could be realized, only experience and a better examination of the productions and requirements of these countries can show.

"Most likely that opium and English woollen cloths would be in good demand in the interior of

China, and that tea, raw silk, but especially the minerals, as silver, gold, auripigment, copper, &c., of which Yun-nan in said to be very rich, will turn out as profitable purchases on our side.

"But it is not to be expected that this commerce could be established at once, and that all the resources of the countries east of Bengal, and of interior China, would flow at once into this channel of trade to be discharged at Sylhet; on the contrary, we wish only to draw the attention of the Calcutta merchants, and those connected with this place, to these countries, to convince them by showing how great a field for profitable enterprize still remains unexplored, that they deserve to be better examined, and that the advantages which they offer to commerce justify a first attempt to open the same."

This intermediate country between China and Munipoor is thus eloquently described in an early number of the *Asiatic Society's Journal*:—

"Few nations bordering upon the British dominions in India are less generally known than those inhabiting the extreme N. E. frontier of Bengal; and yet, in a commercial, a statistical, or political point of view, no country is more important. There our territory of Assam is situated in almost immediate contact with the empires of China and Ava, each being separated from the other by a narrow belt of mountainous country, possessed by barbarous tribes of independent savages, and capable of being crossed over in the present state of communication in 10 or 12 days. From this mountain range, navigable branches of the great rivers of Nankin, of Cambodia, of Martaban, of Ava, and of Assam, derive their origin, and appear designed by nature as the great highways of commerce between the nations of Ultra-Gangetic Asia.

"In that quarter, our formidable neighbours the Burmese, have been accustomed to make their inroads into Assam; there, in the event of hostilities, they are certain to attempt it again; and there, in case of its ever becoming necessary to take vengeance on the Chinese, an armed force embarking on the Bhramaputra could be easily marched across the intervening country to the banks of the greatest river in China, which would conduct them through the very centre of the celestial empire to the ocean.

"This beautiful tract of country, though thinly populated by straggling hordes of slowly procreating barbarians, and allowed to lie profitless in primeval jungle, or run to waste with luxuriance of vegetation, enjoys all the qualities requisite for rendering it one of the finest in the world.

"Its climate is cold, healthy, and congenial to European constitutions; its numerous crystal streams abound in gold dust, and masses of the solid metal; its mountains are pregnant with precious stones and silver; its atmosphere is perfumed with tea, growing wild and luxuriantly; and its soil is so well adapted to all kinds of agricultural purposes, that it might be converted into one continued garden of silk, and cotton and coffee, and sugar and tea, over an extent of many thousand miles.

"This valuable tract of country, far richer than many of our expensive provinces, is inhabited by various races, several of which

have acknowledged our authority, some that of the Burmese, and others that of China; but a considerable number have sworn allegiance to no power, and maintain their independence. Of these tribes the most considerable are the Miris, Abors, Mishmis, Kangtis, Bor-Kangtis, Singphos, Muamarias and Nagas.

"By far the most powerful, and the most numerous of these hill tribes are the Singphos; they also possess the greatest extent of country. Their country is bounded on the north by the Lohit river; on the east by the Langton mountains, which separate them from the Bor-Kangtis; on the south by the Patkoi range, which divides them from the Burmese Singphos, from whom they are descended; and on the west, by a line drawn south from Suddya, till it meets the last named mountains.

"The Singphos of Assam are separated from the Singphos subservient to the Burmese, by the Patkoi chain of mountains; and though entirely independent of one another, yet maintain a friendly intercourse.

"The Burmese Singphos occupy a very extensive tract of country on both sides of the Irrawaddi, and from the Patkoi mountains eastward to the borders of China. The Chinese, the same people who traverse the vast sandy deserts of Mongolia for the purposes of trade, carry on a very considerable trade with these Singphos, and through the medium of their country with Assam."

Before concluding this portion of our subject, we will venture, at the risk of being thought tedious, to point out another route by which a fresh outlet might be made for our merchandise, viz. the one into Great Tibet, adopted by pilgrims, and leading through the Abor country, along the course of the Dihong or Sampu. This route is usually accomplished in 16 days from Suddya, and leads to Bhalu, the frontier town of Tibet, and four days' journey from the populous city of Ro-shé-mah. At present there is little or no trade in this direction, excepting the trifling amount carried on by the pilgrims; yet we can have no hesitation in saying, that Suddya might be made one of our most important commercial depôts, by combining judicious diplomacy with commercial enterprise, and aided by a regular steam communication.

The favorable position of the town of Munipur likewise points it out as a fit locality for establishing an annual fair.

If we continue our travels along the British frontier, we shall at last come to the province of Arracan. Hence a road through the very accessible pass of Aeng leads over a low range into the valley of the Irrawaddy. Its sea coast is indented by good harbours, so that here also we have a very favorable combination of circumstances for establishing fairs, and increasing our intercourse with the Burmese.

In concluding this lengthy article, we cannot help making some remarks on the present contest with the Burmese, although on the chances of their being out of date before they reach the eyes of the public.

In the first place, it is hoped no peace will be made with the Burmese until after the occupation of their capital Umeerapoora.

With our present resources a month would suffice for its capture. Steamers can reach Prome in six days at most; whence to the capital is but 300 miles, to reach which by land, therefore, need not occupy more than twenty-five days. But there is every reason to believe that steamers could proceed much higher up the Irrawaddy, if not quite as far as the capital itself. This expedition then into the heart of the enemies' country need not occupy so long a time as even a month. Having captured Rangoon, Martaban, and Bassein, the force should be at once despatched up the river to Prome, which captured and turned into a depôt, the army could again proceed up the Irrawaddy as far as it was found practicable. Thence a few forced marches would place the enemies' capital in our hands. Such energy and expedition could not fail to strike with terror not only the Golden Feet, which would be probably seen disappearing in the jungle on our approach, but likewise the despotic rulers of Siam, Cambodia, Cochin-China, &c., and even their powerful neighbours the Chinese. We should think there could exist no reasonable fear of the capability of our steamers to keep open the communication with the sea, and to convey the necessary supplies. We fear, however, that instead of any such vigorous measures being taken to subdue the Burmese, our power and energies will be exhausted in the delta of the Irrawaddy, bombarding and assaulting numberless petty towns and stockades, as was lamentably the case during the last Burmese War. In those days, however, the Government had not the command of such overwhelming means as it has at present. It will be a lasting disgrace to the English nation, if it does not now avail itself to the utmost of the experience to be derived from passed errors, and of the unlimited resources at its command. We are afraid that in the present campaign the Government has not profited by former experience. It has repeated the fault of delaying at the extremity of the Burmese Empire, instead of hastening on to the capital. And, if rumour speaks true, the Government intends again to pause at Prome, and there to wait the submission of the "Golden Feet."—Alas! that so much blood and treasure should have been spilt in vain; that overwhelming disasters should never serve as warnings to us! Verily, the English are purblind. One would have thought that after the insight we had gained into Burmese tactics, and the knowledge we had obtained of their country, we should have been able to prostrate their barbarous and haughty monarch in the space of a few weeks. Had we been contented with the capture of Rangoon, and then despatched every available steamer up the Irrawaddy, and in the meanwhile landed a couple of brigades at the head of the Aeng Creek, and at the foot of the Pass of the same name, both forces would have met at a place called Sembegwin* on the Irrawaddy, at a spot about 150 miles above Patanago, and within 200 of Ava. Hence the land force

* Sembegwin is about 120 miles from the town of Aeng, and the distance could be easily marched in twelve days.

could have crossed the river, and proceeded direct to the enemies' capital, whilst the steamers followed the river route. A couple of months, dating from the capture of Rangoon, would have sufficed to bring the present campaign to a glorious termination. By such a bold and energetic stroke we should have left all the Burmese troops down in the delta, and created confusion and dismay throughout the length and breadth of the Malay Peninsula. But no, it seems to be ordained, that such martial skill and energy should never be displayed by the British nation. Our very blunders seem destined for an important and wide-spread purpose, and force upon us an extension of our Empire. If we halt at Prome, it will not be difficult to predict the result, that halt will prove fatal to the liberties of the Malaya Peninsula. As we have said elsewhere, truly, the Saxon people are destined to become the predominant race throughout the world. But let us proceed.

Having conquered the Burmese, the next question to be considered, will be the ultimate disposal of their territory. In portioning their territory we must keep two points in view. The Birman empire must be so far reduced as not to cause us any serious uneasiness for the future; yet it must not be so much weakened as to fall an easy prey to any one of its ambitious neighbours. We require on our frontier a state sufficiently strong to be able to defend itself against any power but our own, so that whilst it can never be independent of us, yet will not require our armed interference for its protection.

Our next consideration will be to remunerate ourselves for the expenses of the war. This will be done probably partly by annexation of territory, and partly by money payments. To obtain a good boundary line must be our first care on increasing our empire.

This necessary precaution was overlooked, or at any rate not sufficiently attended to, on the termination of the last war. Nearly the whole of our eastern boundary line requires remodelling; and no doubt a due attention will be paid to this point by our present Head of the Government. We shall here only just allude to the obvious necessity of uniting our maritime provinces of Arracan and Tenasserim by the annexation of Pegu and the whole delta of the Irrawaddy. It is absolutely necessary that we should possess the entire sea coast around the Bay of Bengal. We have still one more subject to touch upon before we bring this lengthy notice to a close. We require fresh outlets for our daily increasing manufactures, and the present occasion is a noble opportunity for opening an overland inter-communication with China.

Bhanmo, the great emporium before alluded to, is situated on the Irrawaddy, about 300 miles above Ava. It is, moreover, only removed 140 miles from our territory of Munipur; to open this intermediate country to our own and to the Chinese merchants, must form the subject of separate articles in our treaty with the Burmese. We must insist upon a free and unrestricted commercial intercourse between ourselves and the Chinese through the Burmese territories; and the more effectually to carry out this important

measure, we must have a Resident at Ava, whose principal duties will consist in protecting and cementing this friendly intercourse. At first there will probably be much opposition offered by the people as well as by the Lord of the White Elephants, but a few years of experience will soon convince them of the incalculable benefits of free trade.

Now, having brought our article to an end, we will conclude by wishing our comrades in arms a glorious and *profitable* termination to their exertions in the service of their country, hoping at the same time, with our countrymen, at large, that the advantages gained in the field by the blood and valour of the British Soldier, may not be thrown away by imbecility in the Cabinet.

*N. W. P. Nov.* 1852.

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NOTE.—In fixing our boundary, it is to be hoped that the Salween River will form our southern boundary, and some river, or chain of hills to the northward, and above the Talak and Aeng Passes, so as to include these within our territory. Aeng will then become an important Sea-port town. As it is built on the banks of a navigable creek, and only 120 miles from Patanago, there can be no doubt a large quantity of British imports will find their way into the heart of Burmah by this direct route.



# Selections and Translations.

## AN HOUR IN THE CONCIERGERIE.

*(Translated from the French of M. Michel Raymond.)*

I NEVER voluntarily threw myself into the path of politics; I have always submitted without a murmur to their intrusion at different times into certain episodes of my private life, of course with the effect of depriving me of some portion of my repose, my patrimony, and whatever I held most dear. Thus I was forced to become a soldier, and excepting my button holes, there is not a part of me that has not been riddled. My relations, my college friends, have been torn from me one after the other. The Reign of Terror, the Empire, and the Restoration, have all had their share in this work. And, lastly, I have paid my quota for sharing in no small number of amorous intrigues. A few certificates of my services, which are already turning yellow in an old drawer, epitaphs hidden by flowers, and my resignation—such has been my history. I do not mention this as any thing extraordinary; it is the common lot of the army of martyrs. Some day, perhaps, I may endeavour to strike a balance of the account between our eight or ten forms of Government, and an individual who has been a partizan of none, though a creditor of all. It is not that I wish to be indemnified for my losses. The progress made in the matter of Governments does not go quite so far as that, and their professions are of quite another nature. But though they may possess the power to destroy the welfare, the health, and the heart's peace of an individual, I shall still have the consolation of proving to them that chagrin, poverty, and rheumatism set them at defiance, for I have arrived at an age when scorn can no longer hold its peace. However, at present I will only speak of a time already remote from our own.

In the month of October, 1795, I was residing in Paris in the section des Gravilliers. It was one of the most fiery sections, and contained citizens endowed with a perspicacity of patriotism that often alarmed me. I myself was honored with all possible kinds of suspicion. My silence, my solitary and reserved habits, gave rise to strange conjectures; only, fortunately for me, they contradicted one another. With the exception of a few domiciliary visits now and then, a night passed in listening to the tolling of the tocsin, and the exactions that could not always be avoided, I began to consider myself one of the most fortunate denizens of the great city. No imprisonment awaited me; the president of my section was in the habit of shaking hands with me; and no one was envious of my lot.

An event occurred that dragged me out of my sphere. An old female friend, who lived at Versailles, wrote to inform me that intelligence had at last been received touching

one of her nephews, Antoine Devillers, who had been missing for the last six months, and was supposed to have perished in some street row. He was little better than a child, and had become deranged, in consequence of his mother being drowned while crossing the Seine, at the time of the fêtes given in celebration of the first Federation in the Champ-de-Mars. The poor creature, wandering through the streets of Paris, without a protector and without resources, drawn any where by a noise, and fraternising with the first comer, was sure to be present at every patriotic fête, at every execution. Thus when, on the 16th October, the cart that conveyed the Queen to the scaffold passed before the steps of St. Roch, a lucid moment probably returned, on beholding that pale and noble countenance, which more than once had gained fresh beauty in smiling at his infantine sports beneath the cool shades and on the soft turf of Versailles. The yells and hooting of which the infamous Collot d'Herbois set the example, the national guard encircling that tumbrel with bayonets, that crowd of spectators lining the streets and the balconies to hiss at the victim, to clap their hands on the appearance of the executioner, those thousands of pikes, those naked swords, nothing availed to repress on the lips of Antoine Devillers the exclamation of bygone days deeply engraved on his memory, and he suddenly again and again shouted aloud, *Vive la Reine*, waving in the air his rugged *bonnet rouge*. A score of arms hurled him to the ground half dead. A *sans-culotte* pulled him by the collar of his coat, and handed him over to some soldiers of the revolutionary army. He was thrown into one of the lowest dungeons of the Conciergerie, with the intention of confronting him with royalists of low rank, suspected of generous manœuvres. They would have rescued Marie Antoinette from what was then termed national vengeance. The awkwardness of these poor wretches, who perished on the scaffold, almost justified the emigration. There was a much better chance of dancing at Coblentz.

On the receipt of this letter I did not hesitate a moment what to do. I hastened to wait upon the president of my section, who sent me to the Commune, the Secretary of which addressed me familiarly, but put me off for the present. However, in less than three days, after running to and fro a thousand times, and giving a world of trouble to nearly a dozen shopkeepers, all friends of the existing state of things, after a series of questions, each more pointless than the other, I obtained an official order to be admitted into the Conciergerie. My old housekeeper never recovered from her astonishment at my influence with the authorities.

At the jail, in addition to the clerk of the Conciergerie, to whom I exhibited my permit, I found in the office a citizen in the costume of a representative of the people, who seemed to pierce to the lowest depths of any soul with his false intolerable glance. In a careless tone of voice he kept plying me with insidious questions, to which I replied with a beating heart. I did not quite comprehend the drift of all his verbiage; but as his squinting eyes, while running over some lines in a dirty register, ever and anon measured me from head to foot, as if to take in the whole description, I perfectly understood how dangerous it was to wear on one's shoulders a head of any kind in times of revolution. His smiles were by no means calculated to restore my confidence. I looked upon them as the outward manifestations of a malignant joy that was likely to cost me dear. He must have seen how I suffered, for he protracted the interview needlessly. I was obliged to tell him my country, which he easily guessed by my accent, my mode of living, and every thing that concerned myself. All this savoured of a member of the Committee of General Safety, and oppressed me like a night-mare. An open and frank examination

would have suited me much better than this mazy cross-questioning. He took possession of the doctor's attestation as to the madness of Antoine Devillers, and also my friend's letter, as well as my certificate of citizenship. Then, turning to the jailor, and pointing to me with his finger, he said; "I see no objection to detaining the prisoner as a provisional measure, until I can ascertain if he is not an emissary from Bordeaux."

Having said this, he made use of some other expressions, the meaning of which I did not discover till afterwards, for they are not to be found in any dictionary, and then turned his back upon me. The door-keeper, who was escorted by two enormous dogs, left me no time to demand a more categorical explanation, for he took me by the shoulders, and pushed me before him into a grassy inclosure, filled with people who were trying to get a little sunshine close to the walls. Leaving this, the bolts of a lower door were drawn back, and I entered a damp chamber, where I passed in review before some twenty prisoners. These regarded me with the cold and distrustful curiosity natural to the unfortunate. It seems almost their interest to form, at first sight, some sort of conclusion from the physiognomy of the captives who are to become their companions. Thus every species of chagrin overwhelmed me at the same time: the authorities seized upon me as a suspected person, while the prisoners received me as a spy.

I asked the door-keeper for writing materials, and he immediately opened a door leading into a cell marked No. 13, and tolerably furnished, evidently the abode of a methodical person. Here I scribbled two or three letters to the patriots of my section. My principal trust was in my wine merchant, who esteemed me in the double capacity of a customer and a compatriot, and would readily comprehend the danger he himself would incur if he allowed me to be treated as a Girondist.

Having despatched my letters I began to reflect on my position, my elbows on the table, and my head between my hands, but my reverie was soon disturbed by the entrance of two prisoners.

"I beg your pardon," said one of them; "but if it would not be troubling you too much, my friend would like to make use of the table in his turn."

I could not object, and they pointed to some books on a shelf. I took down a volume of Telemachus, and turned over the leaves mechanically. The one who had addressed me now left the room, and I began to examine the one who was writing. His countenance, viewed in detail, was common enough, but taking it as a whole, there was something remarkable in its mixture of apathy and conscious superiority, of disdain and indifference. The lower lip projected considerably, indicating a habit of meditative abstraction, against which eye lids raised with an effort seemed to denote that an apathetic temperament incessantly protested. I could not define his eyes, so rapidly did they change from animation to dullness, but the forehead, across which two or three wrinkles tremulously appeared, and then passed away, was formed for the reception of profound ideas; and in the marked inclination to turn upwards of that perfectly regular chin, I fancied that I could discern an index to a voluptuous and indolent disposition. Through these signs of tendencies so contradictory that traced the workings of the soul on its outward case, I could distinguish a character that might possess the dignity of courage, but was destitute of its fire.

To excuse the indiscretion of such a studious examination, I ought to observe that the features of the prisoner were not altogether unknown to me. He himself, in a moment of leisure, while mending his pen, read the thought that was passing through my mind, and thus broke the ice between us.

"Citizen," said he, "we have met before this?"

"I am almost certain of it," I replied, "but my memory only recals your features. The place and the circumstances of our meeting escape my recollection."

"Are you of the department of the Gironde?"

"I come from Saint Emilion."

"You may have seen me in Paris?"

"No; but now I remember having travelled in company with you from Limoges to Perigneux. The sound of your voice set me on the right track, though it is some years since then."

"It will be nine years next Twelfth Day. It is a date I shall never forget. I did not then know that in turning my back on Paris, I was on my way to a revolution, which I helped to bring about, and which is now going to cut off my head that it may proceed with me."

"What, sir! have you taken an active part in the events that have happened of late?"

My astonishment made him smile.

"And this is popularity!" he murmured, as he laid down his pen. He then looked at me with a mild expression on his countenance, as he said, "I am Vergniaud."

A profound sentiment of respect for talent and misfortune made me involuntarily rise from my chair, but he seized my hand, and forced me to resume my seat.

"Do you come up from the country?" he added.

"I left it about fifteen months ago, and have been in Paris ever since the 10th August. I had been furnished with letters of introduction to you, particularly from the Dupaty family, but circumstances are our masters. The fame of the politician kept me aloof from the fellow countryman. His renown detained at a distance one of his most obscure admirers. The catastrophe of the 31st May overtook me before I had been able to fulfil a duty, and contemplate, face to face, one of our most celebrated orators. If I could have imagined that I should find in Vergniaud an old fellow traveller, my timidity would not have preserved its scruples until to-day."

"Your debts are paid," replied Vergniaud. The Conciergerie is destined to behold more than one such interview as ours, unless some new Charlotte Corday appear upon the stage; but we must not look for that. The heart of a Brutus in the body of a Lucretia was altogether an anachronism for an age like ours. Nature does not make such mistakes twice running, and the Montagne no longer fears to glide into the bath of Marat."

"This dejection........."

"Is common to the majority among us. I envy the temperament of those who never despond. No doubt there must be some generous spring of action at the bottom of their souls. Never despair; I know no more powerful stimulant than hope; it makes a man live to the last moment of his life. What do you suppose I am myself now engaged about? It is wretched folly, but Fonfrède and Ducos exact it of me. They exact it without due reflection. I am preparing my defence against my appearing before the revolutionary tribunal!"

At these words he spurted some drops of ink over the paper, with a gesture of contempt.

"When the one party is determined on slaughter," he exclaimed, "and it becomes the duty of the other to die, is not hypocrisy an act of cowardice on either side? Did Regulus profane his ivory tablets with a pusillanimous apology, to escape being rolled alive down the precipice that avenged the pride of Hamilcar? No. His enemies did not constitute themselves his judges in order to prove to him methodically that revenge was specially provided for by a particular clause of the Carthaginian Constitution. What avails the verbiage of the public accuser, or the vain pleading of a man who is no longer free? The voice of the shipwrecked mariner does not make itself heard through the roar of the tempest. The *væ victis* is the law of the world: the conqueror must pronounce it; the vanquished

must hear it. When murderers have the word "Country" on their lips, a man of spirit should wrap himself in silence, and extend his throat to the executioners." He crossed his arms on his chest as if he were replying to the Montagne from the Tribune.

"The craftiness of forms makes no real difference. Political accusations are sentences of death from the mouths of the majority; only they throw the ignominy of the execution upon humbler accessories. When the authorities have cast aside all principle, if the tribunals should pretend to preserve their independence, they would be punished in their turn as conspirators. Judicial forms are no more than a wretched farce that disgusts the soul, and law itself becomes seditious when it presumes to oppose obstacles to usurpation. We must not dishonor ourselves for such empty observances. Never will I lend my hand to a falsehood."

And he broke his pen against the table.

Remarking the interest depicted in my countenance, he at once, without an apparent effort, laid aside his angry feelings.

"Let that pass," he resumed with a smile. "I am allowing myself to be hurried away by one question, while I forget that which I really wish to address to you. As you were of the party travelling to Perigneux in the winter of 1785, you may perhaps remember the young woman who was in the public conveyance with us?"

"Perfectly. And by the same token I indulged in many conjectures concerning her and yourself, but which were put an end to by your leaving us at the cross-road that leads to Libourne. The lady persisted in exposing her thin pale face to the chill breeze of the road, doubtless with the hope that you would rejoin us. The man who escorted her could scarcely draw a word from her, and I myself made extraordinary but unavailing efforts to discover whether he was a relative or only an old husband."

"Well, I am in just as great uncertainty as yourself about that matter, but I began to hope that the accident which has brought us together might furnish me with a clue to penetrate into a destiny that has mysteriously crossed my own. If my life did not belong to the Jacobins, I would cheerfully give it to hear the name of that young woman."

I could not repress a gesture of astonishment.

"It is not that opportunities have failed me for that and for many other things," he added, as he pushed the door with his foot. "It is I who have allowed these opportunities to escape me, and in these few words I give you the *resumé* of my entire history. In truth, if, as you remarked just now, it is circumstances that govern us, I could imagine that those who are favored by opportunities must have done something of themselves to procure them. My own disposition has been fatal to me. The blind goddess has a hundred times offered me her hand to accompany me through the world, but I preferred sleeping under her wheel. And now when I look back upon my days of energy, I can hardly repent of my usual indolence, and I begin to think that the time unemployed was the best employed."

"You don't render justice to yourself, citizen; your labours, your reputation........"

"Talk not of justice in the Conciergerie!" said he with bitterness. "It is enough to be an object of suspicion without becoming an object of ridicule. We are not obliged to sacrifice our common sense preparatory to having our heads cut off."

"Well!" I exclaimed with vivacity. "Do not then renounce the idea of defending yourself as long as you have breath. It is anticipating death if you do not avail yourself with energy of every delay that can be interposed to the executioner. There is no use in committing suicide when the scaffold will save you the trouble. What is there degrad-

ing in the Guillotine? Marat died by assassination. Besprinkle with your blood the Place de la Revolution, for avengers will arise from it."

"Who knows! The revolution has started from its orbit. How then could our death raise an obstacle in the path of those who have overthrown us as they hurried along? You would bring me back to my own indecision? You would urge me to follow the advice of my friends? I am aware that it must be so. The lyre of Orpheus still murmured as it glided down the stream of the Hebrus; and the priestesses of Bacchus, with dishevelled hair, listened on the banks of the river for many a day afterwards, to the echoes of Thrace, as they repeated to one another the vain regrets of the husband of Eurydice. Sooner or later our last accents shall refute the doctrines of these butchers—but I will commit nothing to writing, the task is too loathsome. Am I never to find a moment of repose? Am I to be condemned to converse for ever with those men, even when I am not in their presence? And after all, what is this bit of cold paper; what this miserable machine of a pen? To rouse inspiration I must feel the scorn, the hatred their aspect ever raises in me. On their countenances I shall read my notes. Even the son of Latone needed the excitement of an audience and the ears of a Midas. Amar will be then......."

He smiled, and cut the paper into shreds with the blade of his pen-knife.

"I was not born for all that! I came into the world at a very unseasonable moment. Louis XVI. and I, have been playmates with misfortune. Who will ever restore to me my simple reminiscences of childhood! And my little foster-sister, so serious beneath the dark shadow of the willows, as we stole along with timid step to startle the teal that had sought a shelter amid the reeds of Saint-Hilaire-Bonneval! I loved noiseless pastimes, sweet but indolent meditation, endless conversations about a past peopled with glorious memories, and with pliant and ingenious allegories that mingled humanity with the gods? Instead of all that they have thrust me into the mud, and my feet have stuck fast. I have lost the prison of my early years. Mankind is horrible to contemplate near at hand."

We both remained silent and pensive. The cold air of the dungeon added greatly to this bitterness of feeling. I could not find in me to offer him consolation. My respect for that great reputation, struggling against destiny, increased more and more as I marked the expression of chagrin imprinted on his countenance, and for the moment I partook of his misanthropy too much to refute it.

At length he was the first to break the silence.

"I am glad to see you," he remarked. "One's attention here is perpetually drawn from whatever might remind one of bygone emotions, and it is these alone that bring back vigor to my blood. Imprisonment consumes my very vitals. It was the attraction of my first and early recollections that rendered me culpable when we formerly met. I fancied myself well enough off with my six and twenty years not to be in too great haste to anticipate the future. Instinct proved a better servant than fortune. However, it was fully my intention to have remained with my fellow travellers, and my place was secured. In truth, it is a misery not to know the names of people, for otherwise they are like a dream of memory. The young woman of whom we were speaking just now excited my interest. Need I remind you of all the circumstances of the case? A man advanced in life acted as her escort, and yet allowed himself to sleep. There accidentally escaped me some remark on my father's profession. I mentioned the Parliament of Bordeaux, in which the President Dupaty urged me to try my fortune. The amiable and melancholy girl thereupon broke the silence she had preserved from the

commencement of the journey, and timidly asked my advice in behalf of one of her female friends. But probably you have forgotten all that?"

"Not at all. Her evident anxiety, whenever the sleeper seemed about to awaken, the emotion of a bosom that heaved more and more tumultuously, the agitation of her voice, her confusion in smelling at an artificial rose which she held in her hand, probably in order to conceal her sudden blushes, led me to guess the extreme proximity of this friend of her childhood, whose name she never mentioned, and in whose welfare our young advocate seemed all at once so deeply interested. This very interest induced your fair client to make fresh blunders. She forgot at times the severity of the laws of sytanx, and to proffer her complaints in the third person. This of itself might well throw a little confusion into her narrative: but as you appeared, nevertheless, to follow it with marvellous rapidity, I was too discreet to appear to understand these half-whisper'd confidences. There now remains an indistinct recollection in my brain, that the young beauty complained of some domestic tyranny, and that in certain traits of your character and conversation, perhaps too in the kind expression of countenance that listened to her tale, she had gathered sufficient courage to shake off the yoke, if you would only lend her a little assistance.

"That is exactly it, and you saw through me. Every word on this subject that issued from the lips of the charming speaker had so much of the subtlety of an allegory, that I myself hardly dared to peep beneath their surface. I feared the fate of Ixion, who followed after a mere cloud, and therefore forced myself to be reserved. While we were changing horses at Thiviers, and you were pointing out to the aged companion of my client—one of those large folds in which the sheep are sheltered during the cold weather—and the smile that now plays on your lips proves how charitable was your diversion—I spoke of Bordeaux; of the hours at which a person might walk through the palace *à propos;* of the ease with which her friend could then give me her instructions in the midst of the crowd, and, without any risk, even though she were watched by a father, a guardian, or a husband—it was only necessary to drop a flower, such as the one she held in her hand. If silence be no reply, she did not reply. But all the rest of the time that the coach rolled along the paved road until the fair traveller's companion announced the Tower of Vesune, our eyes, whenever they met, glanced together at the artificial flower."

"While we were waiting for you on the morrow," I then observed to Vergniaud, "when the crack of the postillion's whip resounded through the Inn, I was tormented to death by the restlessness of that young woman. She did not speak of you, it is true; but her lingering behind, her slow movements, her absurd difficulties, in order to retard our departure, sufficiently indicated what was passing in her mind. From Perigneux to Mussidan, although the snow was falling thick and fast, she found infinite pleasure in gazing at the landscape, but failed to inspire the like enthusiasm in her companion, who wrapped himself close in his warm cloak, and grumbled at women's caprices. You commenced with infidelity before arriving at the declaration."

"It was my only one. At Limoges, when Delisle de Sales, escaping from the congregation of the Oratoire, stopped some weeks with my father, the perfume of excellent studies that transpired in his slightest observations, completely detached me from my connection with two or three of the belles of the town. A friend has always sufficed to make me forget a woman, and the greatest pleasures I have ever experienced are those of the mind. With Homer and Virgil, Delisle de Sales might have led me to the other end of the world, and in our dreams on the happiness of mankind, as we

stepped across the fields, it generally came about, that I ceased to remember any one person in particular. Something of the same kind awaited me at Perigneux. They were keeping Twelfth Night at my foster sister's. Her husband and children and friends would not allow me to leave them, and the Canon of Saint Front, an indifferent scholar, but possessed of some valuable manuscripts, entered into an argument with me on a frivolous question of Latinity. I demonstrated to him until the morrow, that he was quite wrong, and I had no time for remorse on the subject of my forgetfulness, an indemnity for which I also found in the warm reception afforded me by my hosts. I shuddered at the idea of arriving in Bordeaux, and of withering the fairest flowers of my life, for that old man's crown they call "a future." Love, marriage, a career, all require activity. The fair sex has a powerful rival in the very foundations of my character. Paganel was quite right when he said to me one day—Indolence will be thy Armida."

"You calumniate yourself, citizen!" I exclaimed, interrupting him. "You have reflected the most brilliant lustre on the bar of our country, and your name will be the eternal glory of the Gironde, even when your labors in the Legislative Assembly..."

"Ah! do not bring me back to my prison, the gates of which I had just opened. What avails this miserable reputation, beneath which I have sunk from fatigue and weariness of mind? Like Atlas, I abdicate the burden of this firmament in which my eyes fail to distinguish a single star. Seek on the earth for a Hercules. My soul returns with a bound to the cherished studies of college, where void of care I learnt as I listened. It rests awhile in the laps of those women from whom I have received nothing more than smiles, and whom I entirely misunderstood. If I had now one solitary regret for those furious contests of the Circus, wherein the athlete slaughters his adversary before he himself falls a victim, in order to gain the applause of a multitude that flatters our pride and demoralizes the heart, I should sink beneath my own contempt. There is no palpitation in my bosom but for a woman, and that woman is a stranger to me! Cicero died like a Roman when, after dismissing his slaves, he presented his neck to the sword of the ungrateful Popilius. Between Cicero and Vergniaud there is an interval of twenty centuries, and, less fortunate than he, I have not overthrown Catiline........."

He paused, as if to ascertain whether the sound of his words had attracted the notice of any one.

"What revives my souvenirs, is the fact, that without these prison walls there is some one that thinks of me. And who then, from a feeling of commiseration, can be troubling himself about Vergniaud? I have allowed all the ties of family to become loosened and pass away, like the impromptu Lycurguses, sprung from the pot-houses, who have destroyed the private morality of France without giving her public morality in its place? People always speak to me of my talent; but will they never speak of Vergniaud's heart? The tribune has been the death of the man. It is only a woman who has been able to perpetuate, in an unknown shrine, an affection to which I was incapable of responding, and this woman must be her—but who is she?"

He continued more gaily and with a touch of irony. "Eight months after that, it was autumn, and Guadet and myself were at the country house of President Dupaty, on the banks of the Dordogne. Guadet, ever ardent and impetuous, and I with my habitual susceptibility of passion and of subsequent apathy, with my fever of a moment and a lingering convalescence. The water was clear, and invited the cockney cartmen to plunge in their elegant skiffs beneath those fresh cradles of branches extending from one little islet to another. You know those

hillocks, the windings and creeks in which are battered in breach by the rapid current of the Mascaret, particularly in fine summer weather; baskets of flowers forgotten on the banks of the stream by nymphs who have fled to the sea. This spot is one of those which my eyes, when closed, retrace with the greatest pleasure on these suffocating vaults. The prospect of fertile vineyards stretches far away; on the monotonous terraces planted with flowers, the broad flights of stone steps descending to the river, there might be seen children and women and boatmen. The maples shed abroad their perfume and their shade. It is there that Venus ought to have been born from the foam of the waters. Noble and charming country, and I have abandoned it! while grazing the foot of those terraces and rapidly dropping down the current of the stream, a female face that I had never forgotten passed like a swallow above my head. Guadet suddenly turned round, because I ceased to speak, and the glance he gave me made me blush up to the brows. However he respected my silence, and soon availed himself of an excuse to leave me free. As I slowly made my way back against the stream, I found that my fair unknown was no longer alone. She was standing between the old man I recognised and a young man of heavy and vulgar expression. Her companions seemed to weary her, for as if moved by a sudden impulse, she seized the arms of the two men, and turning round sharply disappeared beneath the trees in the garden. But in this rapid revolution of her person a rose had glided towards my boat. I caught it with my oar. On a piece of paper still moist I read these words, scrawled with a pencil: "At ten o'clock, this evening, on this spot."

"Well, this time," I exclaimed...

"This time," intrerupted Vergniaud, "I erred from being too punctual. I arrived at the rendezvous by nine o'clock. Never did a more profound night favor a mystery, and I dwell upon this word mystery because I asked myself, even while I was fastening my boat's rope to an iron ring in the wall, if this young woman were simply a victim who only wanted my advice, or if she were a mistress disposed to confide to me her virtue, her heart, her future. After all, might there not be a medium between these opposite extremes? While indulging in these reveries, rocked by the murmuring motion of the waters, breathing the last perfumes of autumn, and passing in review the vision that had so recently appeared before me, as if through the ivory gate, I fell asleep."

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## FABLIAUX.*

## The Vagrant Corpse, or the Long Night.

A CERTAIN priest, much addicted to carnal and sinful indulgences, carried on an illicit intercourse with the wife of a worthy countryman, who, being aware of her misconduct, was thereby greatly grieved. A little before Christmas, when the winter nights are the longest, he one day said to his dame, that he was about to travel into a far distant country, to seek for a brother, of whom he had not heard for a long time. On hearing this she pretended to reproach him with lack of affec-

* *Du Prestre c'on Porte, ou La Longue Nuit.* In 1162 Lines. A very similar tale, entitled *Du Segretain Moine*, is given in the collection of ancient *Fabliaux et Contes*, edited by M. Méon.

tion for her, seeing that he was going away so far from her, but in her heart she rejoiced. In reply he assured her that he would return within half a year, but that he must set out before daylight.

When they came to take leave of each other, many a time and oft did she kiss and embrace him. But no sooner had he got out of sight, than he fell into another path, which would bring him back again to his own house. Then Borghès went, as she was wont, to fetch the priest, and the bath was prepared, and the capons put down to the fire. The priest made no delay while the countryman—the better to watch the affair—concealed himself in an out-house.

When the priest had arrived, Borghès led him by the hand into the chamber, and said to him; "Fair, sweet Sir, undress yourself and enter the bath." And he replied; "I will do so with right good will, O debonair damsel." Meanwhile Borghès bustled about, and ran to the barn for straw to sit upon, and the dame went for some eggs to make her pasty. The priest, who was in the bath, dreamed a strange dream, and fancied himself waited on in state. But in an evil hour he slept, for the countryman was on the watch to avenge himself. As soon then as he saw that the priest was asleep, and that there was no one in the house, he put a rope round his neck, and strangled him till he was dead. Then he took the rope off his neck, and slipt out of the house, and came in haste to his own door, and called aloud; "Open, open." "Oh, hasten Borghès, cover the bath," cried the dame in terror, when she heard the voice of her lord. And Borghès spread a cloth over the bath, and bade the priest remain quiet, and not make any noise, for ill would it fare with him if he were found. No answer did he return, but kept silent.

The dame then ran to the door and let in her lord, who rejoiced not a little at the sight of the good cheer. "Sister," said he, "I see that much pleasure awaits me to-night." "Sir, may you have still greater, but I felt sure that you would return today, and therefore I made ready this feast." "You have done well," he answered, "and I commend you for it. But see, every thing seems ready, and I am dying of hunger." "Sit down then," she said, "on this pallet of straw, and I will serve up to you." So the capons were brought from the fire, and also the tart, and the countryman eat heartily, and afterwards retired to rest.

Meanwhile his wife hastened to the priest, of whom she had many a time thought. "How fare you, sweet sir?" softly she inquired. "Truly you have been ill-served. Would that that false villain were flayed alive for returning so soon! Surely the devil himself must have brought him back." When she found he did not reply, she placed her hand on his shoulder, and thus continued. "What means this? Not one word? My sweet sir, my fair friend, are you angry that I tarried so long? The wretch kept me so close. My heart and my soul detest him, but glad am I to wait upon you in all things. Why then do you not speak to me?"

Thus she spoke, but he made no reply. Then she drew close to him, and kissed him, and tickled and pinched, and shook him. And Borghès came up and asked what was the matter. "Alas! Borghès," she answered, "he despises me so much, that he will not even deign to notice me. Soon shall I die of grief and shame, since he to whom I have given my love will not look upon me." All this time the countryman was watching and listening, and though he heard his wife's ravings, he said not a word. And thus she began again. "How is this, Sir? What can it be? Can you not open your eyes? Borghès, verily this priest must be ill, or else he is sadly ill-mannered not to reply." "Believe me, dame," answered the maid "he neither slumbers nor sleeps. If ever man were dead, assuredly this one is not alive.

See how pale are his cheeks, how livid and discolored his lips, and his eyes are starting out of his head. If he could hear or see a jot, think you he would not reply?" And the dame saw that it was so. Sorely was she dismayed and grieved, when she perceived that there was neither pulse nor breath, and that in very deed it was a corpse.

"Alas!" exclaimed Borghès, what shall we do with the dead body? To lament over him is useless. Nothing can be gained by that. So cease bemoaning him, and let us get rid of the affair. Do you know what we must do to prevent evil speaking? There are some oats to be threshed — let us there take the priest, and lay him under the heap, so that your lord* do not discover him until we have a better opportunity of doing away with him. After that let us go and lie down."

The dame assented, and they did as the maid had counselled. They covered the priest over with the oats, and then went to rest. The dame, overwhelmed with grief, slipped into bed beside her husband, who pretended to sleep, though he well knew what they had done. So, like one awakening out of sleep, he said; "Sweet friend, much it vexes me that we have no money, for we are in debt to our neighbours. It is time to repay them. Let us then to-morrow thresh out and sell the oats in our barn, and pay what we owe." "Ah, sir," she answered, "there are oats enough already threshed out in your garner, from which you may obtain as much money as you require. Three quarters have we,—nay, four, —why then should you thresh out more?"

"Fair sister," he replied, "truly ought I to love you, since you say it for the best; but to-morrow I mean to thresh away, and whatever you may say to the contrary will not avail; for certes, I should be weak were I to listen to you: long discussions, therefore, are of no use, for I shall not act differently."

The dame said no more, but presently she cried out; "Ah, Diex! I am in such pain that I must get up. I feel as if my heart would burst"

"Rise then, fair sister, and consult your health."

Then she rose up and went to the maid, and told her word for word how that her husband purposed to thresh out the corn on the morrow, so that to no purpose had they toiled. "Dame," said she, "I will give you good counsel, and I hope it will be pleasing unto you, for I will soon put you out of your pain. Let us drag the priest from under the straw, and thrust him into the granary under the oats that are already threshed out."

The other agreed, and they removed the corpse, and then returned to their beds. The good man had watched and seen all. So when she again laid down beside him, he said to her: "My sweet friend, loth am I to vex you—therefore have I changed my mind. I will do as you recommend, for I see that you are right, and I know that before you married me, you loved me with pure and perfect affection. Therefore to-morrow will I empty out the granary, and thence procure my monies; and the other I will leave, since so it pleaseth you."

"Nay, sir," replied she, "put it up for sale, and keep what is already threshed out."

"By my head, dame, I will not do so, but that in the granary will I sell—and do not thou contradict me."

"Ahirs! sir," she rejoined, "you said just now that you would sell out of the heap, and retain the other; and yet already you have

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* In the original *Baron*; a word probably corrupted from the Latin *Vir*, however dissimilar they may now appear. It is frequently written *Bers*, and *Ber*, and it is well known that the letters *b* and *v* are constantly exchanged one for the other.

altered your intention! what means this? Don't you know what you are saying?"

"Dame, I have said it. I shall clear out the granary, and keep what is still in the husk!"

"Ha, sir!" she persisted, "the straw will then be spoilt; whereas, if you thresh out to-morrow, our cattle will profit by it, for they have very little left to eat, and much do they want your provender."

"In vain do you work upon me," he answered, "for I have made up my mind, and all that you say goes for nothing."

"Certes, sir," she whimpered, "you act very harshly towards me. I know not why you should. Much am I vexed by it, and now again such pain has seized hold on me, that I feel as if my heart were leaving my body. Fain would I speak to the priest, for I cannot long endure this suffering."

"Quick, then, get up, and go again to Borghès, and let her bind up your head, for truly you much need it."

So she once more rose up and returned to Borghès, and communicated to her what she had just heard. The maid too was perplexed, but said—"Dame, this is my advice. Close to us there is a house which the priest much frequented. Thither let us carry him, if we be able, and set him straight up against the door." The dame assented, and they dragged the dead body out of the granary, and put on his clothes, and lifted him up, and bore him away to the neighbour's house. And they placed him upright against the door, and rudely shook the latch. Then they hied them back to their house, and to bed.

The neighbour was greatly dismayed and angered by the noise they had made, and all naked as he was, he sprung out of bed, and went down, and opened the door. Aghast indeed was he, when the priest fell against him. And when he felt somebody knock against him, he called to his wife to bring a light, for never had he been in greater fear. "Here is some one who has tumbled against me," he cried, "I know not where he dwells, but sure am I that he is a priest or clerk, or else he has stolen his cope from some abbey.

By this time his wife had brought a light, and they saw stretched before them one who little heeded their questionings as to who he was, whence he came, or what he wanted. "Surely," said the dame, "he is asleep." But her lord more rightly judged that he was dead. Then they looked more closely, and recognized their friend, the priest. Much were they grieved for him, and much did they fear for themselves, lest evil tongues should do them wrong, and lay to their charge this untoward accident. At length the man spoke, and said—"We have newly dug up some ground—there let us bury him." So he carried the priest into the fields, and he passed by a ditch in which a mare was feeding. It was neither wide nor deep, but the beast was almost hid in it. Beside was lying a peasant, with his head reclined, who had fastened the halter round his arm to prevent the animal from straying away. He who carried the priest, stopped close to the mare, which neither moved nor started, and he placed the priest on her back, with his feet in the stirrups. When the beast felt the burden, she began to walk off, and the peasant started up amazed, and opened his eyes, and on the saddle beheld one seated, who had no great fear of him. And he thought for certain that some one wished to carry off his beast, "Hallo, good man," cried he, "you will not steal her away quite so easily, I am not so sound asleep as you fancy."

With both hands he grasped his cudgel, and with all his might struck the figure on the back of the neck. Down he tumbled, nor uttered a single cry. The peasant began to be dismayed, after he had given him some more heavy blows, to find that he neither moved nor spoke. Then he stooped down, and drew back the hood, and perceived the priest. Truly was he sad when he beheld him,

and he repented him of his hastiness, for he deemed that the priest had mounted his mare in jest. Sorely he bewailed himself, but at length he lifted the dead body on the saddle, and himself sprang up behind it, and directed his course to the cemetery. In the middle of it stood an old Church. Behind the choir were two thieves, who had put a dead pig into a sack, and were carrying it off. When they saw the other approaching, they feared to be caught, and ran off to hide themselves, but left the sack with the pig, and the peasant took down the priest from off his beast, and packed him into the sack, but the bacon he carried off with himself. After a while the thieves gathered up courage, seeing that no one pursued them, and returned to the Church. And they deemed that their bacon was there all safe, and one of them lifted the sack on his shoulder, and said that never did he meet with such a fat and heavy pig. Together they went away in haste to the tavern, where they were wont to enjoy their thievings.

To the door they came, and soon was it opened unto them. "Jolly sirs, how fares it with you?" cried the host. "Faith, little have we gained," they replied, "except a bacon pig. So make ready, fair comrade, that we may have something to eat. We are folks who pay you well—never by us will you lose anything." "Sirs," quoth he, "wine shall you have, cool, and bright, and pure. Never sold I the like. And some rashers of bacon you shall have, if so it please you." "Fair host, prithee make haste," answered they, "for plenty of salt meat we must have."

And the host called for a knife, and went to the sack, and untied the mouth of it, and thrust in his arm to pull out the pig. And when he felt the body, he seized a foot, and dragged it towards him. "Ha, Diex! he exclaimed, "bacon in shoes never did I see. Sirs, when took you this prize? I am determined to know the truth. Whom have you brought hither? Truly have you sought to gammon me. You took me for a child, and thought to cozen me, but I will heat you a bath that shall warm your sides." "Hahois? fair host," they both cried together, "what is all this about? Be assured that you shall have an ample share, and with hearty good will do we give it. All we have gained is in that sack." Then the host flew into a rage, and called them by hard names, and swore he would deliver them into the hands of justice, and free his house of them for ever. And they in an amazement asked what ailed him. But when he shook the priest out of the sack, they started back in terror, and deemed of a truth that the devil had cheated them. Still the host was unbelieving, and threatened to inform upon them. But they persisted in affirming their ignorance and innocence, until he examined the body and recognised the priest. Then he trembled for himself, and adjured the robbers to hang up the body, whence they had stolen the pig. Readily they promised to do so, and lifted up the priest, and followed the load, until they saw before them the house where they had found the bacon. The door was closed, but through the wall — constructed of mud and straw—they dug a hole large enough to admit a Spanish mule. So they carried the priest within, and hung him in the place of the pig. After that they returned to the host, who anxiously awaited them, and all night they sat up together, and drank, and made merry.

Now the night on which this happened, a Bishop came into the town. And much feasting and revelry was there, and plenty of the choicest wines. And when the cloth was removed, the bishop went to his bed, nor thought of other pleasure for that day. A chamberlain had he who dearly loved a salt herring—far more, indeed, than the fattest pike—and this because of the quantity of wine he drank. In the monk's cellar he found two casks of strong wine. To these he sat down in company with five others, who were always thirsty folks, nor were

they ever surprised by wine, for well had they learned to drink it. And they all went together to the hostelry, where their horses had been put up, and which proved to be the same where the priest was hanging from a hook instead of a flitch of bacon.* Straight thither they betook themselves, and roused up the landlord, who was nothing loath, for much he loved to make them good cheer. And one of the five said to him.—"Host, bring hither a dice box and three dice. Here is the chamberlain who desires to solace himself with you." "Welcome are you all, gentlemen, and were you forty or more I would strive to content you." "Fair host," rejoined the other, "neither would I be slow to oblige you, did an opportunity offer. But hear now what we want. Go and quickly prepare us some salt meat to flavour these casks of wine, and if any such you can procure for us, a good host shall you be deemed." "Sirs," he answered, "I can offer you boiled rashers, fried eggs, and cheese." "Nothing more do we ask," they replied. "Dainty indeed is he who cannot be content with such. No better dish in the world is there than a good rasher." "You shall have enow, Sirs," quoth the host, "and to do you honour, I will cut some slices from an untouched flitch that is hanging upstairs, as if in purpose for this feast."

So without more ado he went up to where the priest was hanging, and greatly he marvelled, when he felt the cope and surplice. "Diex," he exclaimed, "this is a priest's cope that I feel in my hands. Surely this is sorcery. Never was I in such trouble all my life. Bacon it cannot be, for what devil would have clothed it? And he stretched forth his arm, and touched the feet, and felt the shoes. "He! Diex," he cried, "this discovery has deprived me of my senses. Where can this piece of goods have come from! Never was such a thing heard of in the land of Britain, or elsewhere. It is a man, for here are his arms, his legs, and his body.

Then he hastened down and said, "Sirs, sorry am I that my wife sold all our bacon last Saturday. Grieved and vexed am I in truth, but any way I am well supplied with beef and mutton, of which I can make a famous broil, though salted truly it will not be." To this they assented, and he set before them plenty of egg and cheese, with no lack of fruit, and they found their beds well made, and soon were fast asleep.

Then the host who was in great fear, went up with a light to behold the wonder that had caused his discomfort. Without delay he recognised the priest. "Cursed be the hour, Dan Priest," he cried, "in which you were born. Ill have you done to come here, for much inconvenience have you caused me.

Hastily he cut the cord, and down fell the body heavily to the ground. And he lifted him up, and went forth to where they buried folks, which was over against the Abbey, where the Bishop slept. Thither he hastened, and slowly opened the door, and saw the chamber of the Prior open, and a lamp burning within. Quickly he stepped in, and laid the luxurious priest in the Prior's cell. Then he shut the door of the cell, nor longer tarried, but joyously hurried away, for his mind was relieved.

When the Prior repaired to his cell, he opened the door, but his colour changed when he saw the body. And his courage forsook him, and he fell down in a swoon. But when he came to himself, he charged himself with cowardice for fearing a man who did not move. And straightway he perceived it was the dissolute priest. "Sir disloyal priest," he exclaimed, "would you were at Winchester, or at the bottom of the Red Sea. The devil himself must have brought you hither. Curses on him who keeps the door for letting you in. When did you come hither? Can you not open your mouth? You must assign me some good reason for wishing to recline in my cell, or else you must walk out again. How is it that you do not

* U li Prestres à un brachon, ert pendus en lui de bacon.

find some other place of repose? Why do you not answer me?" Then he pulled him by the arm, and felt his hand cold and stiff, and saw that there was no breath. "I see by the colour of his face," he continued, "that the devil is dead, and people will say that I killed him. I would spare no art or trouble to get him out of this cell. But what avails it me to wish for help when there is no one to hear me? Well do I know that if I leave him here, I shall have shame and vexation. And yet how can I carry him out? Who could have brought him here."

With both his hands he took down a huge beech bludgeon that was hanging on a nail, and proceeded straight to the chamber where the Bishop was snoring, as people are wont to do who have eat and drank heartily late at night. When he awoke a little, the Prior thus addressed him. "May he who created every being, grant you all good things! There are here, Sir Bishop, many hideous and ugly dogs, that are allowed to roam about the court at night. But I leave you this cudgel, and will forgive you if you happen to kill any of them; often do they lie on our beds, and no pleasure truly is it to have such companions, for greater monsters never did I see." And the Bishop replied. "For such companions I have no desire, for they are not without a bad smell." "Sir Bishop, you say right, therefore have I brought you this bludgeon, with which you may beat them off. Now rest in peace.

The Prior, anxious to rid himself of the priest, waited until the Bishop was again sound asleep. Then he took up the corpse, and laid it right across the bed, and glided into a corner to see what would befall. Presently the Bishop started up with affright. "Ha Diex! how heavily I am covered!" Then he moved his foot which came against a firm and solid substance. "No doubt," quoth he, "this is it of which the Prior told me. Now have I need of the bludgeon he brought me. Get out there? May twenty devils carry you off! You will find no favor if you do not quickly vanish, for greatly do you oppress me. Certes, felon mastiff, could I but see the morning light, never more would you work me displeasure. Curses on him who let you live so long, since honest men are kept awake by you." Thus he spake, but much he wondered that the brute neither growled, nor howled, nor barked, nor whined. So he grasped the bludgeon, and weighty blows he let fall, till he was weary with striking, though greatly he marvelled that he heard no cry. Then he sat up, and put forth his hand, and felt the dead priest. "Ha Diex! he cried, what can this be! This is neither dog nor bitch, but a man or woman. Wretched am I that I cannot see. Curses on him who took away the light." Loud he called, and awoke his people. And the Prior, who was eager to get rid of the adventure, hurried to his bedside, and brought him a light, and comforted him the best he could. Quickly the Abbot and all the monks assembled round the Bishop, and much were they troubled by the wonder they beheld. Some said that they had never seen the like, while others declared that he was like the priest in face and figure, but others again denied this, because his eyes were starting from his head. But of his death there was no doubt, and all ascribed it to the Bishop, but they dared not lay it to his charge openly, for they feared he would destroy their abbey. Therefore did they conceal the matter, and next morning the Bishop said the Mass, and laid the priest in the ground, —whom may God assail!

Se onques Dius dona si haut don
A ame de Prestre si encombré.

# INDEX

TO THE

## Second Six Numbers of Volume I.

# ADVERTISEMENTS.

# CHEAP BOOKS AND SUPPLIES.

## BOMBAY GENERAL AGENCY AND NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

MR. ROUSSAC begs to inform the Public, that he is prepared to receive orders for Books, per Overland Mails, which he will execute at as cheap rates as any Firm in India can undertake to supply.

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All new Orders and renewals of Subscriptions for Magazines, Reviews, Periodicals, &c., after the 1st January 1853, will be charged at the reduced prices. Constituents who have received accounts at the present rates, for subscriptions or renewals, to continue on or after the 1st January 1853, will be credited with the difference.

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have broken a physical law: your want of care has caused unhealthy obstructions; get rid of these, and you will be free from pain; allow these to remain, and pains still more fearful will be the result." This alone can be effectually done by resorting to a course of Holloway's Pills and Ointment, which will, in a few days, remove these obstructions, and restore health and vigour to the whole system.

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